THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Hal G. Evarts—Fanny Heaslip Lea—Frank Condon—Edith Fitzgerald
Harris Dickson—Virginia Leddy and A. W. Somerville—Thomas Eadie

DEL MONTE TOMATO SAUCE

Especially prepared for cooking uses

HANDY SIZE (*8 ounces*) JUST A CUP TO THE CAN

for
MEATS - GRAVIES
MACARONI - FISH
MEAT LOAF
SALADS

for
STEWS - POULTRY
OMELETS - BEANS
CROQUETTES
HASH - ETC

Has your grocer supplied you with this handy cooking sauce?

If not, you are missing the handy way to use tomatoes—for flavor *in everyday cooking!*

On the Pacific Coast and in certain sections of the South and Southwest, DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce has long been a staple with women who serve distinctive dishes. In thousands of homes, it is as indispensable as pepper and salt. Now, thanks to wider distribution, every housewife in the country may enjoy this remarkable kitchen sauce—if she insists that her grocer supply her.

DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce is not catsup, not chili sauce, not just tomatoes. It is not intended for service at the table. It is made for just one purpose—handy kitchen use in the preparation of any food that calls for tomato flavor. Blended from concentrated tomatoes, fresh peppers and selected spices, it brings to your meals, without extra bother, the full zest and goodness of this red-ripe fruit, enriched and seasoned.

You will like its convenience and economy, too. It is ready to use. There is no cooking—no straining of tomatoes—no guesswork with seasonings. And no waste—there's just a cup in each of these handy cans.

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Free—a special collection of tomato sauce recipes and other valuable cooking information

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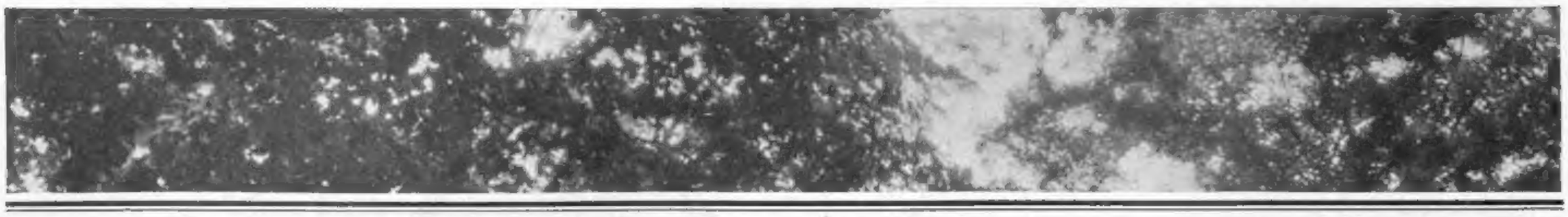
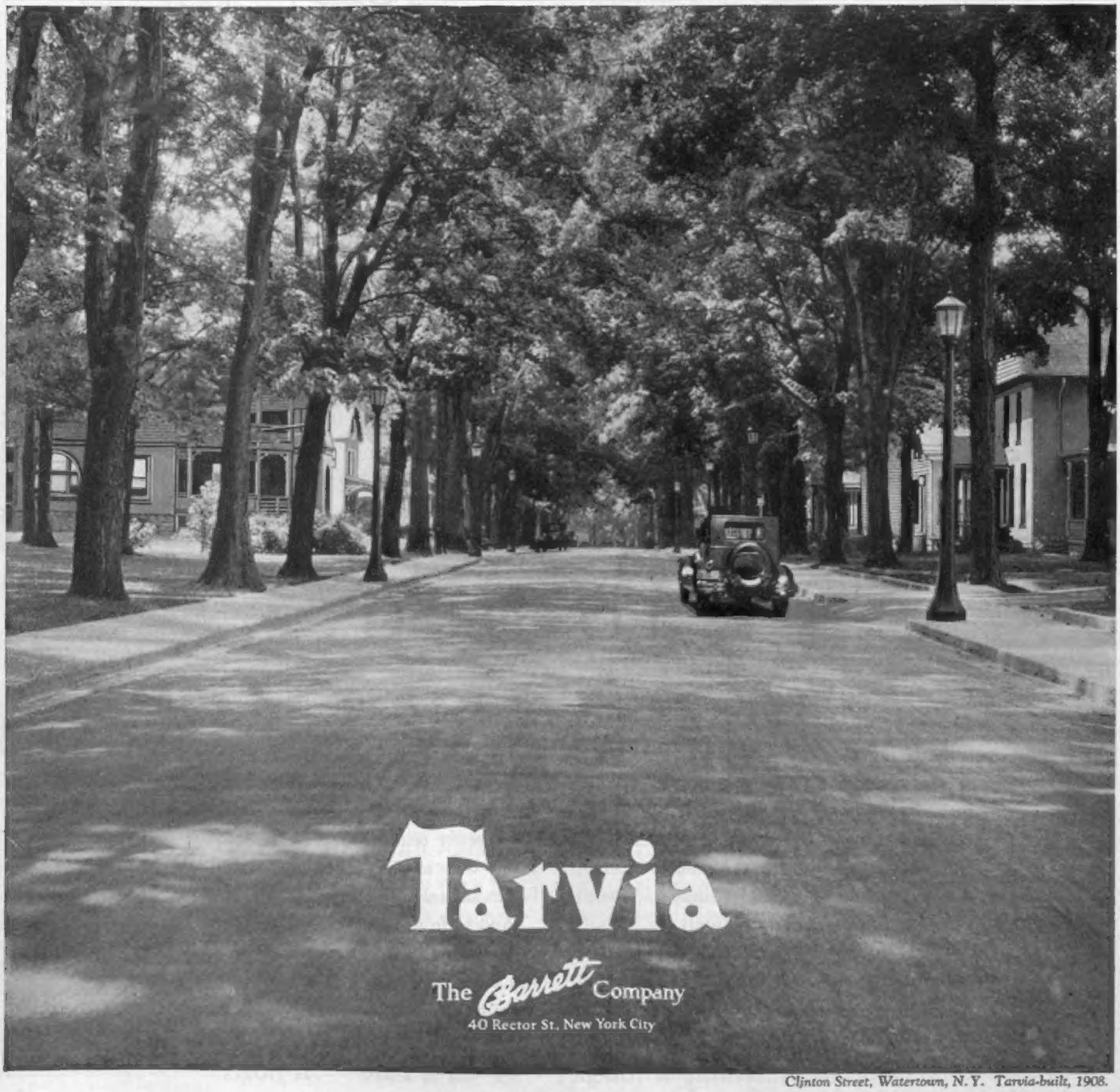


NOT a single "Closed for Repairs" sign on Clinton Street in twenty years—since 1908, when the present Tarvia pavement was laid. This speaks volumes for the durability and economy of Tarvia highways.

Remember, also, that Tarvia pavements are valued for comfort and safety. They are glare-free—do not wave, roll or rut. Their granular surface gives tires a safe treadhold in wet weather.

Little wonder that those discriminating buyers—the highway officials of America—have so largely increased the mileage of Tarvia year after year.



Clinton Street, Watertown, N. Y. Tarvia-built, 1908.

And so to bed!

Up, at the end of the day, to the gleaming white tub, filled full, and the bobbing welcome of Ivory!

This is content . . . to slip into soft warmth that comes like a blanket up to the chin, while tired muscles let go, while tingling nerves go still! How easy to be a bathtub dreamer, spinning golden moments of silence . . . with Ivory drifting near your lazy hand!

Gently you splash; slowly you cover yourself with bubbling crests of Ivory foam. Ivory, so quick to cleanse, rinses just as quickly away—leaving you lulled and ready for deep and comforting sleep.

Have you ever wondered why an Ivory bath soothes . . . never gives your body a parched, taut feeling? Then remember that Ivory meets the severest test of soap: it is so pure and bland that it keeps the skin of millions of babies smooth and unfretted.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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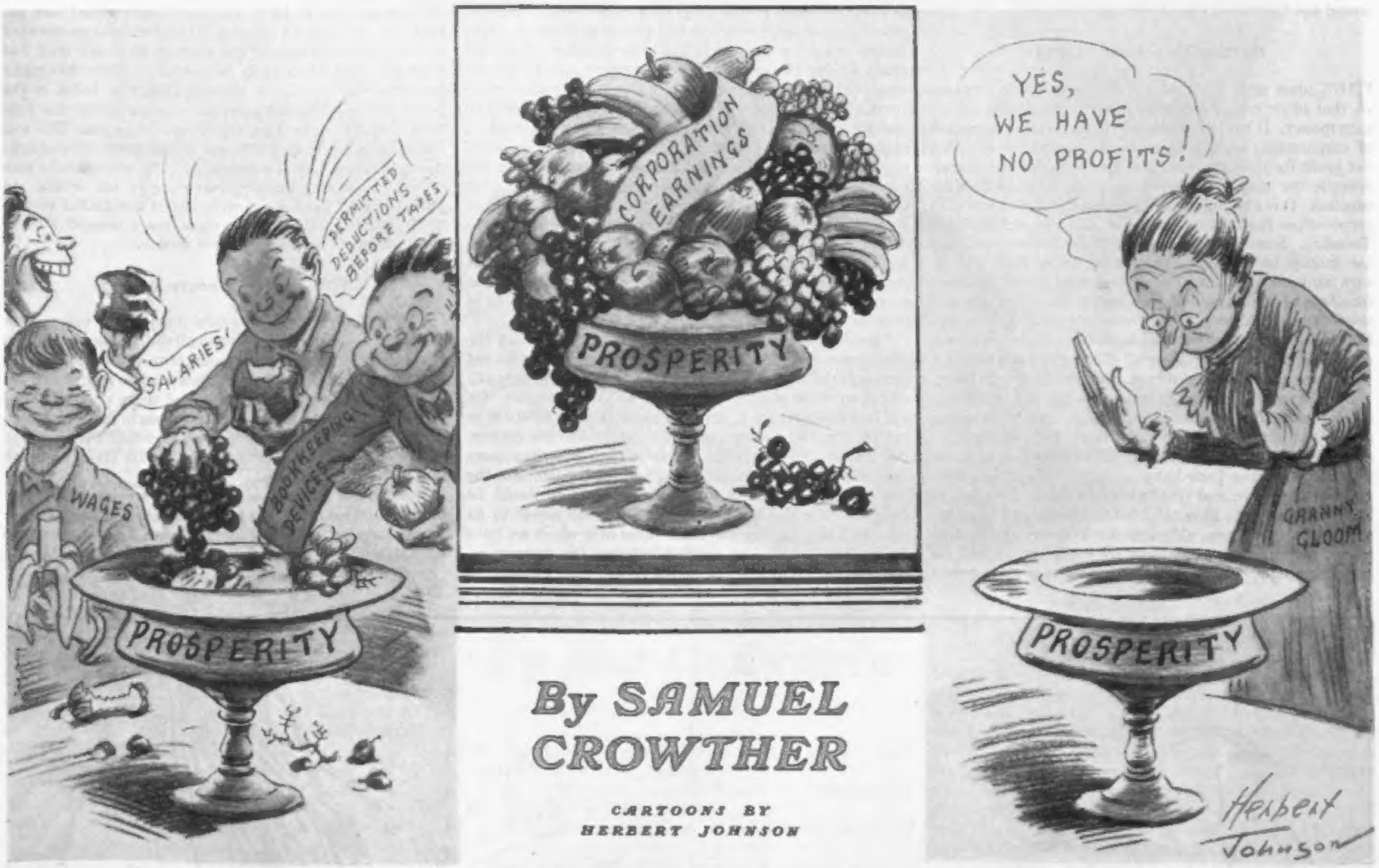
The Myth of Profitless Prosperity



By SAMUEL CROWTHER

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THE news is terrible. We, the people, are on our way to the bowwows again. Ruin is coming at a gallop and is just around the corner.

To be specific: The statistics have broken out and are rioting. The havoc is frightful. Out of every hundred corporations, they have destroyed the profits of forty. They are killing the little fellows so ruthlessly that late reports say that one-tenth or one-twentieth of 1 per cent of all the corporations are now earning nearly half the total of profits.

This news, if true, is of the highest importance. If scarcely more than one-half of the corporations earn any money, then we are bound for trouble. If the only profitable business is being grabbed off by the large concerns, then we are near the dread moment when all wealth will be concentrated in the hands of the few. And we know that concentrated wealth is used only for one purpose—to enslave us. The news is highly authenticated. It is derived from government reports made up by Republicans—who could have no reason for not putting the best foot forward. The news is accepted as true. Some of our business experts have drawn the most solemn deductions from the figures and spread out their fears and forebodings through bank surveys, speeches, and the publications of several wholly respectable colleges of business. The tidings reached Governor Smith and confirmed his worst hopes about the Coolidge prosperity. In his speech of acceptance he said:

"In the year 1926, the latest figures available show that one-twentieth of one per cent of the 430,000 corporations in this country earned 40 per cent of their profits; 40 per cent of the corporations actually lost money; one-quarter of 1 per cent of these corporations earned two-thirds of the profits of all of them. Specific industries are wholly prostrate and there is widespread business difficulty and discontent among the individual business men of the country."

The figures only tell us more solemnly what was already common gossip. It has often been stated that about half of all the people who start in business fail, and we are perennially warned that it is only a question of time before competition squeezes out the little fellows. Now we are apparently up against the facts. Something ought to be done. What can be done?

Fortunately this is one of the few cases that can be cured by law. Any one of three laws would stop the trouble instantly. The most drastic action would be for Congress to pass a law prohibiting any department of the Government from publishing any figures whatsoever. That is a solution worth considering. A second and less sweeping law would be to prohibit the departments from publishing any figures without complete explanations in words of one syllable telling exactly what the figures are and also what they are not. A third law that has attractive possibilities would be to amend the Pure Food Law, the Clayton Act, the Volstead Act or any statute whose name we know, so as to make it a felony for people to concoct or deal in figures that they do not know anything about.

For these alarming facts about business happen to be not facts at all. The figures as generally given are correct. They are taken from a volume published each year by the Treasury Department and entitled Statistics of Income from Returns of Net Income. The latest volume at the time of writing covers the returns for 1925 and nearly all the calculations are taken from it, for only a preliminary report has as yet been issued for 1926. So the latest news is two years old and the latest full news is three years old.

But that does not matter. The data for 1916, or any intervening year except 1921, will do about as well. The news over which so many are wagging their heads is not news at all. It has been of record ever since we had any real figures on corporate incomes.

The year 1921 saw the high mark; then 52 per cent of the reporting corporations showed no net income. That was a season of deep depression, and the pick-up was not completed in 1922, when 44 per cent gave no net income. The average for the ten years 1916–26 is 41 per cent, and so 1925 with 41 per cent and 1926 with 40 per cent are not above the average. It seems odd that we should get excited about what appears to be a normal condition.

But is it normal and healthy for 41 per cent of all the corporations regularly to go without profits? Is it normal and healthy for a few corporations to earn most of the money?

Most decidedly such a condition would be neither normal nor healthy. If only 60 per cent of all our business enterprises regularly earned money and the others lost or only broke even, we should indeed be in a bad way. We should have more than the mythical 4,000,000 unemployed which we were said to have last winter; we should most of us be unemployed or harking back to the farm, where at least we could be sure of something to eat. If wealth were concentrating, banks would not be opening branches everywhere to catch the smaller accounts. And we surely would not have an automobile-traffic problem.

Putting Up a Poor Mouth

THE plain facts are that the Treasury never reported that 40 per cent or any other per cent of business did not earn money. It has only reported that a certain proportion of corporations each year make returns which show no net profit for tax purposes. Net profit under the internal-revenue law may or may not have anything to do with earnings. It is a technical bookkeeping conclusion and with corporations has become a game of hide and seek with the Treasury. Some corporations return deficits because they lose money, but by far the greater portion of those who return no profits for taxation achieve that result by great forethought and would be indignant if anyone accused them of being failures. The Treasury figures on corporations do not even pretend to give the facts on corporations, much less on business in general. They give their facts for what they are worth and do not read anything into them.

And instead of ownership concentrating, it is spreading at an astounding rate. More people are now earning money out of business than ever before, and earning it on a sounder basis than ever before. The harbingers of gloom who come bearing facts have no facts. They have their nines upside down and think they are sixes. Very few of the experts seem to have troubled themselves to go to the source of their figures, although the Treasury publication from which all the calculations are made can be had for just sixty cents. The first one of them who saw the report misread the captions on the columns of figures, and all the others seem merely to have repeated and enlarged on his errors. And thus has been built up a bogy man. It is not necessary to be either an accountant or an economist to understand the real facts as derived from the real figures. They are so plain that only a perverse genius can avoid them.

The business of this country is done by about 2,000,000 concerns and, going back to 1926, about 428,000 of these enterprises were conducted as corporations. Three-quarters of these corporations are very small and report net profits that average around $200 a week or less. They are merely small businesses which, for reasons of their own, have chosen to incorporate. They are in everything except legal form either sole proprietorships or partnerships. They do not often go through the form of declaring dividends, and one of the mysteries of the revenue collectors is why they make tax returns showing net profits. They could as easily absorb these sums in salaries, for there is no manner in which the revenue officers can fix the propriety of the amount of a salary.

About one-half of the corporations which report no net incomes are similar little concerns in which the proprietors or partners see to it that their salaries and other expenses absorb any amount which might otherwise have to be reported as net income and be liable for taxation. A second group among the corporations that report no net income are so organized that they could not possibly have any income. For instance, it is considerably more convenient to operate an estate as a corporation than as a trusteeship, and a great many estates are so incorporated. Instead of paying incomes to the beneficiaries, the beneficiaries become officers of the corporation and take the whole income of the estate in agreed proportions as salary. This method is also used by individuals both for convenience and for tax dodging. One of the problems of the Treasury is devising ways and means to tax corporations which absorb their net incomes through bookkeeping devices. A man of great experience in tax matters who has audited thousands of corporate tax returns said to me:

"Unless further laws are passed, we cannot touch the prosperous close corporation that distributes all of its net profits in the form of salaries. I have before me a company owned by three stockholders, all of whom are officers. On the face of its return it ought to show at least $300,000 in net profits after paying reasonable salaries to the officers. But it shows no net profits. Those officers each draw more than $100,000 a year in salary. That is too much, but the law gives no guide to salary fixing. And it would be dangerous for the Government to have the power to fix salaries. But salaries and other items over which we have no control destroy any relation between the revenue returns of net profit and the actual facts."

Possibly one-quarter of the corporations which report no net income have, for various reasons, actually earned no money or have a deficit on the year's operations. Even the deficit may be a purely technical calculation and in no way connected with approaching failure. The corporations reporting no net income in 1925 paid out nearly $400,000,000 in cash dividends and more than $40,000,000 in stock dividends. Also they paid $864,000,000 in interest and did a total gross business of more than $22,000,000,000. Whatever these figures may or may not show, certainly they do not show that all the corporations which technically had no net profits were getting ready to file petitions in bankruptcy.

If this celebrated 40 per cent of no-net-profit concerns were near failure, then the failure statistics as compiled by Bradstreet's would surely have some relation to the ups and downs of the Treasury percentages. The Bradstreet average of failures as compared to the total of business enterprises runs around 1 per cent a year. In only seventeen out of forty-seven years recorded has the rate exceeded 1 per cent. The high point was 1893—the year of the great panic—when the rate ran up to 1.46. The peak of the past thirty years was in 1922, when the rate reached 1.08 per cent. In that year 44 per cent of the corporations reported no net income as against the average of 41 per cent, but since 1921 had a rate of 52 per cent, it is likely that many concerns which hung on through that year failed in the year following. Recent years have seen a failure rate running from .84 per cent to .89 per cent. The year 1925 was low in failures; only 18,850 out of the 2,000,000 concerns doing business failed, whereas 177,738 corporations succeeded in escaping taxes by reporting no net profits. In 1926 and 1927 the failures were 20,024 and 20,267 respectively, while in the first of these years around 170,000 corporations failed to return net profits.

With Very Moderate Ratings

THESE figures hardly sustain the popular notion that failure is the portion of half of all the people who go into business. It also runs flatly counter to the alarming news that 40 per cent of our corporations earn no money and are in danger of their lives. Neither of those popular statements has or ever had the slightest basis in fact. Not even in the worst panics in our history have half the people in business failed. It is sheer nonsense to talk about any such rate as regular and usual.

But failures in business narrow down even closer. Out of every 100 concerns that fail about ninety-six have either no credit rating or Very Moderate, while less than ten have a total capital of as much as $5000. It is not surprising

(Continued on Page 120)

YESTERDAY TODAY

POST OFFICE AT DRY FORK

Things Wasn't So Dull in Dry Fork as Might be Supposed. A Parcel of the Boys Would Ride Over From Ten Sleep to Buzz Miss Abby for the Evening

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

WHAT fancied grievance is a-causing you to champ your teeth this bright morning?" the guide queried of the youthful horse wrangler.

"The trouble with these old-timers is that they don't see that it's ambitious young fellows like me that makes for progress in the world. To them the old way is good enough, while me, I'm a-looking ahead to'rds new ways that's better than the old."

"Yeah?" queried the guide. "And in your peering into the future thataway, just what do you make out will be an improvement on the Ol' Man's present methods of running his dude ranch?"

"Time-saving devices," said the wrangler.

"Your time or hisn, son?" the guide inquired.

"Since I draw his pay," the wrangler returned loftily, "time saved for me is money earned for him."

"You converse like a booster committee, son," said the guide. "Every word's a slogan."

"For instance," said the wrangler, unperturbed, "on every pack party we've took out for two year we've had to put up with mighty inferior equipment. Take them pack panniers—hardly no two sets alike; a few of them Californy kayaks, canvas with leather straps to loop over the cross forks, a few gasoline boxes to be toggled on with sling ropes and a sprinkling of shaped and cowhide covered wooden panniers."

"Unprepossessing as to looks, maybe," the guide conceded, "but they always got us there and back."

"But look at the onpardonable time we waste in packing," the wrangler pointed out. "A uniform set would save you and me twenty minutes, likely, on every morning pack-up. That's forty minutes lost for the two of us. Twenty wasted hours of labor on a thirty-day pack trip. Scrapping obsolete equipment and installing new is time saved, and saving of time is progress—efficiency."

"Well, the Old Man was remarking that he hoped them new up-on-your-toes magazines you was perusing would elevate your efficiency to somewheres near par," the guide commented. "Do you reckon they has? If so, what's a-holding you back from instituting some of them short cuts to prosperity?"

"I prevailed on Pap to order a new set o' panniers. Outworn equipment layin' round underfoot is an impediment to progress, so when he ordered the new stuff I touched a match to that pile of old junk—just to be helpful. And what does it get me? I asks you!"

"No, you tell me," the guide amended. "You know for sure and I'd only be guessing."

The wrangler waved a hand to indicate the disarray of wood, canvas and leather all about him.

"Why, he gives me a rush order at daylight to work up a makeshift set of panniers between now and sundown. They'll be worse than the old was. I've collected gasoline boxes all through the valley and borried every pair of old decrepit panniers that anybody could spare. Is that progress?"

"Dunno, son," said the guide. "But it'll denote a high and sustained rate of speed if you finish that job on time."

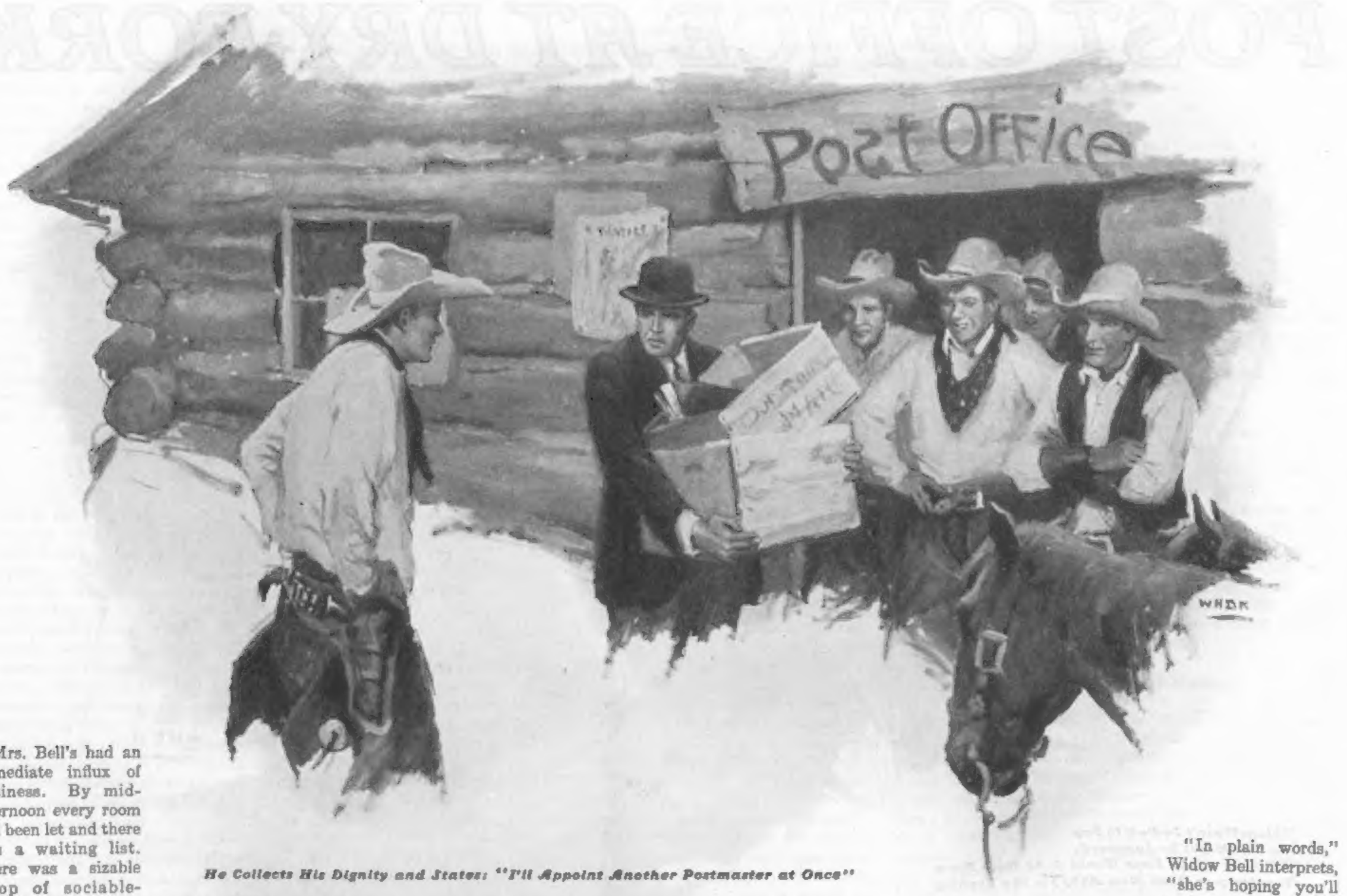
Old Pap Sanders, owner of the dude ranch in question, entered the implement shed where the work was in progress, seated himself on a wagon tongue and surveyed the youthful horse wrangler with amused old blue eyes.

"Buddy, you bend all that vaunted efficiency of yourn into shaping up a full dozen pairs of panniers before nightfall," he instructed. "Progress, son, is relative according to the emergencies of the moment. This here is one of them moments. This efficiency streak of yourn puts me in mind of Bud Crandall and a post-office inspector that was downright rampant on the proper and efficient method of doing things; also about a little school-marm that believed like you do—that all life was lived by mottoes—a slogan to fit every occasion. While you're a-working progressively and efficiently on them panniers, I'll lighten your labors by regaling you on the subject of Bud.

First time we set eyes on Bud—Pap Sanders resumed—was when he come trailing a little bunch of heifers into Ten Sleep. But prior to his advent, and a-preceding of him by some three-four days, the census of Ten Sleep had been increased by one in the person of Miss Abby Howard, who had come to preside over the onfolding minds of Ten Sleep's assembled offspring. She was only there to teach the first few weeks of the term, acting as sub for the regular school-marm, Mrs. Carter, who was detained away by the illness of her sister. The new school-marm was greeted with due ceremony. The whole camp was down to meet the stage, and Bill Barnes, as sheriff, made a brief speech of welcome, the boys gave a rousing cheer and the lady was escorted to Mrs. Bell's, where she was to lodge and board at. Bill Barnes assured her that we-all now transferred to her gentle guidance, with all confidence and with a sigh of relief all round, the collective infant mind of Ten Sleep to ride herd on. The ceremonies concluded, business was resumed as usual. That is, almost as usual. There was some shifting round of boarding houses.

"It's thisaway," says Rang Jones—this being previous to that time he sashayed down to Arizona and married Marie—"it's like this: Mrs. Bell's is a cheerless sort of hovel which most of us discerning gents has avoided, not only on account of the low quality of the cuisine thar afforded but from the natural aversion with which a sensitive nature like ourn shrinks from being exposed to the Widow Bell's tongue. Which that instrument is an odds-on favorite against a bull whip when it comes to blistering the hide. But this camp can't lay down and see this onsophisticated young lady take up her abode in such cheerless quarters alone. It ain't human. Tharfore, as a public sperited move, I yereby relinquishes the peace and quiet of my own bachelor wikiup and moves into the Widow Bell's."

"Which sentiment does you credit," said Bill Barnes. "I set my stack in with yours. My own war sack will be conveyed to Mrs. Bell's joint before sundown and I takes up my abode thar in the interests of a better civic sperit."



He Collects His Dignity and States: "I'll Appoint Another Postmaster at Once"

Mrs. Bell's had an immediate influx of business. By mid-afternoon every room had been let and there was a waiting list. There was a sizable troop of sociable-minded male humans that clattered into Mrs. Bell's that night for supper. The widow surveyed the aggregation with her hands on her hips and her face wreathed in a smile. Which the widow's smile was what you might call grim—like a humorous catfish a-regarding of a helpless tadpole.

"The reason I'm taking in this parcel of poker-playin', licker-histin' degenerates is because I need the business," she explains informal. "But the rules is the same as before. The first hop-toad that forgets to wipe his boots and comes trackin' mud in yere will catch what for. And the first that romps along three-four o'clock of a morning primed with rat-track and looking for a frolic will sure enough find it. This is a quiet, respectable dump, and the first horse thief that grows boisterous will get bounced out on his neck."

They all took that setting down and with grins instead of back talk, which goes to show you the effect that Abby Howard, of Ohio, has on men. Mrs. Bell's place, having been mostly deserted since poor old Bell passed out, was now full to overflowing, and even her usual pleasantries of conversation couldn't shake loose a single boarder.

Meanwhile Abby just radiates efficiency. She has a system for everything and a spicy little parable to go with it to clinch her p'int. It ain't two days before the dozen-odd school kids' speech resembles a verbal bombardment of them little mottoes that used to adorn the parlor walls. And Abby took just as easy and natural to regulating men's affairs too. She agrees with the widow that menfolks, as a whole, has a mighty offhand and slipshod way of doing things. She's hell bent for having everything regulated and run on schedule. Life, to her, is something to be trod in a well-oiled groove, all conduct to pattern, which makes for well-ordered and frictionless progress. She lays down simple little rules by which all life should be lived. She instructed folks in her ideas in an efficient, well-bred but meekly onflinching manner.

She goes into Bill Barnes' office on business and observed that the table he uses as a desk is piled with papers, magazines, a six-shooter, handcuffs, a bottle of Three Star, a plug of tobacco and other miscellaneous perquisites of his business. She explains how it will increase his efficiency maybe 60 per cent to have all that débris neatly stowed away and him setting thar looking businesslike.

Bill, who's always ready to take the negative side of any debate onder the sun and thresh it out to the bitter end, p'ints out that while he's engaged in housekeeping that table three-four hours a day, some cow thief or other brand of miscreant is apt to be engaged in getting out of the country—which to his mind the capture of malefactors is his job and not day-herding the bric-a-brac on his desk.

But she shakes a playful forefinger at him and observes, "A place for everything, you know, and everything in its place," as if that settles the matter for all time.

Bill, who's come off first in every argument he's ever had with menfolks but has yet to win his first debate with a woman, has come to the p'int where he says his chivalrous nature forbids him to argue with a lady; so he concedes the issue.

On the second day she drops into the Ten Sleep Trading Company and, there being no business at the time, the two clerks was occupied with a dime novel each during her conference with Ben Wilkins, the proprietor. She explains to Ben that employes should always be bustling about and acting busy as pet coons when a visitor comes in, just to lend the impression that business was rushing. That was the method followed by the most up-to-date merchants in her home hamlet and advocated by the leading publications devoted to progress and efficiency. She didn't even consider it worth an answer when Ben says that it looked to him like a deceitful practice to delude customers thataway. Likewise, consuming of novels being deadening to the soul, she provides as substitutes a stack of the pushing periodicals she's mentioned and with which she has finished.

Miss Abby

Ben scans the pictures in these aids to progress, some of which is a year or two old.

"Well, it seems that I've fell so far behind the march of progress in my methods," he says to Bill Barnes, "that even back numbers builds for better business in my case."

Abby also has a little saying about "Early to bed and early to rise," and so on. She lets it out that her home town in Ohio is a respectable place in which the citizenry has long since took note of that saying and goes to bed at ten o'clock or sooner and in which there was no onseemly midnight revelries.

"In plain words," Widow Bell interprets, "she's hoping you'll cache your senseless racket and leave off holding drunken powwows about nothing all up an' down the street till daylight, so's she can delude herself into believing that instead of living in a heathen camp like this here one, she's residing in a decent hamlet like she hailed from—and I back her play."

The better element of Ten Sleep wouldn't admit there was a better, more law-abiding community anywheres extant, and to break the new school-marm in easy to ways that was harmless but new to her, the boys tones down their amusements somewhat after nightfall. That wasn't difficult, because one after another would slip away and set round Mrs. Bell's dining room till bedtime, regaling each other and the ladies with conversation. Streaks like that don't last long, but the camp was still in the throes of it when Bud Crandall made his advent.

He hove in sight trailing a hundred-odd head of young she stock, halted 'em a mile outside, made a leisurely camp and dangled on into town, to drop off at the nearest bar. He'd been riding for one outfit and another, he explained, and taking half his pay in heifer calves, running his little bunch on the range of whatever outfit he chanced to be working for, and from time to time drifting on in search of the one good spot in which to settle permanent. The last hitch had been from over Pine Leaf way, a couple of hundred miles to the east.

"I cut the trail of a rumor that the Ten Sleep neighborhood had the most congenial and convivial folks of any similar area in seven states," he says, "so here I am."

"Your informant was onduly modest in proclaiming it a rumor," says Bill Barnes. "He was quoting a simple fact."

"Which I now see for myself," Crandall declared. "The long weary trek has ended. I've come to the end of the trail. Put my name down in the directory, boys. Home at last and resting easy."

Bud Crandall, having covered the two hundred miles from Pine Leaf by slow stages and without relaxation en route, was bent on frolic and was in no such decorous mood as the rest of the camp a few hours after nightfall. As the rest of the boys trickled out on him and assembled at Mrs. Bell's, he continued his frolic alone. Feeling

tumultuous, he mounted his horse and rode up and down the street at a run, fetching a screech every other jump and snapping a cap or two en route.

"Cowboys in town! Get under the bed!" he yipped. On the next round he pulled up in front of Mrs. Bell's and sang that he was a "poor lonesome coyote with nowheres to howl."

"Which there's plenty healthier places to howl than right onder my front windows," says Mrs. Bell, "and I'll mighty quick enlighten him on that score if he don't shut off that war whoop."

Miss Abby Howard seemed strangely upset at the first sound of that rollicking voice, and her pansy-blue eyes was some wide and startled.

"That's just Bud Crandall letting off steam," Bill Barnes reassures her. "It'll simmer down directly."

"Bud Crandall!" she sort of whispers. "Does he live here?"

"Just moved in today and voted himself into the directory," Rang Jones enlightened her. "Nice upstanding lad, friendly as a pup, hard to rile, but with a look about him that he'd be a panther when pestered. I'd hate to tromp on his tail inadvertent."

This was Curly Peel's chance to perform and he rose an' stretched.

"I surmise I'd best go out and bat him between the horns with my gun and pack him off to bed, since he's annoying Miss Abby," he announced.

But Miss Abby had jumped up, her face white and tense, and laid hold of his arm.

"Don't you dare!" she ordered.

"Dare?" Curly says carelessly. "Don't you worry about his hurting me any. I'll handle him easy."

"You sit right down!" Miss Abby stormed. "He's not doing you any harm."

Directly Bud rode off to his camp and things quieted down. Next day he's in town again and observes Miss Howard on the street.

"Oh, Abby Howard's here now, is she?"

Rang Jones explained that she was and what she was doing. "You speak as if maybe you had knew her previous," he suggests.

"Well, a nodding acquaintance, you might say," Bud qualified. "Two years back I was riding for an outfit outside of Three Roads and she was instructing the onfolding minds of the youth of that place. Come last fall, I drifted to an outfit near Pine Leaf, and she turns up there day-herding the thoughts of the Pine Leaf hopefuls. Now I get here and if here she ain't, too, a-presiding over the mental destinies of Ten Sleep infancy. Odd, ain't it?"

"'Tis for a fact," says Bill Barnes. "She's been a-following of you here and there, maybe."

"Oh, no," Bud returned, "nothing like that. Fact is she was always there first when I got there. I'd put it down as coincidence, sort of."

He strolled along the street and accosted Miss Abby, it being of a Saturday and she having no sprouting young ideas to wrangle.

"Well," says he, "here I am again."

"A bad penny," she returns tensely, "always turns up."

"Shucks, honey," Bud protested, "you're still a-pilfering your conversation out of frames on the parlor walls. Such venerable moth-et and ready-made repartee is to illustrate points with, pet, not to serve as iron-bound by-laws of life."

"If you had more reverence for such venerable sayings, perhaps you could illustrate your own viewpoint on life to better advantage," she returned primly.

Bud indulged in a speculative chuckle. "I'll take a whirl at it just to please you," he promised. "You've poured the parables to me a-plenty, so I'd ought to be well stocked by now. But aside from all that, you know the sun rises and sets in you so far's I'm concerned. I've sure been hungry for the sight of you. Can't you see it my way?"

"Certainly not," says she. "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

"Well, in my case," Bud points out, "I've acquired the prettiest quarter section of land a man ever laid an eye on down Riverton way. It's all fenced and broke out and planted to alfalfa. A neighbor is putting up my hay on shares every year while I'm accumulating a little bunch of cows. Later, I figure to run them summers on the forest and winter-feed 'em on my place. So, rollin' or not, I've acquired a downy fuzz of moss, even if it ain't yet growed to a full crop of whiskers."

"I didn't mean altogether in a material sense," she qualified. "But the fact that you drift from point to point shows instability of character. Otherwise you'd have settled down permanently in one spot."

"The same to you," Bud grinned. "You don't practice what you preach, sister. For the one chief exponent of a settled life, seems to me you're quite a rambler yourself. Every place I've drifted to in the past two years I've found you there ahead of me. In addition to that, you've took two extensive trips back to Ohio whilst I was stationary. You've traveled maybe three thousand miles to my three hundred, and had three jobs to my two. In the name of sheer justice, how can you stand there and accuse me of drifting, if you aim to hold yourself up as a shining example of sticking to your bush? Be fair now."

"That's entirely different," she says, which settled that.

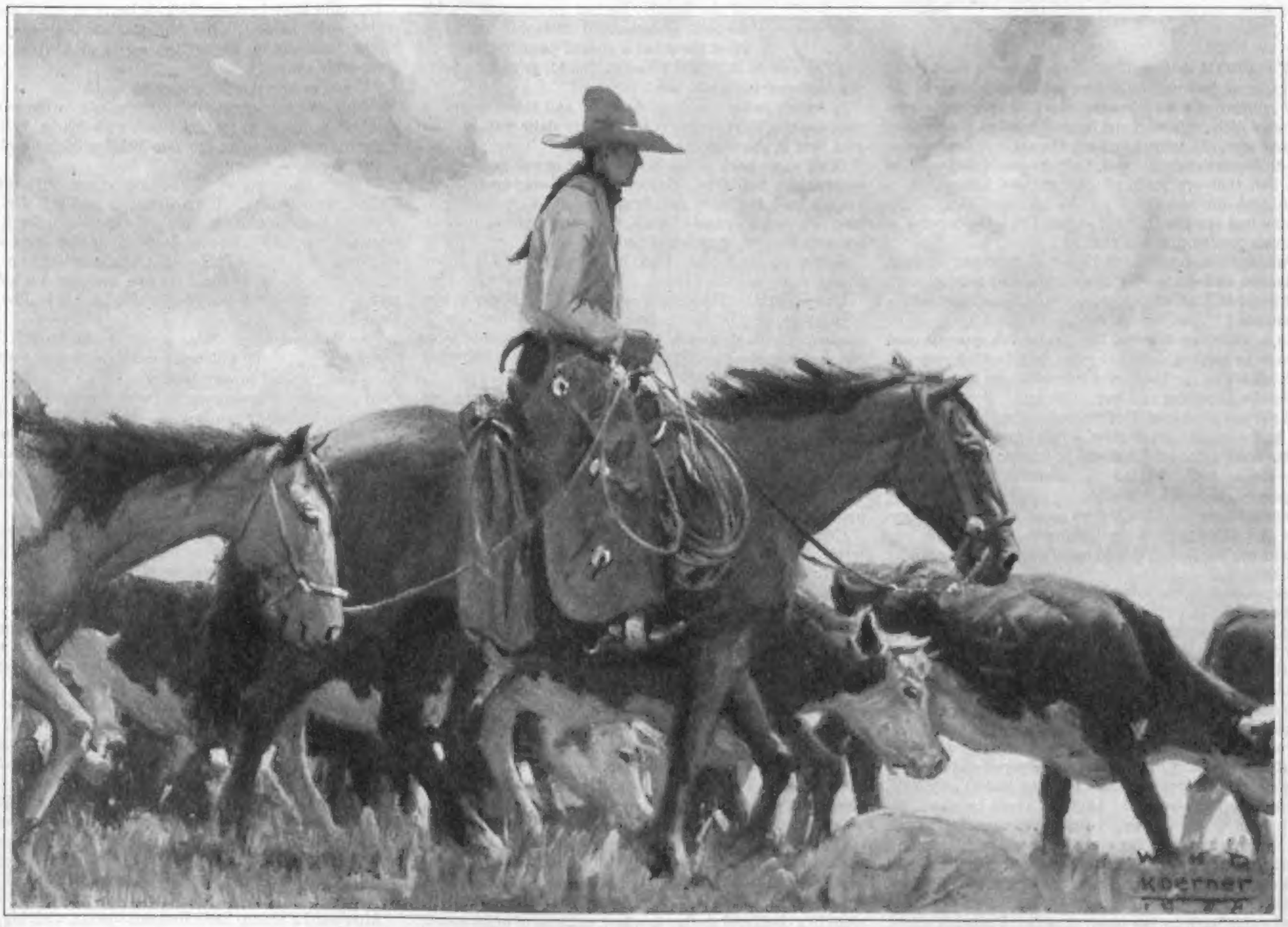
"Well, looking at it from that angle, of course," Bud grinned, "I can see where you're right. Yes, sir! Conceding that good looks is logic, it's a case of logic is as logic does, so to speak."

She flushed up and so far forgot herself as to tap one little foot indignantly.

"Well, in any event, I shan't be here long to trouble you with my logic," she announced. "I'm only substituting for the regular teacher while her sister is sick. When she returns I'm to take over the school at Dry Fork."

He laughed right out at that. "You certainly are one grand little traveler," he said. "That puts you two moves ahead of me instead of one—and you objecting to me on the grounds that I don't picket myself out for all time on the same half acre of ground. But it is uncanny, at that."

"What is?" *(Continued on Page 71)*



They Stood There Watching Him Move Off Across the Range, Leading His Pack Horse

BESIDE THE SHALIMAR

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

Micky—She Had Forgotten Micky! Married to Micky All of Two Weeks and a Half, and She Had Forgotten Him

UP FROM deep gulfs of sleep, out of a smothering fog of dreams, like a drowned thing floating to the surface of a waveless sea, she lifted her heavy eyelids, just a little; she stirred a languid hand at the end of a nerveless arm, she stirred beneath the sheet ten exhausted toes—to be sure she still lived, that the world still went on about her, that everything hadn't stopped altogether, in the drugged dim aeons in which she had been away.

Where had she been? "Where am I?"—the heroine of old novels coming out of a faint.

Nowadays one didn't faint, but one stayed out all night and danced and drank and came home and fell into bed, and the end of it all was returning to consciousness with a "Where am I?" just the same.

Like a Victorian heroine, like the novels granny used always to be reading up in her room, in a knitted gray bed jacket, with that faint soft musty smell about her that was half Bond's Lavender and half just age.

Did old age have a smell of its own? Certainly. Everything had a smell—grass after a rain, dressing rooms at parties, lions in a zoo, babies—a funny, pitiful, milky smell—ships—ugh, not to be thought of—gardenias, champagne, cigarettes. Micky!

She caught her breath in a deep gasp; she flung her arm across the other pillow, cool, smooth unslept on; she gathered her white length and sat upright, staring wildly about her.

Micky—she had forgotten Micky! Married to Micky all of two weeks and a half, and she had forgotten him; had waked and never missed the beloved rough head on the pillow beside her. She wasn't fit to live, she wasn't fit to love, she ought to be dead.

Micky! Then she saw him. Asleep in the big wing chair at the foot of the bed beside the fireplace, still in his shirt and trousers, but collarless. His head at an awkward and most uncomfortable angle, his mouth a little open—his beautiful, comical, stubborn mouth, betrayed and defenseless in sleep. He looked so innocent, he looked so gentle, he looked so little-boyish. Anyhow, there he was! He hadn't gone to another hotel for the night. He hadn't spent the night walking the streets of London. He hadn't thrown himself into the Thames. He hadn't done any of the things he so lately alarmingly threatened—well, if not threatened, implied.

It all came back to her now. Another Victorian *cliché*. Of course he no longer loved her, or he wouldn't have left her, bed and board, so definitely, so brutally; preferring a wing chair covered in peacock-blue chintz with ivory roses to cool white linen sheets.

Anyhow, there he was. Even if he were angry with her, even if at dawn all had been over between them—yes, they had got in at dawn. Funny, the holy nakedness of those proud dark London streets with day just breaking—even if love had died on them, like the last of their champagne—there he was. His nearness, conscious or not, comforted her.

She let herself down upon her solitary pillow with a whimper of relief. Any honeymoon—so one had been told—must have at least one whaling good row in it. This, she supposed, was theirs.

She closed her eyes. She put a hand to her head. She fingered a tumbled mop of silky dark hair.

She thought, "I wish I had a headache powder."

Under other circumstances Micky would have been at her elbow with the powder, with a glass of water, with his adorable teasing grin.

"Would be a wild woman, would you? I told you you'd fill a drunkard's grave."

Micky's grin was the sweetest thing about him; he had grinned at her before the altar, under the nose of a bishop. "Till death us do part," the bishop had intoned magnificently. Being a friend of the family, he had endeavored, in his deepest ecclesiastical tremolo, to confer upon the affair a special permanence.

"Try and do it," Micky had muttered, grinning; defying dust and ashes casually.

It hadn't taken death to do it; it had taken merely a good-looking Englishman in a wild, wet night club, at half-past four in the morning.

It all came back to her now. She groaned gently with more than a headache. Gardenias and champagne, jazz—not too loud, but most awfully seductive—a lot of gilt garlands on pinkish-paneled walls, a lot of people—a milling, scented, blurred, mad lot of people.

Better go back and think it all out carefully before Micky came to.

Dinner at the Berkeley first of all—in Micky's new evening things, in her heavenly new silver frock, with gardenias, with the pearls Micky had given her—not large but perfectly matched. That was out of granny's old paper backs too.

Things one used to read and giggle over millions of years ago coming true today in one's own fearfully modern self—funny.

Dinner had been caviar and *consommé froid*, filet of sole, *cœur d'artichaut*, an orchestra playing Old Man River. "He don't see nothin', he don't say nothin'; he jus' keeps goin' ——"

Cocktails and sauterne at the Berkeley. And Cointreau—Micky hated Cointreau.

"Go on if you want to," he said, "but that stuff's miscast. It's not a liqueur, it's a toilet water."

Micky was so funny and so sweet, snoring gently at that moment in the wing chair beside the dinky little fireplace that held a fan of white paper concealing a cautious handful of coal and splinters of kindling. Her heart stood still to hear him from such a distance.

"I took one look at you, and then my heart stood still."

Ghastly the way tunes went round and round in one's head the morning after a wild party, as if part of one were still dancing somewhere. As if only part of one were lying in a wide cool English bed, in a quiet room where curtains of peacock-blue chintz with ivory roses, drawn close, shut out the sunlight. Sunlight! It must be simply blazing outside; it burned through the ivory roses till each had a heart of flame—hearts of flame in a bluish dusk. . . . Must be pretty late. She wondered what time it was outside. Outside what? Outside a darkened room where Micky slept in a chair and she lay in a bed, millions of miles apart; parted after only two weeks and a half of marriage. Tears seared her eyelids, slid down her cheeks, were salt, presently, upon her lips. She made no sound; she lay there beautifully broken, in silence.

Then She Saw Him. Asleep in the Big Wing Chair at the Foot of the Bed Beside the Fireplace

It would have broken Micky's heart to know she was crying—or would it, after the Englishman, after what Micky had said to her on the way home in the naked green-white dawn?

"If you're like that!" Micky had said.

Better go back, check up on the whole rotten evening. She had to know where she stood with Micky before he woke up and looked at her out of his golden-hazel eyes, accusing, reproaching her.

"I don't know you!" he had said to her. "That's all."

That was enough. If he didn't, who did? He knew all there was to know of her. She supposed, fresh tears starting, that this was why her mother had cried at the wedding. Her mother knew that a man could have all of you in the palm of his hand for two weeks and a half and then say: "I don't know you"—just like that—like a disgusted stranger.

Poor old mummee. Why wouldn't she know? Three times married, twice widowed, once divorced, she couldn't have found any of it very lasting.

One wondered sometimes just why the divorce. Daddy wasn't such a bad egg after all. He had a lot of charm. Too much probably. One woman couldn't hold him.

Thank heaven, Micky was a one-woman man!—or wasn't he? Oh, if he were not! What a life! He must be. He couldn't be as good as that and not mean it. It would be simply too foul!

The way he had been at the theater—holding her hand hard all through the soft stuff. Micky, who was simply death on a sappy line, who could kid the slushiest scene. Micky could laugh off anything, but he hadn't laughed at the theater.

"She looks like you," he had whispered—meaning Gertrude Lawrence, if you please—those adorable wistful eyes, that wonderful mouth. "Only, of course she's not so good." Imagine!

Between the first and second acts, standing in the street with his sandy, curly head up, looking, among all those tight-lipped, cold-eyed Englishmen, like several million, freshly minted, he had suddenly told her, "Listen! I'm happy! I'm happy as hell tonight. Aren't you?"

Of course she had been happy, then and after. Ridiculously happy at supper in a quaint Italian place someone had told Micky to try. Micky had asked the orchestra to play O Sole Mio and had whistled it under his breath, off key.

"I don't know many tunes," he had said, "but I know what I like. Confessions of a connoisseur, what?"

Afterward a plump little Russian woman with big black eyes singing a thing called Sans Toi in a way to break anybody's heart.

"Without thee," Micky had said. "H'mph! She's got the right dope, darling. There just wouldn't be any morning after."

Which had not been true after all, because here was the ghastliest morning after one ever imagined. Sunlight burning through drawn curtains onto the grave of love. Nothing in granny's library to equal this. If they had only come home from the Italian place, if the champagne and the lobster and the strawberries which they had consumed to the tune of O Sole Mio had only been all

But Micky, looking at his watch, waiting in the street outside for a taxi—Micky had said: "How about the snappiest night club in London! You're too pretty to take home yet. I need the restraining influence of the public. If I get you to myself now I'm likely to swallow you whole."

Grinning, Micky had said it. She'd have followed Micky's grin into a fiery furnace. Maybe fiery furnaces wore pinkish-paneled walls and fat gilt garlands sometimes. Anyhow, there was where Micky had taken her. No wonder she needed a powder now. She lay like a dead girl, lashes smudging her colorless cheeks, checking up on the night before.

The little alcove upstairs, the noisy, laughing crowd milling around and around below them, saxophones moaning, violins whining "So lock the doors and call me yours," over and over, faster and faster.

Funny how people in England went mad over American tunes. Did America have something England had outgrown and was trying to get back to? Like a settled middle-aged man trying to be collegiate?

"Gosh," Micky had said to her, "what's wrong with these birds? They haven't got prohibition. Crazy as we are, aren't they? The Nordic on the loose is a fearful sight, I'll say. Gets all hot and bothered, hunting for forbidden fruit."

She had said, "I think they're sweet—Englishmen. I'd like to have a try at one, rather." To get a rise out of Micky. That was all.

"Let me catch you at it," said Micky. He said a lot of other things, too; his voice very low, his eyes shining, leaning across the little table where a bottle sat in its silver pail and two glasses filled to the brim sputtered golden spray.

"Listen"—that was Micky; saxophones and violins and drums making a sort of background for his voice, a laughing, sobbing background for the slow deep words—"to me you're the most sacred thing in the world," he had said. "I mean it! To me, body and soul, you're straight out of the Garden of Eden—your silky black hair, your pansy-black eyes, your skin that's smooth as ivory and smells like the unknown flower, your mouth, my mouth."

He had stopped; he had sat staring at her while under his eyes her heart began to pound. He had taken her hand with his rings on it, lying on the table, and he had twisted the rings around and had crushed her fingers together till she could have screamed, and he had laughed. And he had said:

"Holy, holy, holy—if you see what I mean."

Micky going on like that about her!

"Words and music to the Song of Solomon," he had said, "revised edition. How do you like it?"

It might have been the champagne, but she didn't think so. Micky's outfit were all pretty hard-boiled. She'd heard about him long before she ever met him. Girls simply jumped through any old hoop he held out.

Funny, the wilder a man was himself, the more he stood out for star-eyed innocence when he married.

"You're so clean," Micky had said across the little table in the smoky little alcove, his voice actually trembling. "I could pray to you."

"Lock the doors and call me yours"—saxophones never stopped chuckling the whole time Micky was talking.

"Want to dance?" he had said all of a sudden.

They had gone down on the floor and danced like mad for hours and hours. With intervals, of course, in the alcove.

"I don't pretend for half a split second," Micky had told her—it was getting awfully late by then—"that I'm not a gate-crasher in heaven. Only thing that gives me any right to be here—I mean not just this merry-go-round, but anywhere at all—with you is I dreamed you long ago. I went on my knees to you in my first long trousers. It was for you I first shaved my chin." He grinned when he said that, of course. But his eyes were almost black.

Micky! His own mother simply wouldn't have believed it of him. Why, his mother was the shallowest, most selfish woman alive! She and Micky's father had quarreled like cat and dog. Anybody would tell you. The minute Micky's father died, when Micky was only seven, she had shoved the poor lamb into school and skipped off to Europe. When she came back, three years later, she had brought Micky an Italian stepfather by way of a pleasant surprise. And she called him Michele -sandy-haired, grinning Micky! Showing how well she understood him.

She hadn't cried at the wedding. Fine chance! But she had kissed one afterward at the house—a languid scented peck on one's burning cheek, and she had said the quaintest thing:

"Be careful of your romantic, my dear. They're apt to be rather exacting. And they do turn on one so."

If she meant Micky by that, she was simply too silly. Micky, the most practical creature alive!

When the lock of the big trunk jammed and wouldn't budge—on the dock at Southampton, with the customs men getting blacker every moment—hadn't Micky opened it with a blade of his penknife? And he could handle any head waiter that ever strutted with a couple of words and a nod.

A man's mother didn't really know an awful lot about him. One had to live with him to know.

"I haven't really been living up to now." More things kept coming back to her all the time. Micky had said that later still, just before they went down into the funny cellar room that seemed to be the big show of the very snappy night club.

"Alive, maybe, but not living. I go on from here—if you see what I mean."

Of course she always saw what he meant. You naturally did when you were married. You were so close together; there couldn't be anything you didn't know about each other.

That cellar; a queer, mad, crowded place—more crowded and madder even than the gilt-garlanded palace upstairs—low dark ceilings, smoky walls, people at little tables all around the edge of a dark, shiny floor, a grand piano. That was where the Englishman came in, and Micky himself had thought he was interesting at first.

Micky had said, "Look, will you? Those two at the piano. They must be brothers."

(Continued on Page 105)

"What Would You Like My Brother to Play for You? He Shall Play You Anything You Like"

Keeping the Father of Waters in the Straight and Narrow Path

By HARRIS DICKSON

FATHER has been cutting up again. Worse than ever. No peace in the neighborhood. It used to be that gossip concerning Father was heard only in our family circle; all of us wondering how much longer we'd have to stand these periodical sprees; but in the summer of 1927 his riotous misbehavior leaked into the newspapers and made a public scandal. Good Christians shook their heads. What Father does when he gets full is now being disapproved by folks as far off as Washington, District of Columbia, where Uncle Samuel is one of the big bugs.

Father was never much of a hand to get full on corn liquor. He left that to the boys. His exasperating specialty is to tank up on water and come roaring down our valley, tossing churches around where churches have no business to be, and washing away thousands of mules just for the fun of seeing 'em kick. Naturally the farmers kicked harder than their mules. Something had to be done with Father.

Our Uncle Samuel at Washington is a patient person, amiable, mighty apt to let matters rock along and hope for the best. Takes him forever to give his galluses a hitch and chastise an offender. Of course we kept complaining and complaining to Uncle of Father's propensity to smash the furniture. But Uncle Sam insisted that it was none of his business how badly Father Mississippi cut up, provided Father stayed in his own channel and didn't leave a lot of sand bars lying around loose to interfere with navigation. Uncle has always contended that his job under the Constitution is to keep open a gangway for steamboats, so that citizens may travel and the United States mail go through. Therefore, every time Father left a snag sticking up in the river or dumped a chunk of mud about the size of Connecticut, Uncle trailed along behind him and fixed that part of it. But on pay days, when Uncle dug into his jeans and appropriated a dollar, he never failed to remind us: "Listen, boys, this money is for the improvement of navigation. I won't spend a counterfeit nickel for the protection of land."

A New Partnership

BEING uncommonly pig-headed, dear Uncle stuck to his original proposition that he claimed jurisdiction only of the channel. Beyond the usual track of navigation, valley dwellers must shift for themselves; and though Uncle felt sorry, nevertheless if Father took a notion to slosh over his banks and devour miles of plantations or eliminate a few towns from the map, incidentally drowning a flock of hayseeds who couldn't swim, why, that was their lookout.

Barges Loaded With Concrete Slabs for Mats. These Slabs, Four Feet Long and One Foot Wide, are Attached and Laid on the Sloping Banks of the Levees

As years rolled on more and more people came to live in our valley, the floods grew worse and worse until Uncle changed his mind a little and began to help us build levees. He explained that embankments contracted the stream and made it scour a channel for steamboats to carry mail, all the time winking his left eye if a levee happened to hold off water from a few acres of cotton. Gradually it became an established firm—this partnership of Uncle and People in preventing overflows. Before that, however, in spite of our pleadings, he had attended strictly to the post-roads clause and let the Southern drys keep dry if they could.

In April of 1927 the whole Mississippi Valley went wet—wet with a wallop—prohibitionists, bootleggers, everybody. Father got fuller than a goat and proceeded to enjoy a delirium tremens that no levee could restrain.

A Grand Spree

A FROLICSOME spirit of hilarity seems to strike our Father in the springtime, when he regards this section of the republic as his own private playground. And he has undoubtedly possessed that prescriptive right for such time as the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Through watery æons of upbuilding nobody disputed Father's title to these alluvial lands, and nobody resisted his proclivities to wallow in them when deluges came rolling southward from thirty-one states and part of Canada. It must have been a magnificent spectacle to see our Father spread himself.

Remembering all this freedom, we can understand his indignation when men began to fence him out by puny ridges of dirt, when levees barred him from this vacation field and from that happy petting park through which he used to roam.

Many a springtime when he did not feel particularly peppy, Father traveled sluggishly between the levees, gnawing here and biting yonder, for men to repair when his sullenness subsided. Those years he did little harm, but in the early summer of 1927 Father proclaimed that he could lick a pack of wildcats and gathered an overwhelming force that broke our lines of defense.

For three months he romped and raged, killing nearly 200 farmers and destroying more than $250,000,000 in property. Furthermore, Father served notice that he meant to do the same thing over again whenever he got full.

A manful howl uprose from this valley. Everybody hollered—everybody that still had credit for enough wind to make a holler. The North chorused, the West chimed in; partly for financial reasons, because valley folks are lavish buyers and owe debts to other sections of the Union. Over and above the commercial side of it, however, brave men and women throughout the world felt a sympathy for other brave men and women who struggled so courageously to help themselves. Help came down upon us like an avalanche, generous help that warms the heart—not the money, but the kindness of it. Then we caught our breath, held meetings and sent delegations to confer with Uncle Samuel.

A Flood-Prevention Wall on the Mississippi River at Cairo. The River Has Risen to Within Three Inches of the Top

The fact that American lives were lost and American homes were wrecked on American soil doesn't sit well on American stomachs. It fretted Uncle Samuel and led him further to broaden his interpretation of the post-roads clause.

At first dear Uncle, like a bathing beauty, had only dallied flirtatiously around the edge.

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter.
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

Now Uncle dived in, body and breeches, and started a war to end wars. He stands flat-footedly on the general-welfare clause. Congress also got riled and passed a law with 325,000,000 teeth.

"Now"—Uncle rolled up both sleeves as he announced—"now we are going to make Father behave."

That's how Uncle Samuel got into this job. Once being in it, neck deep, maybe deeper, he proposes that the river channel shall carry every drop of water that it can safely pass on to the Gulf, and to divert the surplus by such outlets as Nature has indicated. Spillways, outlets, floodways are grudgingly conceded to the river in lieu of a fifty-mile expanse of territory that formerly relieved the high-water channel

A statement of Uncle's plan sounds extremely simple, but working out the details has involved an incredible amount of labor by the foremost engineers of the world. If there be competent engineers on earth, we have them in America. Of the best, many go into the Army; and the pick of Army engineers have been assigned to this task. Associated with them are dozens of civilian engineers, specially trained by a lifetime of fighting high water—able, earnest, honest men. They have no local interests to serve, no local bosses to obey, and not a dime's worth of pecuniary profit to expect.

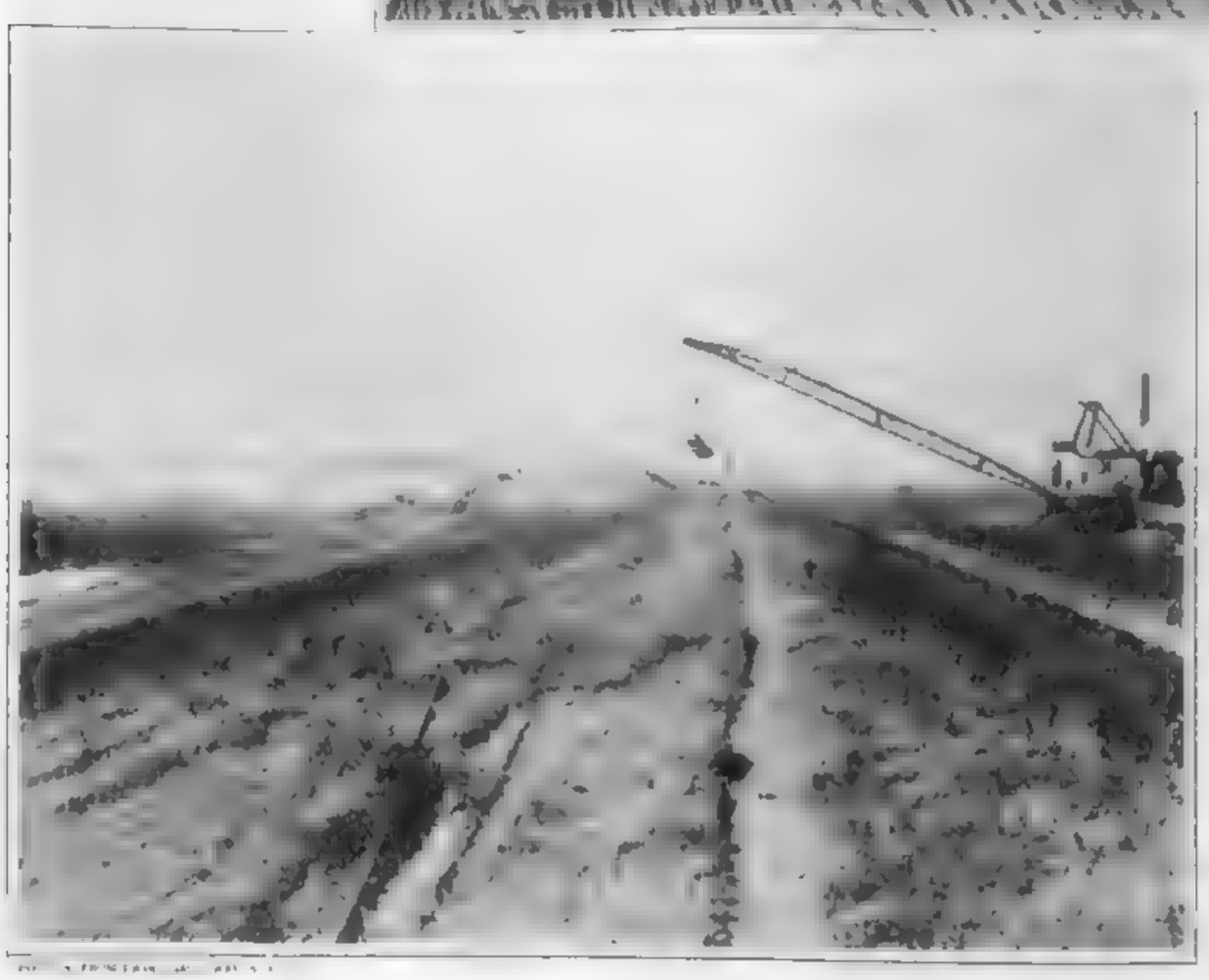
In Deep

FROM a national viewpoint, representing the people of the entire valley, they must first consider the plan as a whole, balance the unavoidable disadvantage of certain communities against the greatest good of the greatest number, and defend the most people with the least damage to the few.

Uncle Samuel never does things halfway. After abandoning his former attitude that he would not spend a counterfeit nickel for the protection of property, he now instructs his agents by special act of Congress that "all diversion works and outlets shall be built in a manner and of a character that will fully and amply protect adjacent lands." Before he gets through, Uncle is determined not only to render comparatively harmless such inundations as we have previously experienced but even to provide against the maximum flood now predicted as possible.

A Mississippi River Dike With the River About Two Feet From the Top. One Little Break Would Start a Collapse That Would Flood Hundreds of Square Miles and Destroy Millions of Dollars' Worth of Property

Laying a Mattress of Willow Saplings on a Mississippi Levee



A Drag-Line Levee-Building Machine at Work on the Lower Mississippi

A Superflood

IN PLANNING a campaign no cautious general neglects to inform himself of the enemy's force. So Uncle Sam has been investigating to discover what is the biggest army of water that the Mississippi can mobilize.

This is not altogether guesswork. We have our own accurate records for upward of forty years, showing the extent of rainfall and run-off. Beyond that point, American experts have consulted European statistics, under similar conditions, for more than two centuries. Upon this mass of data our specialists base their predictions of a superflood.

Superflood! What does that mean? It signifies the largest possible deluge that every tributary river, creek and rivulet can pour simultaneously into the Mississippi. Simultaneously. If we have cloudbursts in Montana; a colossal Ohio River; if Oklahoma and Texas are afloat; if the Missouri, Cumberland, Tennessee, Arkansas and Red all go raving mad so as to reach the Mississippi at once. Emphasize "at once." To produce a superflood, mountains of water cannot follow mountains of water. Every drop must pile up in the same place at the same time.

The Upper Mississippi, Missouri, Arkansas, White and Red may do whatever they darn please, and Father's vast channel will handle it without spilling a gallon; provided, the easterly rivers—Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee—keep comparatively quiet. No superflood will occur except by a sinister combination of every factor.

A superflood is, therefore, the remotely possible but improbable theoretical maximum which may happen about once in every 200 years. However, as we hope that America will still be doing business at the same old stand in 2128 A.D. Uncle Sam looks far ahead to save his posterity from being drowned.

Before trying to comprehend any scheme for the harnessing of Father, we must first know why he so persistently breaks loose. The reason goes back to the age of mastodons and dinosaurs. Originally this river had but one low-water channel until it reached the flat lands; there, when great waters came, it overspread an area fifty miles wide. All that country is the natural high-water bed of the Mississippi which man has taken by artificial barricades,

(Continued on Page 50)

THE SINGAPORE KID

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

WHEN I stroll into the main office of the Bixby Rubber Heel Company in Brooklyn next week and explain to Mr. George Bixby, our president, that I did not sell any rubber heels in China, George is going to wax sarcastic, and right after that I shall probably lose a good job. Yet I am in no way to blame. I did not want to go to China in the first place, having a girl up in the Bronx who regarded the trip with cold suspicion.

Somebody told George that China was a fine place to sell rubber heels, so the company sent me over, all expenses paid en route, and the hollow mockery is that I never sold a single pair of our justly celebrated product. Why? Because the Chinks do not wear rubber heels. Furthermore, they do not even wear shoes; and what a sap somebody was to be sending me across nineteen thousand miles of wavy ocean to sell heels to a nation that largely goes barefoot, or else clomping around on a couple of wooden flatirons!

Am I to blame if I lose my job? No. I failed to sell any heels, yet I regard the trip as the brightest spot in my life, for I had a chance to save two human lives. Personally I welded a couple of souls together; and if George Bixby fires me for not selling heels to a lot of shoeless buggy pullers, especially after I tell him what I did for Charley Church and the Carter girl, then I have no further excuses to offer and will go over to the National Heel Company, of Newark, where they recognize talent and I can get a job any time.

The incidents which may save my hide began when I walked aboard a steamer in San Francisco Harbor. I strolled into my stateroom, or cabin, containing two beds, one for me and one for somebody else. The steamship people always sell their rooms to two men, as any other arrangement might prove inconvenient. The other man was loitering before our mutual mirror when I entered, tying his cravat.

"Pardon me," he said in a low voice, and that simple phrase opened for you the portals of his character. That was him all over. You saw what he was and what ailed him. His name was Charley Church, and he was starting out to Singapore for the first time, to tackle a job with the Java Oil Company.

"Pardon me," he said, although he was not doing anything.

"All right," I said amiably. "I will pardon you. . . . Nice weather for a little ride on the Pacific Ocean."

"Yes, it is," he admitted, and I removed my overcoat and tried the bed with an inquiring finger.

"Which one do you want?" I asked.

"I will take the one you don't want," said he, and I looked at him intently.

"Where are you bound?" was my next question.

"Singapore," he answered. "I am going out on a five-year contract with an oil concern. My name is Charley Church."

"My name is Al Cyriacks," I returned, "and I am heading for China to sell rubber heels. . . . Shake hands."

We thus became acquainted many days before I discovered that there would be no heels sold to the Chinks—the dirty heathens—and the more I learned about Charley, the more I liked him—all but the "Pardon me," which would ruin any man. He had the air of going round the world trying to find people to pardon him. He oozed apologies. Real spirit he had none, and you could fold up his backbone and put it in a wet paper bag. He was not a fighter in any sense and, worst of all, he took affronts lying down.

I had opportunity to study my new roommate as the long days of ocean travel dragged by, and I continued to grow fond of him in spite of his imperfections. He was a round-faced, boyish lad with brown wavy hair, already showing signs of permanent departure—and him only twenty-four. He had pleasant, intelligent blue eyes, with a sad look in them, a look that appeals to women. He also had freckles, and when I say "freckles," I mean large, circular, prominent freckles, one size smaller than a door knob.

Passing Chinese Citizens Joined Our Little Party and, Having Tasted Blood for the First Time, He Went Utterly Berserk and Started In to Destroy the Celestial Empire, or Whatever It Is

Some days he was ruddy, and other days pale and wan-looking. He was a gentlemanly fellow, generous, warm-hearted and, as I said, infernally polite; and the second day out of Frisco he fell in love with the Carter girl, but did nothing about it except stand at a distance and worship frantically and in the silence of his soul. He made no effort to become acquainted. He ambled around the steamer, peeking surreptitiously at Mary Carter as though there was a law against it, and shivering if she happened to stroll past him. That was funny, because it is not difficult to become acquainted with fellow passengers crossing the Pacific Ocean. I knew everybody on the ship in twelve hours and had a beer with the captain, a very swell guy by the name of Ken Lurry.

Presently Mr. Church began having three and four of his pale days in a row, and I concluded he was seasick, although there was no sea

"What seems to be eating you, Charley?" I inquired.

"Nothing," he said. "I feel fine."

At the moment I had no information about Mary Carter and the long-distance love affair, or I would have stepped in and introduced them. Not knowing a girl never stops me on shipboard, for girls on steamers are always pretty bored with the men they know and eager to meet fresh victims. On the sixth evening, Mary Carter walked down the stairs from the top deck and paused at the railing to admire Nature. Half a dozen of us were scattered about, doing the same thing.

"Isn't the sea perfectly lovely tonight?" she asked, addressing no one in particular.

"And what a moon!" I remarked in warm tones. "There is what a person could call a moon!"

"Oh!" she cried in girlish enthusiasm, still paying attention to nobody. "Isn't that the Big Dipper?"

"No," returned Charley Church breathlessly. "The Big Dipper is over there to the right. Pardon me for pointing," he continued, indicating the correct constellation, "but there is the Big Dipper."

Can you imagine a man begging anybody's pardon for pointing at a star? If you cannot point at a star, what can you point at? Miss Carter and Charley got together on the star question and spent the next hour selecting favorite planets, and, strangely enough, no one seemed eager to hear what I had to say about the general subject of astronomy or anything else. I faded from the scene, leaving a love affair in the midst of its first palpitant uncertainties. In two days Mary and Charley were inseparable and the passengers began nudging one another.

Let me state that a good steady love affair was precisely what the doctor would have ordered for these two. Charley was shooting for Singapore, and Singapore is hard on young white men, for the climate of the tropics gets them, and anything left over by the climate is taken care of by that indefatigable old scoundrel who never stops working in any clime—Mr. John J. Barleycorn. If you think we have a liquor problem, step down to Singapore and take a look around.

My unsolicited opinion was that Charley Church would be buoyed up by the gentle hand of a woman. He needed a wife, and a good one, and Mary Carter was as lovely a girl as you would see north of the equator—or south of it. As the skipper put it, she was water-tight, brass-bound and copper-fastened fore and aft.

But her mother! Sweet spirits of sperm! I shall stop right here and say nothing about Mary's mother, for I like mothers and revere them as a tribe. Mothers are what make the world go round, but Mary's old lady was an

exception. When she first came aboard our quiet ship in Frisco, you could hear her progress down the pier above the murmur of dock wallopers dropping sheet iron. She was a commanding, broad-bosomed battleship of a female, wearing eyeglasses on a chain and gold bracelets that clanked. She displayed three necklaces of pearls and a square jaw like Mr. Tunney's, and she discoursed in a rumbling basso voice, requesting people to step aside or be run over. Her having a daughter like Mary was like a tractor having a Swiss watch, and everyone disliked the mother and loved Mary. Mrs. Carter, to make things perfect, wore debutante garments, white silk stockings and red garters of a truly alarming character; and, looking at the two of them in the deck chairs, I said to myself, "The right thing to do is to marry this sweet child to Charley Church, for that is what will save him from Singapore and her from her mamma."

Starting upon this little self-imposed chore, I got into more trouble than a legless dog with his first fleas. The courtship moved along quietly for a time, each of them finding out nice things about the other, taking long walks down the deck in the moonlight and playing auction bridge with the addicts. Among the players were Mr. and Mrs. Manners, New York City, a couple of experts, and the most annoying form of human animal is the bridge expert who works at it. Mr. Manners stopped one evening long enough to reproach Charley for playing a queen.

"What did you want to play that card for?" he asked, scowling scornfully at Charley. "Nobody but an imbecile would have played a queen on that trick"

Fancy that! And from one comparative stranger to another, both passengers on a public steamboat! Had Mr. Manners been addressing himself to me with those words, I would have leaned over and knocked him gently on the nose to show him how I played four fingers and a thumb.

Charley flushed and said, "Pardon me."

I was bending over the back of a chair, watching the play, and I saw Mary glance at Charley. She didn't like it. What woman would? There was no more to the incident, and the players continued their friendly game just as though nothing had happened.

Now we come to the Grossmiller family. About the one hundred and eightieth meridian, which is where you lose an entire day and Wednesday suddenly becomes Thursday, we turn our attention to the Grossmiller family, consisting of a father, mother and three small children, all occupying Cabin 200, next door to Cabin 201, the home of Charley Church and the best heel seller that ever tackled Asia.

Mr. Grossmiller was a red-faced man from St. Louis, a butcher of meats, who had accidentally accumulated thirty thousand dollars and was taking his family somewhere. He was large and noisy, as a butcher should be when he has made thirty thousand dollars. His wife was small and noisy. His three children spent their time howling

First they howled on the port, or left-hand, side of the ship. Then they howled on the starboard side. Mornings, the little dears yelled steadily, as a monsoon blows. Afternoons, they fell into convulsions and paroxysms, and their little faces became masks of baby rage, so that some of the passengers feared they would die on deck, and others said, no, there could be no such luck.

At half after three on the ninth day Mr. Church went to bed with a nagging headache, brought on by a side-winder sea, and the Grossmiller children played shriek-the-loudest just outside our porthole. I chanced to be up on top, talking heels to a dentist from Saginaw, and it is a good thing I was, for I am not like Charley in my reactions.

Standing the bombardment for thirty minutes, Charley poked his head through the aperture and asked the Grossmiller children if they would kindly walk around to the other side of the boat or else cease shrieking. Mrs. Grossmiller replied instead, thrusting her head through her own porthole and inquiring of Charley who the sirloin steak he thought he was; stating that her little darlings could jolly well yell their Hamburger heads off any time they liverwurst felt like it.

"He Needs to be Thrown Overboard to the Sharks"

"I beg your pardon," Charley said. He retired in confusion and went back to his headache without another word, and the same evening, as the dinner gong sounded its cheery note, there occurred the incident that certainly burned me up.

The butcher gentleman encountered Charley at the purser's office, and asked him harshly what he meant by leaning out a porthole and insulting his wife. My roommate looked astonished and answered that he had not insulted anyone, and thereat the husband took Charley's glasses from his nose in a deliberate way and slapped his face—a brisk humiliating crack that left a red glow. He handed the glasses back and strode off, a husband with his honor vindicated, and all Charley did was to replace his spectacles on the bridge of his nose and stand there motionless

To make this shameful scene 100 per cent awful, there was Mary Carter, halfway down the stairs, an inadvertent witness from beginning to finish. When he had his glasses safely on his beak, Charley looked at Mary. There was no conversation. Mary changed her mind about coming downstairs and went back to the upper air. And that ended my timid little romance. When I learned what had happened, my first impulse was to trot around to the Grossmiller headquarters and clean up the butcher business, but I refrained.

Mary Carter did not talk to Charley after that—at least, not much. She did not refer to the slapping. She quietly avoided the boy, and he was the kind that you avoid once, but do not have to avoid twice.

You would think that a man like me, coming from a fighting race, would have no further use for Charley Church, with his "Pardon me" and his frightened smile. But oddly enough, I never lost the feeling that the boy was alive somewhere inside. Deep down within him, I believed, there glowed a tiny spark, and I steadily refused to look at him as the hound pup he seemed to be. I liked him and I continued to fret over his case.

"All he needs is heroic treatment of some kind," I said to the skipper, a good friend of mine by this time. The skipper knew, as everyone did, of the butcher's vengeance, and so detested Charley.

"He needs to be thrown overboard to the sharks," our captain commented brutally. "However, I like sharks and wouldn't throw them anything so yellow."

"You are wrong," I retorted.

Mary Carter thenceforward spent the days sitting beside her rhinestone mother in a deck chair, and I don't know of any worse way to cross the Pacific except in a canoe. There is another nice name for rough water! Whoever called it "Pacific" Ocean is most likely the same genius that came through later with near-beer.

Never a very talkative character, Charley now drifted into a state of complete silence, which even I could not break through, and I am certainly a gabby individual and not readily discouraged. He wandered drearily about the steamer, alone, wearing a stony look, like a man who has had his features frozen. He continued to ask passers-by to pardon him for bumping into them accidentally. He sat like a dead man in a deck chair, hour after hour, facing the sea, but not looking at anything.

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The Girl Walked With Hesitant Steps Toward Him and Paused, and I May Say That I Acted the Part of an Eavesdropper

POOR OLD SAM

By Edith Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

WHEN old Mat Thomas died everybody in Gloversville pitied poor Mrs. Thomas, who was left with three children of just that "between" age when ten cents earned for minding a neighbor's baby or fifty cents for selling magazines is the most that can be expected.

But she had the store and a thousand dollars insurance, they consoled her, so it might have been worse. Sam, the eldest of the three children, was big enough to take orders in the mornings and drive the delivery wagon on Saturdays, so it wasn't as if she had no one at all. Eva and Alec, the other two children, wouldn't be of much help for quite a while, but both were bright children and would be a great comfort later on.

Eva, at thirteen, was already known as "the smartest little thing you ever saw." She had always been known by superlatives, Eva had. It began when she was only six and could stand up and recite a piece "as big as anybody" and "talk right back" to the minister, which was responsible for many a plain little Mamie or freckled-faced Johnnie's being yanked home by reproachful mothers for not following their injunctions to speak right up, "like Eva Thomas."

And Alec, the youngest, came in for his share of the honors. Not so much as Eva, because she was a girl and had the advantage of curls and ruffled dresses, but at twelve he was already jumping grades and memorizing history dates with amazing facility, and his composition on What Ambition May Accomplish had won the five-dollar prize offered by old Rufus Bradshaw, who owned the bank.

Sam was just known as "a good boy." He wasn't slow, but he didn't stand out particularly. His teachers, after praising Alec and Eva, usually said of Sam—not wishing to hurt his mother's feelings—that he was the kind of pupil who had to study hard for what he learned, but that once learned, he never forgot it.

But everybody liked Sam. He was polite when he took orders in the morning and was always glad to mail a letter or give a meat order to Rufe Denny if you didn't have a phone, or take along a sample of gingham to match up with thread. Oh, yes, Sam was a good boy!

But it surprised nobody when, soon after old Mat died, Sam decided to leave school and take charge of the store. After all, it wasn't to be expected that he would go away to Centreville, the college thirty miles away, where all the other boys went, as he wasn't ambitious anyway. He hadn't even made up his mind what he was going to be, like Eva, who agreed with everybody that she would be a great actress, and Alec, whose ambition was to be no less than a senator.

He didn't seem to mind clerking in the store, so Gloversville just concluded that everybody isn't born a leader and accepted Sam's services over the sugar barrel and the dry-goods counter rather gratefully, if the truth be told, for old Mat was nearsighted and couldn't always be trusted to measure things right.

As a matter of fact, Sam did like the store and running it came naturally to him. He had always helped his father make out the accounts, old Mat's nearsightedness interfering with accurate figuring. He knew who paid promptly and how long to let the boarding-house bill run and how far behind in their accounts the mill families were. Old Mat had always let the store "sorta run itself," many times being too comfortable in his chair by the stove to get up and put things down on the book. The neighbors went behind the counter freely, helping themselves and calling to Mat to charge it; but by the time he got around to it, Mat had forgotten whether it was a plug of tobacco or a couple of apples so many times he didn't put down anything, for fear of cheating somebody.

The first thing Sam did was to go over the old accounts and add up the outstanding accounts. He found they had a small fortune in debts that had stood for years: The Harkins family that had moved to North Dakota, promising to send the money; Old Man Saunders, who had lost a leg and who had never been able to do more than to tend the bridge afterward; and the Methodist minister, who had gone on to another field and whose bill Mat had canceled as a debt to the Lord. Many others, right there in town, whose promises to settle the next pay day had never yielded anything. So when Sam took the store over the first thing he did was to change the policy to cash only.

He was diplomatic in explaining the new policy and most of his customers were amiable enough to admit that they would profit by it, as when they paid cash they bought less. Others objected and said if Sam didn't trust them they could go to Cain's, the store at the other end of the town. This didn't worry Sam much, as they were the ones who owed him anyway, so he hoped they would go to Cain's. They usually didn't.

After a few months Sam found the new policy paid so well that he could afford to take in somebody to help him, so there was no longer any necessity for his mother to stay in the store. He had hated to see her measuring out potatoes and lifting those heavy bags.

That Very Evening Sam Spoke to Vina, Who Had Been Waiting for Three Years, Knowing He Would Some Day

Sometimes Mrs. Thomas would timidly suggest to Alec and Eva that she thought they ought to help Sam after school, but they were always busy.

"It's not hard work, mother," Alec would object. "He gets to sit around a lot when nobody's there."

"Sure, mother, Sam likes it," Eva would agree.

Sometimes, after Sam came home nights, he'd run down and split kindling and bring up extra coal, which they had forgotten to see to. And, being the first one up mornings, he made the fire, though his mother said she didn't see a bit of sense in his doing it, when he had to work so hard.

Sometimes he'd find her already up kneading dough for the hot biscuits he loved.

"Now, ma"—Sam always stuck to calling her that—"now ma, you shouldn't be up running around in the cold. You'll catch your death."

"And how about you, Sam Thomas," she would say; "running around here in this cold kitchen in your stocking feet?"

"Well, I didn't want to wake the children," he would say. "They need their rest when they have to study so hard."

Then his mother would say something that sounded like, "Study, fiddlesticks!" but it would be lost in Sam's sputterings over the sink.

These mornings were precious to them both, though they never thought of them in exactly that light.

After breakfast he would sit for a while on the back porch, chuckling over the cartoons in the Beacon, making comments now and then to his mother on what was happening up in New York or in Springfield or somewhere close by.

Then the mill men would start passing on their way to work.

"Well, I better open up, ma," Sam would say. "I see the mill boys passing. They'll want tobacco, I guess."

Then he would saunter off and his mother would hear them call, "Hello, Sam," or "How's business, Sam?" or "Got a twist of Red Horse for me this morning, Sam?" as he joined them and went on to the store.

Funny boy, Sam! Just like his father. Just as friendly with old Lem Wilson, who lay drunk half the time, as he was with Rufus Bradshaw. Didn't seem to care about making a name for himself like the other boys and girls his age.

"Well, some folks are born just to be folks, I reckon," his mother would philosophize, and go about her work.

The year Sam was nineteen he had a fountain put in the rear of the store, an unpretentious affair, ornamented with an advertisement, an imitation lattice covered with very green vines and very red roses, in the center of which was a picture of a girl with very pink cheeks, drinking a soda through a straw.

"It was real pretty," everybody said, and fell easily into the habit of ordering a small dish of ice cream or a soda pop every time they were in the store. Eva and Alec became very popular and many a drink was ordered on Sam, which he didn't mind at all, being proud of Eva, who would sit in a cool organdie frock, her little finger held daintily aloof from the others, and sip sodas, while Sam went back and forth good-naturedly, enjoying their bantering. Sometimes the girls would insist on being taught how to make sodas and Sam would demonstrate with exaggerated flourishes, enjoying it as much as they.

The day Eva and Alec were graduated from school was a great occasion for Mrs. Thomas. Alec was the valedictorian out of a class of fifteen and Eva was made the class poet. They both delivered orations, and everybody agreed that Alec was going to make a great speaker and that Eva had been a perfect scream. Sam bought a new suit for the

occasion and escorted his mother, who, according to Gloversville, should have felt proud of herself.

But she kept thinking of Sam and hoping he didn't feel bad, not to be among the boys and girls who, as Judge Marlowe, the speaker for the occasion, oratorically proclaimed, were about to go "out into the world as men and women." She would have been relieved to know that while the judge was making his flowery predictions about the unusual things he expected from the most unusual group of boys and girls he had ever had the honor to address, Sam was wondering if he had locked the basement door of the store.

At dinner that day Mrs. Thomas remarked that now school was over Alec could help Sam in the store. He needed somebody now that it was summer and the fountain would be busy. But Alec had plans of his own, it seemed.

He had taken advantage of his class honors and had asked Judge Marlowe about a job in Centreville, and the judge had offered to take him into his own office.

"So I can start saving money for my tuition, Sam," he argued, "and that will save more than the five dollars a week you'd save if I helped in the store."

"He's right, ma," Sam agreed; "it's better for him, if he can earn money and learn something at the same time."

"The sooner I get started," Alec went on, "the sooner I can do something for the family. We don't want to stay here in this one-horse town all our lives."

"I should say not," Eva helped out.

"Well"— Mrs. Thomas gave in doubtfully—"if Sam thinks he can get along without you —— The store's awful busy since Sam took over the meat shop."

Eva, too, had plans

"Don't you worry"—she comforted her mother—"you won't have to wait till Alec graduates from law school to get away from Gloversville. It won't take me that long. The younger a girl starts on the stage, the greater her opportunity is." She had been talking to Mr. Bradshaw, who had a cousin who knew somebody in New York who knew how Ethel Barrymore and Maude Adams and everybody got started on the stage.

"There's a school where they all go," she said, "and if you have any talent at all, they put you in a play. And they won't take you in this school, mother," she said convincingly, "unless you have talent. It's only two terms and if you're good after the first term you don't need to take the second. And all it costs is a thousand dollars," she finished simply.

A thousand dollars! They had only had that much money once in their life, and that was when Mat had left them the insurance.

"Well, Eva, I don't know where you think we're going to raise a thousand dollars," she said timidly. Eva began to cry.

"I knew it," she said miserably. "I knew I wouldn't get to go."

"Why, Eva, I guess we can manage," Sam said soothingly. "How much money would you have to have at one time?"

The upshot of it all was that Alec went to Centreville, and after a summer of hectic sewing, Eva departed for New York. In that she was going so far away Eva's departure was quite an occasion. She was escorted to Number 6 by almost the entire town.

They stood on the platform and called after her: "You'll show them, Eva," and "We'll be watching for your name, Eva!" and "At-a-boy, Eva!" until the train was out of sight.

Well, they were both gone now. Mrs. Thomas felt a great deal as she had the day she stood on the porch and watched Eva go to school for the first time, in her little pink-checked dress and shiny new shoes. Sam knew his mother felt bad, so he kept his peace while they walked back down the hill.

The house looked suddenly lonely. Eva was usually sitting on the veranda, calling to the neighbors as they passed and looking like the girl in Sam's advertisement on the soda fountain.

"You set here on the porch for a while, ma," Sam said gently. "It's cooler. You just rest yourself."

"Yes, Sam, I believe I will," she assented. "Just untie that shoe for me, will you?"

"You'd oughtn't to wear the patent-leather stuff, ma," he said, "it's not good for your feet."

"Well, Eva said they looked stylish," his mother said, leaning back in her chair. "I do hope she don't get run over in New York," she added, "with all the automobiles they have there."

Sam talked more than usual at supper that evening.

"I was thinking maybe I'd get a flivver, ma, so we could run up to the falls or out to the new dam on Sundays. How'd you like it?"

"Well, it would be nice, Sam," she admitted, "but I don't know where the money's coming from, with the children needing so much now."

"The fountain's paid real well this summer," Sam said modestly. "I guess we could manage."

The winter was kept cheerful by the neighbors dropping in to inquire about the children. Mrs. Thomas read, over and over, the letters they had written. Eva wrote glowingly of the great actresses she had seen, the marvelous things her teachers said about her work—things they never said unless they absolutely meant them—how easy it ought to be for her, the fabulous sums that were made by girls not half so talented as she, some of them not even pretty.

"I can hardly wait, mother," she wrote, "to be able to do everything for you. It won't be long, I know, until I can give you everything you've always wanted."

Alec's letters told enthusiastically of the friends he was making—this boy whose father owned a cleansing-powder factory and this one whose uncle owned a chain of drug stores and this one who was a nephew of the governor

"With the connections I make here," he wrote, "it ought to be easy to get in with some big firm, as their corporation lawyer. There's easy money in that."

His letters were always concluded with: "Take care of yourself, mother, and don't work too hard." So were Eva's.

They were considerate children, to think of their mother like that, the neighbors said. And Mrs. Thomas always agreed that they were good children, both of them, and she was proud of them. Then she would take the visitors into the kitchen and show them the new four-burner oil heater Sam had bought for her.

Eva's first visit home was an occasion Gloversville never forgot. She could stay only two weeks, as she had to hurry back to go into a stock company for the summer, but in the short time she was there she did a lot for Gloversville. She set the styles and introduced the broad *a* and even organized a dramatic club, promising to be their president and keep them informed of important dramatic events. But after she left, the ladies were so busy putting up preserves they didn't have time to keep it up, but they often talked about the wonderful way she "took off that old woman" in one of her dramatic selections.

She Ran a Little Way to Meet Them, Quite Suddenly Having the Courage to Put Her Arms Around Eva, of Whom She Had Been So in Awe

She told her mother and Sam she had decided not to waste another year at the school, that she was sure, after a summer of stock, to get into a legitimate production. This sounded very impressive and Eva didn't explain it, but they supposed it was a talking play, like Romeo and Juliet or Ben Hur.

"I don't know how you can stand this provincialism," she sympathized. But she hastened to reassure them "Don't worry; it won't be for long," she promised. "You're coming to New York to live, the minute I land in a production."

Alec came, too, later in the summer. He looked different, they thought, but he wasn't a bit stuck-up. He slapped everybody on the back fraternally, just as if he had lived there all his life! When they asked him about his plans he tried to appear casual about them.

"Oh, going to try my hand at law," he said modestly. "Got a chance to do some work for Mendal—you know, the man who makes Chase It," he explained flatteringly, as though anybody in Gloversville knew a millionaire. "Son's a pal of mine," he said offhand. "Met him at college. Going to stay at his house in Albany."

"Yes, Alec is going to get on," Bob Whitney told Sam as they walked together down the hill from the station the day Alec went away. And Sam agreed with him.

"What're you doin' with that old Abbot place, Sam? I seen you checkin' up the lumber Jim hauled in there."

"Just addin' a little more room to the store, Bob. Needed some more for the dry goods I'm startin' to handle. Got so many calls for it, I thought I'd try a line."

The next year Eva didn't come home. She couldn't, she wrote: her play was going to Chicago. She didn't want to go, but jobs were hard to get in the summer.

"I was lucky," her letter said, "to walk right into a play and I

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I LIKE DIVING—By Thomas Eadie

SOMEBODY I was talking with the other day spoke of diving as a profession. I suppose I had often used the word myself, but when an outsider, a landsman, said it, my ear was caught by it, and I asked him:

"Just what is a profession?"

He said, "Well, I should say offhand that it was an occupation where the work was more interesting than the pay." I thought that over for some time. What he meant, I judge, was that a profession is work that you get a kick out of doing. And if that was what he meant, "profession" is a good name for diving. There is always a thrill in diving, especially in deep-sea diving.

I felt it before I ever made a dive, and I get it now, when I have been diving for nearly twenty years. It isn't a thing easy to explain, either, though I think I know the explanation so far as my own case goes.

President Coolidge Pinning the Congressional Medal of Honor on Thomas Eadie, Chief Gunner's Mate, U. S. N. Eadie Received the Medal for Bringing Up Fourteen Bodies From the Sunken Submarine S-4 and for Saving the Life of a Fellow Diver Whose Air Line Had Become Fouled

It isn't love of adventure, though every dip is an adventure, or may be one before a man comes to the surface again. I happen to be a very home-loving, steady-going sort of citizen, and a very prosperous one when I think how I started and how few others with an equal start have done any better.

Certainly it isn't the thrill of facing danger, though a diver's life is really in the hands of the man on the topside tending him, and any one of a lot of little things may in an instant reduce a diver's chance of seeing his family again to a one-to-ten shot. Of course lots of people would get a thrill out of any new experience. Their first ride in a plane, a trip down into a deep mine—anything that means they are going where a man isn't supposed to go by nature; anything that means beating old Nature to it. I suppose that idea is responsible for the invention of boats, that freed man from the need of staying on the dry land; of sails, that let him force the wind to take him where he wanted to go; balloons and planes, that took him up off the ground, where he belonged, and diving apparatus, that let him live under water.

A Sample of Diving

THAT'S all right, but just getting a thrill out of a new experience isn't all there is to it. One dive or one flight would satisfy people like that. There is something more that makes them keep at it and become aviators or divers. I suppose I happened to be one of the fellows that had that something more.

There's a heap to diving besides putting your head under water. It means the hardest kind of work—manual labor—under the most difficult conditions, and sometimes under conditions of real distress. Take a job when the ocean water is down to the freezing point of fresh water, and when you can't do the work in gloves. To get an idea of it, just sit in a boat in your warm overcoat and stick your hand over the side into the salt water. Hold it there for five minutes in that freezing brine, and then try to think what it would feel like if you kept it there an hour. I have come up with my hands so swollen that they had to cut the cuffs of my diving suit to get it off, so painful that I couldn't bear to be touched.

Sometimes it seems to me as if I couldn't have been anything but a diver. My parentage, my early life and my training were all—if you look at it that way—just heading me toward diving.

Commander H. E. Saunders Turning On the Air Lines Attached to the Ill-Fated Submarine S-4, Thus Forcing Her to the Surface

I was born in Partick, Scotland, near Glasgow, in 1887, and my father was a Scotch stonemason. Along with whatever Scotch canniness—and an able body—he may have given me, I think he gave me those other Scotch qualities of determination, ambition, alertness—whatever it is that you call spirit.

In the Brig

AFTER my mother's death my father came to the United States because it was so hard to make a living in Scotland at his trade. A year later he sent for us children and the woman who had been taking care of us. She was married to him shortly afterward, and in this second marriage there were eight children. So I and my brother grew up working.

I remember that during the Spanish War my father would go down to the city we were living in Long Island City then—and come home with all the newspapers he could manage. Then we boys went out and peddled them. I was about eleven years old then.

Later I was the boy in grocery stores and butcher shops; I worked for a while in a factory. But I wasn't getting anywhere.

My father moved over to New Jersey and we settled in Harrison, near Newark. There I worked in a shade-roller factory and in a hydraulic-pump works. I didn't know it, but my training for diving had begun. For learning how to do things, how to handle tools, how power machines are used, and especially learning things about pumps, was all of it education for diving.

Even so, I wasn't satisfied. I wasn't getting anywhere, and one day when five of us boys got to talking somebody suggested that we enlist in the Navy. We really didn't know what we wanted. We started for the recruiting office; I remember we went to the Army office first.

Some of the others got cold feet and in the end I was the only one who enlisted. That was July 6, 1905.

They sent me to Newport for my training. I had never had boats, never been round the water, and I got a good deal of a kick out of the training. I always put everything I had in me into whatever I was doing, always had a good deal of confidence in myself. That has always been true; today, if I ever see anybody on a job he can't do, I'm just itching to do it myself. So I passed in my seamanship courses with pretty fair standing.

When I finished my training I was sent to the battle wagon Alabama as a seaman second class. I was assigned as a helper to the blacksmith and ship fitter, and here again I was getting training that was to come in very useful later on. Handling heavy material where every operation was an

emergency operation was the daily job; I learned how tackle could be used—how, for instance, you would go to work to set something into a smooth surface on which you had to get a purchase for a lift.

The Alabama went round the world with Roosevelt's Big Sixteen, and I went with her.

I was finishing out my time, after the world cruise, at Newport, and one day saw a civilian instructor putting down a class in diving at the torpedo station. I watched them for a while, and then I went to the instructor and asked him to put me down for a dive. He said, "Yes, I'll put you down tomorrow."

But he put me off, day by day, and I never got wise until somebody told me. "You'll never get a dive," he said, "until you're a seaman gunner going through the class." That meant I would have to be on my second cruise, or in my second enlistment of four years. It shows how the idea had taken hold of me that I reenlisted for four years for the sake of diving; as a matter of fact, I reenlisted on the condition that I should be allowed to take the seaman gunners' class at Newport.

Tom Eadie and Bill Carr, Just Before They Went Down to the S-4 and Took Out Eight Bodies, the Greatest Number Ever Taken Out in a Single Dive

The civilian instructor in diving was Jake Anderson; a fine diver, a wonderful instructor and a real man. He taught me diving and taught me how to teach others. After he resigned I was instructor myself. He had his classes working from a diving boat at the dock, and a boy's first dip was for about twenty minutes. The boy hadn't anything to do; he was just to go down and get used to it. He could walk around or look around as he pleased, and about his only chance to get into trouble was if he should wander over among the dock piles. The fellows were all young and ambitious and husky, for not everybody is allowed to dive. You must begin by passing a doctor's examination, and to do a diver's work you need to be husky.

Near by the dock was a place they were filling at the water's edge. There was an old negro, a civilian employe, who was bringing the dirt down in his tip cart, and he stopped to watch the diving class. He stood there for an hour—so long that the boys took notice of him.

One of them hollered over, "Come on over, uncle! Your turn next!"

The Bends

ANOTHER one took it up and said, so he could hear it "Come on; let's go get him and put him down!"

The old fellow called back, "No, suh! I ain't lost nothin' down theyah, en if I have, I do' want it no mo'! Giddap!" And away he went and didn't come back.

When it came my turn there were four of us to go. I wanted to be the first down, and there were a couple more that had the same idea. So I said, "We'll draw straws for it"—and I held the straws. There were four ends sticking out of my fist all right when I offered them the draw, but I had the longest straw palmed. They never had a chance.

Of course, getting your first dive isn't as simple as just walking into a suit and over the rail. There is a lot ahead of that. First you have to go through the doctor's examination; you must show that you are physically fit for the duty and, by your condition, that you are of temperate habits.

Only men of high physical standards get by, and any disease of the ear, heart, lungs or kidneys will put you out. You must have good muscles and good arteries and veins; and you must be young and you can't be fat, for middle-aged men and even moderately fat men are more likely to have the bends than young, slim, wiry men. The older you get the more likely you are to get fat; the older you grow the slower you breathe, and the less blood you have in your body in proportion.

I have been very lucky; I never have had the bends, though I have taken more chances on them than most men. The bends, or caisson disease, is caused by nitrogen from air under pressure being absorbed into the body, and especially into the fatty tissue. If the pressure is taken off a man quickly this nitrogen, coming out of the tissues like the bubbles out of soda water, acts just the same way. It forms bubbles in your joints, in your muscles, in the wall of your throat. The pain of them is frightful; they cause painful breathing and may cause death.

Now, all diving is under pressure. The moment you stick your head under water the ordinary pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch that you're in all the time increases. The deeper you go the higher the pressure. Every two feet you go down means about a pound more pressure on every square inch of your body, and your body has 2000 square inches of surface. That is to say, going down two feet means a ton more pressure on you—enough to crush you unless you have pressure against the water pressure. That is given, of course, by the pressure of air in your diving suit. You might think that this pressure would still be on your body. Well, it is, but it is inside your body, just as the fifteen pounds a square inch is inside your body on the surface. You don't notice the fifteen pounds' pressure of the air on the surface, and you don't notice the increased pressure when you're down.

It is when the pressure is taken off you that the trouble comes—if it is taken off too suddenly. Scientists have found that you must take as long to come from your compressed condition to the natural air condition as you have been under pressure. If you've been down an hour, you must take an hour to come to the surface.

Water-Cooled Exercise

SAY you are 100 feet down. They have worked it out—the rate at which you can come up. You go first to forty feet and stay there three minutes; then you can go to thirty feet, and stay there eight minutes; then to twenty feet for so many minutes more, following out the decompression table for the depth you came from. Unless you are diving from a vessel with special diving equipment, the usual way is to have a weighted bucket on a line. You can pass the line between your legs and sit on the rim of the bucket. Then the men on the topside can hoist you to forty feet, thirty feet, and so on, going by marks on the line.

Just Going Down. The Diver is Facing His Descending Line. Another Diver is Down, His Life Line and Hose Showing at the Left of the Picture

Salvage vessels like the Falcon of the U. S. Navy have diving stages. These are merely gratings suspended by loops of iron and hung over the side from a derrick on deck. You can get onto the stage and don't have to remain immovable. In fact, exercise helps to get the nitrogen worked out—to get you desaturated, as they call it. I have often shadow boxed, standing on a stage sixty or eighty feet under water all alone. If two men are taking their decompression together, they will often box each other.

They have a better way of decompressing now. They have on board the ship a decompression chamber—a big cylinder in which ten men can sit and lie at one time. It is built in, handy to the place at the rail where you come

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THE HOODLUM

By VIRGINIA LEDDY AND A. W. SOMERVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"I," Declared Percivalia, as Though From a Great Distance, "am in Love!"

SHE was christened Percivalia Aurelia Mayspread. Her name was absolutely indicative of everything that she wasn't. According to the frequently distracted, not to mention nerve-racked, Mrs. Mayspread, she had just arrived at the Troublesome Age. According to the long-suffering, not to mention overly abused neighbors, Percivalia had attained the exact center of this age at birth and had never got out of it.

It must be admitted the neighbors had right on their side. Consider a few fragments from the record of this future mother of a President:

At Age 3 she crawled into a drain pipe that ran under the Collender front yard. The Collenders were the right-hand neighbors as you came out the Mayspread front door. When Percivalia became fully immersed, so to speak, in this drain pipe, she refused to come out. When they tried to extract her with a long-handled hoe, she crawled farther back. No one but a very small and ornery child could ever have got into this pipe, and no child except an exact replica of Percivalia would have stayed in on purpose. Mr. Mayspread reduced his girth by a full two-thirds trying to cram his anatomy down said pipe. Some wide-awake person mentioned snakes, and Mrs. Mayspread passed out with a sickening thud.

They finally dug her out—meaning Percivalia. You should have seen the Collender front lawn. A trio of steam shovels operated by lunatics couldn't have done worse. They exhumed Percivalia, and Mrs. Mayspread took her home and washed her, and she was as good as new. But the front lawn! Hoh! Two or three years of constant care finally removed the scars, but for a long time to come it resembled one of those places where the fates of nations hang in the balance or where Indians bury their dead.

As Percivalia aged in years she failed to mellow. She began hanging around the service station, the drug store, and when she wasn't around either of these places, she could generally be found sitting under the awning in front of the pool room and the bowling alley. She had been tossed out of this place, called Mike's Recreation Club, times without number. Finally Mike, worn out by repetition, compromised and gave her a chair and let her sit under the awning. It was here that Percivalia enlarged her vocabulary by listening through the screen door. She could cuss as fluently as a bricklayer's apprentice; in fact, she learned to cuss before she outgrew her baby talk.

Don't think the foregoing, and much more, didn't gripe the worthy Mr. and Mrs. Mayspread. They did what they could to remedy the bad practices and worse performances of their offspring, but discipline, lectures, the frequent applications of the hair brush, and kindred efforts, had about as much effect on the hoodlum as a couple of beads of honest sweat would have on the Baltic Sea. Short of throwing her off a high cliff or rolling her overboard tied up in a sack, there was little they didn't try. Failure, you might say, predominated.

Percivalia, now known far and wide as Perky, outwitted the hostility of the neighbors and lived to attain the age of all but nine. Eight years, eight months and some fifteen days, to be as accurate as possible. Then the affliction known as love entered her life, and the resulting commotion went down in the family album as her best effort to date. Somewhat after the manner of the following:

Perky was playing with nine-year-old Billy Mills one day, in the Mills sand pile. They couldn't play in the gutter because Billy had to keep an eye on the year-old addition to the family. During the natural course of events Perky hit Master Mills in the stomach with a croquet ball for no very particular reason except possibly to prove the superiority of her sex and her personal ability with any weapon close at hand. Billy went hors d'œuvre, or hors de combat, or something like that. While he was getting his breath back Perky ambled about and finally wound up at the ice box on the back porch and found therein some hard-boiled eggs. She ate two, and she took two more out to her playmate. Billy indicated a disinterest in food of any kind. But the latest addition to the Mills family, the one-year-old baby, was apparently overjoyed at the sight of sustenance, and Perky gave generously.

That night the baby had as tough a tummyache as a baby can have, and the doctor told Mrs. Mills that there was nothing could make a baby feel worse than hard-boiled eggs, unless it was a billiard ball or a bowlder. Mrs. Mills, being a good housewife, had missed the hard-boiled eggs she intended to use for a salad. Circumstantial evidence was all against Billy; he had a tummyache too. It hadn't been caused by hard-boiled eggs, but by a croquet ball, but he couldn't convince his parents of his innocence. He got a whaling of such magnitude that sitting down was a painful process for the oncoming fortnight.

The next day, at the first opportunity, Billy sought out Perky. He made sure there was a shortage of croquet balls in the vicinity and then blacked her eye at the first swing. They tangled. They knotted. Perky got two handfuls of hair and cussed and squalled and kicked, and the thought came to Billy that he'd got hold of something he couldn't let loose of. Perky was about to get a half pound or so of meat from Billy's person by biting it off—she wanted something to go with two handfuls of hair—and Master Mills was making wild swings at any part of the enemy that stayed quiet long enough to hit, when they were interrupted. Sir Galahad had arrived.

He grabbed Billy's arms and Perky got in two good, hearty bites. Billy bawled like a lost calf. The stranger further impeded Billy, and Perky arose and landed two swell haymakers and three kicks. Between the pair of them Billy would have been utterly demolished had not Perky misplaced one of her well-intentioned brogans. The resulting pain caused the heroic rescuer to release Master Mills, who lost no time whatever in putting distance and treachery behind him.

"I wasn't doin' nothin'," declared Perky to the hero. "We was jus' walkin' along here an' he busted me one."

The hero sat down and caressed one of his shin bones. Perky sat down.

"Thanks for the help," said Perky, investigating her rapidly closing eye.

"It was my duty," replied the strange boy, very properly, "to save you from that bully."

"You sure helped," declared the hoodlum. "I dunno whether I kin lick him or not. You live here?"

"We just moved in," said the boy, pointing. "About a block up; the one with the green roof."

"You go to school?"

"I'm in the fifth grade," he answered proudly. "I bet I'm older'n you are. I'm ten, I am."

Perky was properly impressed. A man a year her senior had stooped to save her.

"They won't lemme go to their old school," confided Perky, "account of me kickin' th' teacher in th' shins."

The boy felt of his shin and regarded Perky with suspicion.

"You oughtn't to go around kickin' people all the time," he remarked coldly.

"Shucks," said Perky, "she had it comin'. It uz jus' before Chris'mas an' we had a tree an' th' old cow gimme a doll for a present. There was four nigger shooters there an' she gimme a doll. What'd she wanta gimme a old doll for?"

"Little girls," declared the boy primly, "are supposed to have dolls."

Perky cussed fluently. "What'd I want with a lousy ol' doll?" she demanded loudly.

"Gosh," said the boy, "you swear somethin' terrible!"

"That ain't nothin'," answered Perky. "You oughtta hear me when I get mad."

The boy was filled with admiration and fright, and both were uppermost.

"I gotta go," he declared, rising suddenly.

Perky rose, holding one hand over the eye that was rapidly going Democratic. "What's your name?" she asked.

"Dan," he answered—"Dan Detrick."

"I'm Percivalia Mayspread," she announced. "You can call me Perky if you wanta."

"That's a swell name," said Dan incautiously, adding: "My gosh, your eye looks awful! Don't it hurt?"

"Sure it hurts," said Perky indignantly.

"I thought girls always cried," observed the boy.

"Shucks," cried Perky scornfully, "I ain't cried the las' five times I been licked."

"You get licked very often?" asked Dan admiringly.

Perky considered. "Fur a while," she replied, "it was av'ragin' three times a week."

"My gosh," said the boy. "Say, my folks ain't spanked me for pretty near a year."

"I don't guess you ever do nothin'," answered Perky scornfully.

There was a pause.

"Well," said the boy, "I gotta go."

"Yeah," said Perky, "I gotta go too."

They lingered.

"Maybe we'll see each other again," said Dan.

"We will," replied Perky, as one utters a prophecy.

And they did.

When Perky arrived home she was required to explain the meaning of her battered optic. She told in detail how Bold Billy the Bandit had attacked her with dire intent, and how, just in the nick of time, Dangerous Dan arrived and drove off the wolves. She was doing very well indeed, having a background of truth to work on, when Mrs. Mills telephoned and demanded restitution for the lost hair and the half pound of flesh. Mrs. Mayspread replied that if the eye for an eye, and so on, was to be the basis to rest the negotiations and awards on, kindly to send over a right eye. By the time Mr. Mayspread arrived home said negotiations were well under way and everybody of consequence in the neighborhood had taken sides. The newcomers, of whom Dan was the offspring, were certainly treated to a baptism by fire.

Mr. Detrick, Mr. Mills and Mr. Mayspread formed a triangular League of Nations and threshed the matter out. Then they went home and thrashed each respective family curse. Physically speaking, the rescuer hardly got what one could call a reward.

From then on Perky tagged after Dan. He was her hero, he had suffered for her, he was also one year older than she and rather good-looking. What more could a woman want? Perky fell in love. She reformed. Her private pew under the awning went unoccupied, the service station and the drug store knew her no more.

Dan, after the first few days, accepted her as people do the rain. Generally with resignation because he couldn't get out of it, on rare occasions with pleasure, but most frequently with impotent, smoldering resentment. Dan had little strength of character, whereas Perky had to pitch or there wouldn't be any ball game. Perky was the resourceful one, the planner, the worker. She made Dan tag along because she was in love with him.

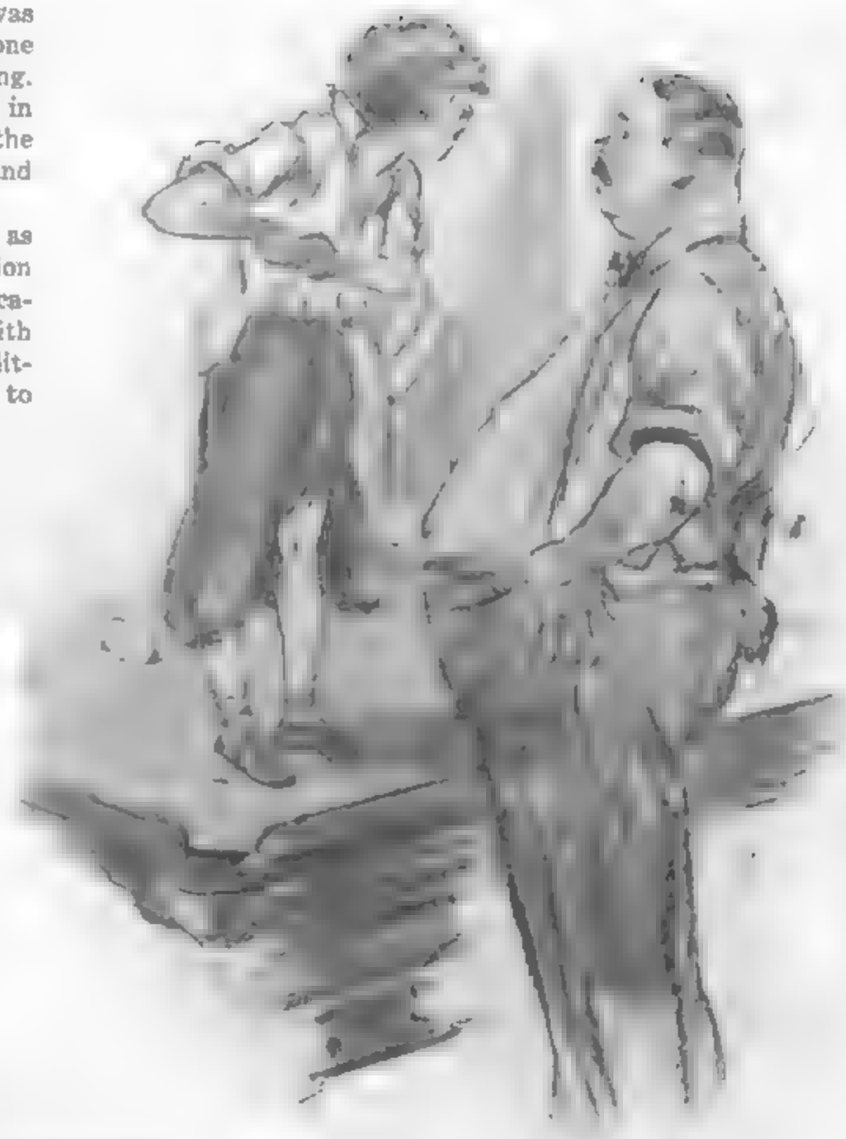
She would walk to school with him each morning and never failed to meet him at noon. She would walk back with him at one o'clock and meet him again when school was out. She was generally on hand at both recess hours, and because she wasn't allowed on the school grounds since her expulsion, Dan had to talk to her over the fence.

Perky got an allowance of twenty-five cents a week, and she and Dan invariably spent it together. Generally they went to the movies. These were times of unalloyed pleasure for Perky. For Dan it was both pleasure and pain—pleasure at seeing the pictures and pain at being required to read the subtitles aloud to Perky.

On one occasion Sylvia Minters sat behind Perky and her consort. Sylvia was a pretty little feminine child about the same age as Perky and easily the leader around the precinct when it came to annexing beaus. She was with Billy Mills, and she made some catty remarks about boys who let girls make them do things. Dan replied in an audible voice anent females who thought they were so good-looking and so smart, but who really were ugly and brainless. Some very snappy repartee was exchanged. Billy, who had been going with the fickle Sylvia for an uninterrupted two weeks, asserted his manhood by popping off about a tomboy who poisoned babies and blamed innocent people for the deed. Perky turned about.

"Shut your big mouth!" she yelled in a shrill voice.

Sylvia rose hastily.



"Haven't You Got No Modesty?" "I Got Seventy Cents," Declared Perky Proudly

"I won't sit near such rude people," she declared, and marched off down the aisle to safety. Billy rushed madly in pursuit.

"Scardy cat—scardy cat!" yelled the hoodlum at the top of her lungs.

Dan put his hand over her mouth just before the usher arrived and told them to pipe down or get out. Dan was unusually nice to Perky during the rest of the picture; the girl was in an ecstasy at all times because he held her hand and read the subtitles in an interested, confidential voice. And when the hero very nearly got sawed in twain he squeezed her hand! Dan was worried for fear Perky would do all manner of unreasonable things to Billy and Sylvia, and he hoped to prevent it. Dan cared very little for certain kinds of publicity.

On the way home, and free from immediate danger, Dan made a number of dirty cracks about Sylvia. Perky despised Sylvia; Perky had no use for anyone who screeched at the sight of a bug. But when Perky joined in the denunciation of the fickle one, Dan suddenly got sore and told her to shut up. This was so unlike Dan that Perky shut up from surprise, and when she recovered from her surprise Dan had sense enough to get off the subject. Perky felt alarmed and puzzled for a moment, but she was so happy over having had her hand held that she discounted it.

When the hoodlum arrived home her mother met her at the door.

"Where have you been, Percivalia?" she demanded in a dangerous voice.

"Just out an' around, mother."

"The dressmaker waited three hours for you," continued Mrs. Mayspread angrily. "Doesn't money mean anything to you at all? Where have you been? Answer me!"

Perky sank into a convenient chair. She cupped her chin in her hands and gazed heavenward.

"Percivalia!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayspread. "Whatever is the matter with you? Get that silly look off your face! Are you sick?"

"I," declared Percivalia, as though from a great distance, "am in love!"

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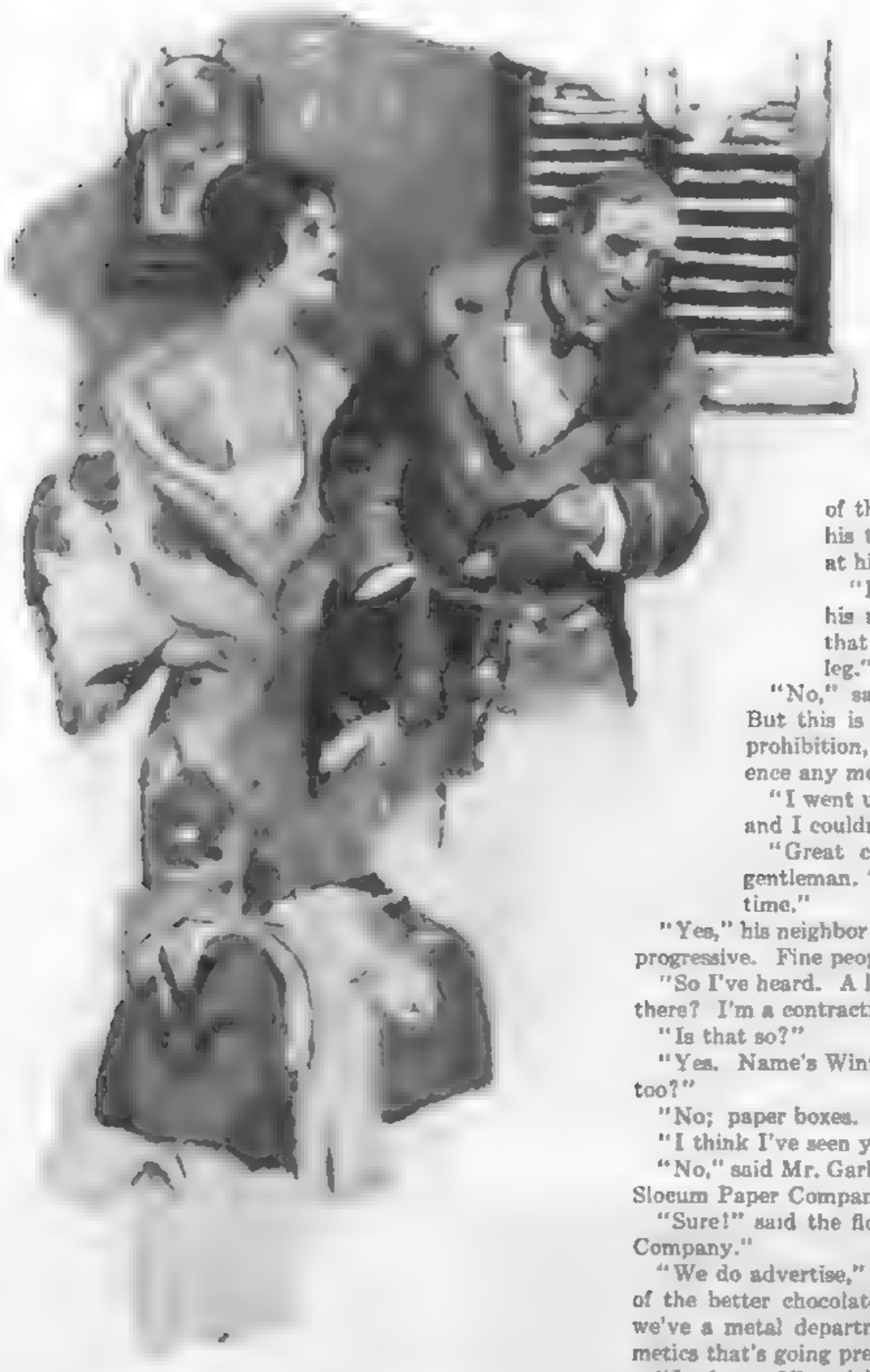
"What'd She Wanta Gimme a Old Doll For?" Perky Demanded Loudly

THE SHARK

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON



THE sign hung just above the bar, neatly printed in one-inch letters and neatly framed in mahogany veneer:

PASSENGERS
ARE EARNESTLY ADVISED
NOT TO PLAY CARDS WITH
STRANGERS

Underneath, Josef, in short black coat, pencil-striped trousers and double-breasted waistcoat, rubbed the third finger of his right hand across the black marble slab of the bar top and rested it tentatively on the sleekly polished brass rim. Enrico and Pietro, in dark trousers striped on the outside with narrow black braid, and white coats buttoned to the chin, muttered *sotto voce* meanwhile they filled saucers with salted peanuts, crisp potato chips and hard-boiled eggs that had been sent up from the pantry already shelled.

Wadsworth and Hamilton had slipped past the smoke-room windows in the afterglow of the dying sun, and if it were not so dark now, one could see the low gray smudge of Sandy Hook lying on the horizon aft. The deck steward came in the port doorway and spoke to Josef. Josef nodded gravely and, taking keys from his pocket, stepped through a doorway and unlocked the sealed vault. Pietro and Enrico took the mirrored panels from the wall behind the bar and exposed the long rows of cheerfully labeled bottles once more in legal territory.

Four men from four different divans looked at one another casually, got up and crossed to the black marble bar. Josef greeted them with a smile and a dignified bow. Enrico and Pietro, enjoying the last few minutes before they would become Hank and Pete, started in on the shakers. The divans filled suddenly from the restless predinner deck crowds, and the bells on the little marble-topped tables commenced to tinkle softly.

The taffrail log had been out for some time. Josef tore off the top sheet of the last day's pool before reaching New York, wrote in the date on the top of the next sheet and put the wood-backed pad on a shelf for the morrow's auction. Then he went below to change into a stiff shirt for the evening.

The florid weighty man at the extreme left of the bar raised his second Martini to his thick good-natured lips and smiled at his right-hand neighbor.

"I suppose it's the real stuff," said his neighbor affably, "but I can't say that it tastes much different from bootleg."

"No," said the other man, "that's a fact. But this is the first real drink I've had since prohibition, and I guess I can't tell the difference any more."

"I went up to Canada once, three years ago, and I couldn't tell the difference."

"Great country, Canada," said the florid gentleman. "Always meant to look it over sometime."

"Yes," his neighbor nodded thoughtfully. "Young and progressive. Fine people too."

"So I've heard. A lot of development to be done, isn't there? I'm a contracting engineer myself."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Name's Winton—John Winton. That your line too?"

"No; paper boxes. My name is Garbick."

"I think I've seen your ads in the magazines."

"No," said Mr. Garbick. "I'm vice president. It's the Slocum Paper Company."

"Sure!" said the florid Mr. Winton. "Slocum Paper Company."

"We do advertise," said Mr. Garbick. "We box most of the better chocolates and a lot of novelty stuff, and we've a metal department for talcum powders and cosmetics that's going pretty well."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Winton. He turned to Pietro. "What's your name, son?"

"Pietro, sir." The bartender grinned.

"Well, Pete, two more Martinis."

"No," said Mr. Garbick, "this is mine."

"Nonsense!" Mr. Winton grinned and touched the shoulder of the man on Mr. Garbick's right. "You and your friend join us? We four seem to be the only old-fashioned ones in the place who like to stand up to the bar with our feet on the rail."

The four men laughed easily and shook hands. Pietro mixed four Martinis. Mr. Garbick's neighbor was a Mr. Wallace Frolinger, from Denver.

The fourth man said, "I heard you say you were Garbick, of Slocum Paper. I'm Jennings, of the Detroit Tin Decorating Company."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Garbick. "A. K. Jennings?"

"Yes, sir. . . . Well, the world's a small place, after all."

They had four more Martinis before the first call for dinner, then they shook hands again and departed to find their wives.

A few moments after they had gone, a bell tinkled at one of the tiny corner tables and Enrico went over for the order. There was a slim man in a dark suit sitting alone on the divan. His face was pale as if from a long illness, and his hair was grizzled at the temples.

"Whisky soda," he said. "And, boy ——"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was that heavy red-faced gentleman at the left of the bar?"

"A Mr. John Winton, sir."

"H'm," said the man. "What business?"

"An engineer, sir."

"Johnny Walker—Black Label," said the man.

Mrs. Winton was in the Palm Garden when Mr. Winton found her. Mrs. Winton was talking as Mrs. Winton always talked.

"Yes," she was saying to a Mrs. Metcalf, "this is our first trip abroad and I suppose we shan't like it at all, although I do want to do some shopping; and John, of course, had to come on business. The Winton Engineering Company, you know."

"It's our first trip too," said Mrs. Metcalf. "Although I suppose we ought to pretend it isn't."

Both ladies laughed easily.

"Back to the Sticks, You Two! Join a Circus, Fat Boy, and Grow a Long Finger Nail for the Shell Game"

"But what a comfort it always is to be honest about things, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed."

Mrs. Winton looked up as her husband came around behind her chair.

"Naughty boy," she admonished, wagging her finger, "I knew it." John, to indicate the six Martinis he had had, raised four solemn fingers. His wife said, "This is Mrs. Metcalf, John—my husband."

"How d'you do, Mrs. Metcalf?" said John Winton. "Did she say it was a comfort to be honest?" He grinned. "You ought to hear her sometimes when I tell folks that the stock on our place at Winnemac is better pedigreed than we are!"

Mrs. Metcalf laughed enjoyably.

"Go and dress, John. You barely have time."

John raised his wife's glass from the wicker table and sniffed solemnly at the remains of a vermuth *cassis*. Then he winked good-naturedly at Mrs. Metcalf, bowed like a great fat schoolboy and went down to his cabin.

Up in the smoke room, the slim man with the grizzled hair finished his whisky soda leisurely, looked closely at the manicured fingers of his left hand, signed his drink chit and went out on deck. He made the circuit once, then he went in and down to C Deck. He stopped in front of Cabin 481, in the bulkhead slot of which was a card bearing the name of Mr. Arthur Weymuss—Naples. He unlocked the door and went in. For several minutes he stood before the mirror above the closed-up wash-hand stand and rubbed his blunt chin. The eyes that looked back at him were gray and cool, but there was something a shade pathetic about them. They looked like the eyes of a man who had worked a lifetime for something that someone else snatched away a moment before he was ready to take it. He took off his coat and sat down on the locker top to smoke a cigarette before dressing. As he smoked, his mouth writhed into a smile. He opened his gripsack and took out a pack of cards. Smoothly he cut them, deftly he shuffled and ran them out on the hinged shelf top in the seven graduated piles of Canfield. For ten minutes his fingers flicked at them, lifting, sliding, turning—more like the scalpels of a clever surgeon than the fingers of a human hand. At fifty-two dollars the deck, Mr. Weymuss won twenty dollars from himself. Satisfied apparently, he ruffled the cards together, shed them from hand to hand, shuffled once

and put them beside him on the locker top. Then he washed and dressed and went down to the saloon as the notes of the final gong trembled through the passageway.

About nine, Mr. and Mrs. Winton and Mr. and Mrs. Garbick came up from the Palm Garden, where they had listened to the after-dinner music over their *crème de menthe* and coffee, and called for a card table. Enrico brought it, set it up and broke out a new pack of cards for them, laying the score pad at Mrs. Garbick's elbow.

"Like going to church—playing cards on this boat," said Mr. Winton. "I'll say they do things right."

"Sh-h-h!" said his wife playfully.

Mrs. Garbick giggled and looked coyly at Mr. Winton.

"Well," she said, "we only go to Europe once or twice in a lifetime."

An Englishman, who every year went twice around the world in wool, looked over the page of his novel and meditated fondly upon the lost days when liners' smoke rooms were man's precinct, and women not only were not allowed but never even thought of entering them.

Mr. Garbick said, "One no trump."

A bronze-haired goddess in cream and gold shrieked with laughter and said, "I'll tell the cockeyed world!"

It was around three the next afternoon that Mr. Winton, with his arm linked through Mr. Frolinger's, came into the semideserted smoke room. Pete was rubbing up the bar, and Hank, behind him, was polishing glasses. Mr. Garbick was slumped down in one corner reading a ship's library book and Mr. Arthur Weymuss, in the opposite corner, had a chessboard before him which he earnestly considered, meanwhile his blunt chin was sunk heavily in his cupped left hand, the elbow of which rested upon the table top. He moved a black pawn and turned the board around slowly to counter the attack with the white army.

"Bar closed, Pete?" asked Mr. Winton.

"Yes, sir, till four o'clock."

"You hadn't ought to do that," he said reproachfully, "not when you got a crowd of camels aboard."

Pete grinned. Mr. Winton and Mr. Frolinger sat down beside Mr. Garbick.

"Once every seven days is enough for a camel," said Mr. Garbick.

"That's right," said Mr. Frolinger.

"Say," said Mr. Winton, "your wife can sure play bridge, heh?"

Mr. Garbick grinned. "It's a lucky thing for me," he said. "Ain't it funny how when a man gets to making a little money, the first thing his wife thinks of is to play bridge all the time?"

"Sure is," said Mr. Frolinger. "I've suffered enough over bridge. It isn't any game for a man. There's only one card game for a man."

Mr. Winton and Mr. Garbick said "Poker" at the same time. Mr. Weymuss looked up from his chessmen and smiled in friendliness. Mr. Frolinger caught his eye

"How about it, sir?"

"Right," said Mr. Weymuss, still smiling.

"Look," said Mr. Frolinger, "let's have a harmless little game until the bar opens. We could get Jennings."

"Penny ante," said Mr. Winton. "My wife'd flail me if she caught me playing any higher stakes."

"Make it a quarter," said Mr. Frolinger. "We've got to know who wins." Tha three men laughed. Mr. Garbick beckoned to Enrico. "See if you can find Mr. Jennings, Hank, will you? Cabin 121."

"We ought to have one more," said Mr. Frolinger. "I wonder ——" He looked across at Mr. Weymuss. "Care to join us?"

Mr. Weymuss smiled. "I seldom play," he said.

"Quarter limit," urged Mr. Frolinger—"dead afternoon."

Mr. Weymuss punched out his cigarette and came over. Mr. Weymuss, it seemed, was an Amalgamated Press correspondent. The four men shook hands, meanwhile Pietro set up a table and brought cards and chips. Mr. Jennings came in presently.

"Can't we even have beer?" he said as he sat down and cut for deal. Mr. Frolinger dealt.

At 6:30, when the deck crowds surged in for cocktails, Mr. Garbick was three dollars and a quarter to the good, Mr. Frolinger had won eighty-eight cents and Mr. Jennings a dollar forty-three. Mr. Weymuss and Mr. Winton, joint low men, cut for the cards and Mr. Weymuss signed the chit.

"A very pleasant afternoon." Mr. Garbick laughed. "Revenge tomorrow, gentlemen." And he signed for the five drinks. For fifteen minutes more they sat comfortably around the cleared table.

Mr. Jennings said, "I suppose that sign about card sharks is just to safeguard the line. Anyone ever get bitten?"

"I did once," said Mr. Weymuss. "Rather badly. They used to work the liners pretty thoroughly before the war, but it's sort of gone out of fashion."

Mr. Winton and Mr. Frolinger turned around and read the sign.

"Is that so?"

Mr. Garbick laughed. "Well, as the shark," he said, "thanks for a pleasant afternoon." Everyone laughed in warm good fellowship.

That evening, after dinner, Mr. Winton, Mr. Frolinger and Mr. Weymuss sipped brandy Doms, a liqueur Mr. Weymuss suggested to them.

"Do you know," said the affable Mr. Winton, "while we were enjoying ourselves this afternoon, my sweet li'l' wife was losing twenty-one dollars at bridge in the Palm Garden? Lucky you ain't married, Weymuss."

"That's women for you," smiled Mr. Frolinger. "If I'd lost that much my wife would have skinned me alive."

"So'd mine. That's the joke of it. Bridge is a nice polite society game, but poker is gambling."

Mr. Jennings came in presently. "Twenty-one dollars?" he said. "Whew! Mine lost eight. It's all I can do to keep the books even at penny ante."

Mr. Garbick came in. "Post mortems?" he grinned. "Looks like a vigilante meetin'."

"Well," said Mr. Frolinger, "all the victims are on hand."

"Can't play here with all this noise going on," said Mr. Winton.

"I like to take my coat off too."

"Tell you what we could do," said Mr. Garbick, "if you gentlemen are dead set on revenge. We've got a sitting room in our plant on B Deck. We could have Hank send down a couple o' dozen bottles of beer." He grinned and rubbed his hands together. "My wife's used to that sort of thing at home."

The five men looked at one another, grinned like truant schoolboys, and as one man, rose and pulled down the skirts of their dinner coats.

The game broke up at one A.M., with Mr. Garbick six dollars and seven cents out of pocket and everybody happy over the revenge, including Mrs. Garbick.

There is something subtle about shipboard friendships that is not true about other casual attachments. Seeing the same faces every hour of every day for eight or ten days leads one into the illusion of permanence, because there is no immediate escape from the temporary artificial world of the steamer. So strong is the illusion that one exchanges cards enthusiastically at the end of the voyage and years later, perhaps, digs up a card and sends a friend in need to one's acquaintance with all the assurance one would have in sending him to an old classmate. The reason lies simply in the fact that in spite of florists' shops, steam heat and *pâté de foie gras*, a sea voyage, no matter how many one has made, still remains in the category of an adventure one has shared.

Three days out from New York, with three and a half to go to Madeira, the Messrs. Winton, Frolinger, Jennings, Garbick and Weymuss, through the medium of penny ante, had become to one another old friends who called one another by their first names. Slowly and for no apparent reason, the penny ante had risen in estate to a five-dollar limit, which, through the comfortable feeling of gentlemen among their fellows, and the heights the ladies' bridge game in the Palm Garden had reached, promised, in a spirit of defiance to women in general and Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos in particular, to go higher. After all, one seldom met good fellows in a bunch, and one went to Europe only once or twice in a lifetime, so what of it?—as long as Mrs. Garbick didn't mind.

Two nights before Madeira, when Mr. Winton and Mr. Frolinger had jointly relieved their three fellows of four hundred and fifty dollars, mostly in a last five rounds of ace pots which Mr. Winton had suggested, Mr. Weymuss, before retiring, sat before five exhibits that lay on the hinged shelf top in his cabin.

The five exhibits were: First, a sheet of paper divided into nine columns, each one headed by the dates in succession that had passed and would pass before the ship completed the voyage from New York to Naples. In each column were five names. Beside each name was entered an amount of money. At the foot of each column was the winning total for the succeeding days, underscored by the winners' initials. Mr. Weymuss himself was out one hundred dollars. Mr. Frolinger and Mr. Garbick were fifty

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"You Played Some Poker in My Life, But I Guess There's No Doubt in Any of Your Minds That We've Forced This Into a Fairly Heavy Game"

EXPANDING GERMANY

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

The Great Siemens-Schuckert Plant at Siemensstadt as It is Today

WHEN Europe lay ill after the war the prize patient was Germany. The Allied powers felt her pulse with anxious interest because much of their immediate rehabilitation depended upon her. Out of her had to come compensation for stupendous losses. Indemnity, however, was not the only reason for deep concern. Economically, Germany is the axis on which a considerable portion of European prosperity revolves.

Germany, as we all know, proved to be a stubborn case. Instead of aiding her recovery, she resisted treatment. Unwillingness to pay the price of folly kept her fever up. Monster inflation, born of indifference to fate, was anything but a water cure.

The desperate disease needed a desperate remedy. It developed in the shape of the biggest surgical operation in modern economic history. The Dawes Plan was the knife applied. It cut deep, but it effected the cure. German convalescence, which began early in 1925, progressed so rapidly that by 1927 she had begun to step out. This year has witnessed the beginning of an expansion that is of concern to the whole world. She rounds out the first decade since her military defeat with flags flying to proclaim a notable commercial victory.

It is Germany's peculiar prerogative that, sick or well, she dominates the European stage. Only Russia shares this interest, but with a difference. Soviet-inspired curiosity is akin to apprehension, while any Teutonic manifestation has happily come to be synonymous with constructive endeavor.

No sooner had Germany turned the financial corner than she projected fresh issues, with ramifications that touch us. She now wants her prewar freedom of action, in the shape of fixation of reparations and the evacuation of the Rhineland. The former is both practical and possible, but as matters stand, and despite the acclaim of the antiwar pact, she may have to wait until 1935, when, under the terms of the Versailles Treaty, the Allied troops clear out.

Back on Solid Ground

IN THE first article of this series I dealt in detail with the move for the show-down on reparations and the frame-up now shaping to link the settling of the indemnity with a reshuffling of the Allied debts to us. There is no need, therefore, of rehearsing this most important, perhaps, of all European moves, save to emphasize two facts: One is that removal of uncertainty over the ultimate indemnity obligation will further accelerate progress within and without the republic. The other is that Germany is capable of meeting the so-called standard annuity of $625,000,000. It began on September first and remains the yearly payment indefinitely, unless the final reparations sum is agreed upon.

Reparation annuities have meant no staggering burden. Germany has paid them with the same clockwork precision with which any vast industrial corporation meets its fixed charges. She is a going and successful concern. Only France approaches her in completeness of come-back. The Dawes Plan, as I have repeatedly pointed out, not only balanced the German budget and stabilized the mark but gave Germany the impetus for a recovery that is the outstanding fact in any survey of European conditions.

The present article is concerned solely with the factors that make for the expanding Germany. It is tribute to our developing place in world affairs that this new Germany, marching once more to a place in the sun, has an intimate relationship with the American dollar. We have not only loaned the Reich more than $1,000,000,000 since 1925 but have an additional $2,000,000,000 employed there in branch factories and otherwise. To a large degree Germany is the logical base of European operation for the United States. With return to normal competition she has become the center of our main alien trade offensive outside of Britain. Germany is both seller and buyer. She is fast becoming our chief business rival, especially in South America and the Far East.

This year not only marked the real beginning of the Teutonic oversea commercial advance—April trade returns were up to the 1913 figure—but gave the country a chance to shout internationally, so to speak, for the first time since the war. The historic flight of the Bremen evoked a well-merited tribute that brought out the German flag everywhere. Furthermore, it impressed the supremacy of German aviation. German planes carry more passengers and freight than those of any other nationality.

To comprehend the full extent of German economic consolidation you must first visualize the new political line-up resulting from the general election held last May.

It is important because the chief handicap on European postwar recovery has been political interference.

In France an election, no matter what the outcome, cannot jeopardize the republican form of government, nor could the ballot overthrow the monarchy in Britain. With Germany you have a different situation. Until this year there was always the chance that the monarchists might concentrate sufficient force to restore the throne.

In the 1924 election Germany had to choose between a monarchy and a republic. It was really a contest between a Hohenzollern come-back and the Constitution of Weimar upon which the after-war government was reared. The monarchists opposed the Dawes Plan. Thus the tranquillity of the Reich and possibly the peace of Europe hung in the balance. Germany voted for the republic, but the monarchists were undismayed. Their hopes were revived in 1926 when, much to the surprise of the rest of the world, Hindenburg was elected president. The grizzled old war horse, however, dedicated himself to the stabilization of the republic.

The Little Factory in Berlin Where Werner Siemens Started His Industrial Career

The Coalition Cabinet of Personalities

WHEN Germany's 30,000,000 voters went to the polls on May twentieth, nine more or less major parties held out varying inducements. There was a full line of goods from Left to Right. Reaction was represented by the Right and Nationalists groups, which include the monarchists. The Protestant People's Party, of which Stresemann is leader, is the business man's ticket. The next ranking group is the Center, composed of two Catholic entities—one, the real Center, headed by ex-Chancellor Marx; and the Bavarian People's Party, the right section among the Catholics, under the command of Herr Held. Both Center groups run the industrial range from worker to rich employer. The so-called Democratic Party, mainly Jewish in leadership and standing for free trade, is what the American Democrat would vote. The Left is represented by the Socialists, led by Hermann Mueller, and the communists, who are against everything. They want to sovietize the country.

Though a swing to the Left was expected, no one anticipated such a complete Socialist landslide. Herr Mueller's party polled 9,000,000 votes and emerged as the dominant political power. The communists also made considerable advance. On the other hand, the People's Party got a terrific jolt.

The Socialist triumph was not sufficiently decisive to warrant a complete party administration and Hindenburg had considerable difficulty in forming a coalition government. He finally succeeded in making what he called a "cabinet of personalities," in which Mueller sits as chancellor. Fortunately for Germany and all Europe, Stresemann was retained as Minister of Foreign Affairs. His is the most open mind of any German statesman since the war. He made the Locarno Pact possible and swung Germany in line for the antiwar pact. He was the first to affix his signature to the document in which fifteen great powers declared themselves for the outlawry of armed conflict.

Mueller deserves a word in passing, first, because he figured in a momentous event and also because he represents the new bourgeois element in German administration. When the famous Big Four had fashioned the Treaty of Versailles they looked about for a German to sign it. Obviously nobody in Germany wanted to be the goat because of the opprobrium that would attach to him. Somebody had to put his fist on it for Germany, so Herr Mueller, then chairman of the Socialist Party, offered himself as the victim.

At Versailles, Mueller was true to his socialistic traditions. He wore an ordinary business suit and refused to use the gold pen especially made for the signing of the historic instrument. Instead, he pulled an old fountain pen out of his pocket and wrote the name that officially made Germany a party to the mandate that changed the map of Europe.

I have dwelt on the German election because, so far as it is humanly possible to prophesy, it has made Germany safe for democracy. This in turn means continued economic stability. Since from the start the Socialists favored the Dawes Plan and all it means, the Germans are no more likely to risk commercial disaster through political revolution than are the industrialists willing to prejudice their credit by default on loans or reparations.

The Old Order Changes

IT MEANS that the question of the republican constitution is no longer debatable. Monarchy, as a menace, seems to be effectively squelched. As a shrewd observer put it to me: "There are millions of Germans who remain monarchists at heart and there is a strong monarchial party, but the more intelligent of its leaders understand that, if their cause is not dead, it is no longer a good electioneering cry."

Hermann Mueller, the New German Chancellor, Leaving President Hindenburg's Residence

A Model German Workers' Colony Near Berlin

With political change has come vast social readjustment. Such an avalanche of economic statistics has gushed out of Germany that the human element has almost escaped attention. The fact is that a whole new social order is in the making. It is as revolutionary in its way as is the reversal in methods brought about by rationalization of industry.

Prior to the World War, German society—I use the word in its larger sense—was divided into what may well be called water-tight compartments. It was typically Teutonic in that, socially, everything—to use one of the national expressions—"was arranged." The Victorian period in Britain was not more rigidly defined. Caste—especially the military end—was a fetish to be worshiped. In consequence, everybody knew precisely where he stood. Careers were blocked out the moment the child was born. The young man of the middle class, for example, realized that he could never break out of its bounds, so to speak. If his father was a merchant he stuck to the family following. Even behavior in public and private had its unwritten code.

The Kaiser was the center of social gravity and his favor was the open sesame everywhere. The aristocracy ruled the roost and the populace bowed low in respect. In no other country save perhaps Austria was there such clicking of heels. The marvel was that with the incessant hat lifting, baldness should have become so prevalent. I say this because one of the accepted hair-conservation measures is exposure to the air.

The single exception to the drastic social rule was the industrial, financial, or shipping magnate of the type of Ballin, Rathenau, Von Gwinner, and Krupp. They became favorites in the court circle, and this in turn meant that most doors were open to them. Royal recognition was part of the Hohenzollern doctrine of aiding imperial progress. It contributed to both the economic and armed defense.

The war, or rather its consequences, changed the whole social structure. The court went into eclipse, and ribbons and honors ceased. Everybody now stands on his own bottom. A more or less impoverished aristocracy—incomes were wiped out with the collapse of the mark—has retired to country places.

Income plus capacity has largely become the badge of power and preferment. Today you see self-made men like Doctor Schacht at the head of the Reichsbank, a post formerly filled by a Kaiser-named aristocrat; Jakob Goldschmidt, the one-time Jewish bank messenger, enthroned as a financial king; Otto Wolff, risen from small dealer in scrap iron to be czar of the steel trust. These are typical examples of what the postwar social evolution has wrought.

Royalty has had to bow to the changing order. Last June I saw one of the Crown Prince's sons on Unter den Linden in Berlin, mingling with the populace and carrying the inevitable leather brief case that seems part of the costume of every German. He has a job in one of the big banks.

An Era of Sports Mania

POLITICAL Germany, so far as big leadership is concerned, has undergone the same transformation. Ebert, the first president of the republic, was a saddler by trade, while Noske, his first minister of defense, had been a basket weaver. The elevation of Hermann Mueller—he is the son of a small tradesman of Manheim—to be chancellor shows how the middle class—and sometimes the lower middle class—continues to be conspicuous in national administration. All this represents a mighty shift from the day when practically every man in a high place had a *von*—the evidence of aristocratic birth—before his name

It means that German society—that is, the great mass of the people—is a sort of plastic hodgepodge. What we call plain folk—the best possible human raw material, in which the worker predominates—are coming into their own. Now that they are freed from the thrall of the traditional social handicaps they will do for Germany precisely what the same element achieved for the United States. They will make a real democracy.

The wiping out of caste is only one phase of the larger social reshuffling. Animating it is what might be called a new sports spirit well worthy of analysis, because it is changing the character of the people.

For many years the Germans have been interested in gymnastics which, curiously enough, express the mood of the race. Every German community had what was called the *Turnerein*. Liberally translated, this means a club of turners—the word employed to indicate the German gymnast. Wherever the Germans went, even in small numbers, they organized a turner group, with a gymnasium.

Everything that the turners do is typically Teutonic in that it is precise and methodical. In consequence, these athletes often become muscle-bound.

It is like the mass formation of German troops in the war. Big units could perform an operation under direction. Left to their own initiative, they were at a loss because they lacked initiative. It followed that the turner group in Hamburg performed in the same way as its colleagues in Dresden. We have hundreds of similar organizations in the United States and they carry out the rules of the mother country.

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A Great German Shipyard at Kiel

DYNASTY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

Willard Latham Scrutinized the Children Thus Made Curious in His Eyes by Hiram's Announcement of Their Betrothal

IX

THE year 1892 marked the awakening of the United States to its own magnitude and potentialities—just as the year 1898 and the Spanish War opened the eyes of the world to see what giant had come to maturity across the broad ocean. It was in the former year that Amasa P. Worthington commenced the erection of his mansion, upon which he was to expend no less than a million dollars. It was the most splendid residence in the state, and compared favorably with the great pile of stone which William Rockefeller had set upon the banks of the Hudson River in 1887. There was somewhat less bad taste contained in Worthington's palace, because he had spent somewhat less money upon it. The evil taste of 1892 is apparent only to 1928. In its day, Amasa's house was considered fit to domicile a king.

Hiram Bond had countenanced this lavish expenditure—had even acted as midwife at the birth of the idea, for this was a time when he considered it to be well worth a million dollars to occupy Worthington's mind with something outside the business—and Mrs. Worthington's mind.

His truce with Amasa's wife had come to an end; he was conscious daily of her opposition and of her jealousy. Ten years before, she had made compact with him in full confidence that when she had made such use of him as seemed best she would be able to induce her husband to oust him peremptorily. Now her fear was not that she would be unable to oust him but that he would overshadow her husband. She wanted to be rid of him. She desired to show the world that Hiram Bond was not the great figure in the Worthington enterprises, and that Amasa was more than a name and a rubber stamp. Also her son was coming to maturity—the crown prince—and she wanted for him the place and titles held by Hiram.

Years before, Bond had laid aside the hope that he might win the friendship of Jonathan Steele Worthington. Enmity toward himself had been too great a part of the boy's education. Therefore Hiram had moved along another road. Always he was able to lay aside a formed plan in order to take up another plan more workable. The new method of handling the situation, taken when Jonathan was some sixteen years old, was to educate the boy into a species of uselessness; to give him the sort of upbringing which would minimize his abilities in his father's eyes and keep him at a distance. Very early therefore he began dropping words as to the advisability of expensive and exclusive schools and of foreign travel. It was of first importance that Jonathan should be so occupied that he could gain no familiarity with the business as it grew.

It was a trap into which Mrs. Worthington fell, for she was a woman who preferred gold plating to honest iron. Her son must have advantages. Whatever of education, of culture, of ultrarefinement was possible to the son of any millionaire must be had by her son. Consequently for some ten years Hiram Bond was able to insure the boy's absence, first at school, then at Harvard, then at Oxford for a year, and European travel.

At the end of that period Jonathan Steele Worthington had become J. Steele Worthington, and he and his father were as close to being utter strangers as it was possible for father and son to become. In ten years they had not spent ten months under the same roof.

J. Steele was at home again, suspicious, jealous and supercilious toward the pleasant world in which he found himself. He was a gentleman—not without brains of a sort, nor lacking in his mother's stubbornness and power of holding a grudge, but more knowing upon the subject of art, music and society than upon such practical matters as lumber or paper or pulp or electricity or waterworks.

For the Worthington enterprises embraced all these. The man in the street was saying that electricity was a wonderful thing. Hiram Bond had seen how it was more than a wonderful thing—a very practical thing. It was a day of easy franchises, granted by towns and legislatures in perpetuity. Therefore Hiram had procured for Amasa Worthington electric lighting and power franchises in a dozen towns and potential cities. Also he had installed systems for supplying water, for it was the day when people were discovering that it was simpler and more desirable to have their water delivered through a pipe than to collect it in cisterns or to dig wells. But he had not neglected the original business of lumbering. Pulp was an allied industry; to manufacture pulp one cut down trees exactly as if one were manufacturing lumber; pulp bolts must be driven down rivers to the mills. Because Worthington already owned the spruce and the rivers, it was simple to embrace a pulp mill or so, and then, as a natural step further, a paper mill to utilize the pulp.

So there came into being four corporations, each bearing the Worthington name, each owned by Amasa—with the exception of one-tenth, which by agreement now fell to the share of Hiram. There was the Worthington Lumber Company, the Worthington Electric Company, Worthington Water Company and Worthington Pulp and Paper Company—all operated as separate enterprises, independent of one another in their organizations, but with Amasa P. Worthington in the ornamental office of president and Hiram Bond supreme in the actual management and control.

During these years there had been two births of first importance to Hiram Bond; in 1883 his son Jason arrived at the old farmhouse; in 1884 a daughter, Lucille, was born to Libby Bell, now Mrs. Lester Bates. The son was welcome—doubly welcome to Hiram's old mother and to his gentle wife. On the day of Lucille's arrival it is of record that Hiram was difficult to approach.

"I discover," he wrote to Professor Witmer that night, "that it is not the marriage of the woman upon whom one's affections have centered themselves that brings home to one the finality of his loss. Mere marriage is a word, intangible and imponderable. But the birth of a child is

definite, final, closing the door as death might close it. My thoughts have been unpleasant companions today."

It was on this day, perhaps, that a new idea took shape in his mind—a romantic idea with which those who knew him best would not associate him. He had been thwarted. He had lost the woman he had chosen deliberately for his wife, and it is not impossible his grief was blood relation to chagrin; that it was not so much the loss of the woman as defeat of a plan which weighed upon him. The new idea was one of vicarious realization. He had failed to possess the mother—now he would possess the mother's daughter. Libby's blood should yet mingle with his blood, and so, in a fashion, he would achieve an ultimate success. In short, his son Jason should marry Lucille!

To further this scheme he modified his life; to bring it about he hazarded a decision and gave an affront and passed by an opportunity so to solidify his position that it would have been as the granite of the hills. No unimportant portion of his next twenty years must be read in the light of this plan to marry two babes yet in their cradles.

Lucille was not yet three months old when he broached the subject and entered upon the negotiation. Libby Bates was trundling her baby cab down the street when Hiram stopped his carriage beside her and alighted.

"I haven't seen the baby, Libby," he said simply.

Pridefully, she uncovered the little face and Hiram regarded it in silence. He touched the baby cheek with his great finger and nodded his head.

"She looks sturdy," he said.

"She's the best baby—the very best baby," said Libby.

"I have a son," said Hiram, "fourteen months old."

"He looks like you," Libby said with feminine diplomacy.

"Do you remember," asked Hiram, "when you made me take the pledge?"

Libby laughed a trifle uncomfortably. Hiram Bond was a far more impressive figure today than he had been when she had plucked him a brand from the burning. To her dying day she flattered herself she had done this.

"And you have been so—so successful," she said lamely.

"I wanted to marry you," he said.

She blushed and was at a loss for words. Of course she had known Hiram wanted to marry her. Even now she kept that knowledge in a secret place and took it out to look at once in a while. As years went by and Hiram assumed greater and greater proportions, she took it out more frequently, telling herself in a superior sort of way, "I could have married him if I'd wanted to." It was a very satisfying thought. Now, however, she had no word to say.

"I want my son to marry your daughter," he said.

She stared at him. "How perfectly silly!" she said. "Why, baby isn't three months old yet!"

"It is never too early to plan," said Hiram.

"But—but she won't be marrying for twenty years yet."

"Twenty years," said Hiram, "is a short time. What do you think of the idea?"

"I —— Why, Hiram, I think it's just silly."

"Talk to your husband about it," he said. "I have set my heart on it. I should like it to be an understood thing. I should like the children to be brought up with the idea, to have it impressed upon them that they are to marry."

"Are you really serious?"

"I am serious," said Hiram.

"Why, if you're not just joking, of course I'll— I'll think about it."

"Do," said Hiram, and again he bent over to scrutinize the baby. "Look after her health," he said, as if he already possessed certain proprietary rights.

Month after month, year after year, Hiram had persisted doggedly; his persistence and his will had overborne Lester Bates and his wife, had swept away the absurdity of a betrothal in the cradle, until they had come to accept the ultimate marriage as a thing inevitable as death or taxes. Hiram saw to it that the children played together when they came to an age where play was possible, and he talked to them. He took them for drives; he took them to the circus; he saw to it that they were together at every opportunity, and stubbornly, remorselessly, he taught them that they were to be husband and wife. They accepted it as fact, just as later they were to accept as fact that the world is round and that six times six is thirty-six.

But whatever Hiram Bond's preoccupation with the security of his own position or with vicarious romance, the great, engrossing, driving purpose of his life was building not building a huge fortune, for at no time in his life do we find him betrayed into covetousness for mere money; but of an institution, of a business, of a great organization which should be capable of great accomplishments.

In order to advance the interests of the Worthington enterprises—and it was of them he thought, not of himself or of Amasa or of any human entity—he studied the country. Not Carthage, not the vicinage, not the state, but the United States of America. And upon what he observed of her growth, her hesitations, her conduct, her potentialities, he based his own plans.

The fact that the population of the land had grown, during the ten years of his association with Worthington, by twenty-six million people formed the backbone of his policies. That one-fourth of these immigrants had been absorbed by four states—Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania—was a point of major importance; but that the remaining three-fourths located themselves principally on Western homesteads, upon free land, was a point which stirred his imagination. Dakota, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Washington were filling with settlers. Railroads followed immigration, and immigration, in its turn, followed railroads. Vast natural resources in minerals and timber were either discovered or opened to commerce. Irrigation talk was in the air, fostered by land hunger. The number of cities with eight thousand or more inhabitants doubled between 1880 and 1890, and increased urban populations demanded better means of transportation. So arrived the overhead trolley in 1888, to be tested in Richmond and adopted speedily by Boston. Electric power! But the great industrial phenomenon of this decade was the gigantic development of manufacturing. The number of hands employed and the value of the product doubled. Then, in 1890, after months of delay, of wrangling, of lobbying, of bitterness, the McKinley tariff bill was passed—and retail prices moved upward. The McKinley tariff!

These matters were the imponderable raw material out of which Hiram Bond sought to manufacture the tangible.

(Continued on Page 136)

Hiram Advanced Into the Room and Stood Towering Over Amasa. His Face Had Changed, His Manner Had Changed. Again He Was Deferential, Considerate. "I'm Sure, Sir," He Said, "You Will Never Regret This Decision"

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 3, 1928

High Percentages

THERE is a super-issue in this campaign about which very little is being said. In greater or lesser degree, every question before the American people is inextricably involved in our immigration policy.

Laxer enforcement or weakening of the law may temporarily mean cheaper labor for the American farmer, but finally it will result in competition with real peasants who have true peasant standards of living. For American labor, it means a large surplus of alien workers, the breaking down of present wage scales and standards of living. For what the tariff law is to the manufacturer, the Immigration Act is to labor. The tariff law prevents the dumping of cheap European goods on the American market; the Immigration Act prevents, or should prevent, the dumping of cheap alien hordes on our shores. Labor should not only stand for the present law but should demand that it be enforced as rigidly as the tariff on imported goods. For the prohibition law is not the only one that is being violated wholesale and almost with impunity. Aliens are unlawfully entering and being bootlegged into the country by the hundreds of thousands, adding to unemployment and depressing the market for labor that is lawfully here. The mechanization of industry, the swiftly coming mechanization of agriculture, make it doubly important that we be sure that we have jobs, and well-paid jobs, for those already rightfully in America.

Men who enter America by violating its laws; men who come here solely for gain; who do not realize that opportunity implies obligation; who confuse liberty with license, are not the stuff of which Americans are made. We have been getting too many of that sort over the borders and from ships lying in our harbors. They are easy recruits for the ranks of the bootlegger, the gunman or, at best, the hard-boiled, cheap-labor employer.

Governor Smith's declaration on immigration in his speech of acceptance was sketchy, as are most of his utterances, but sufficiently revealing to give very definite grounds for uneasiness to the friends of real, not bogus, immigration restriction. This is especially true in view of his political affiliation with Tammany Hall and the attitude of that organization toward restriction. For Tammany presented an almost solid front against the passage of the law. Practically every attempt that has been made to weaken it has originated in New York. Here is the record of the New York members of Congress when the Immigration Act of 1924 was passed.

The Congressional Directory, Sixty-eighth Congress, listed twenty-two Democratic members of the New York state delegation. Nineteen of them were from greater New York. Of the three others, one was from Albany, one from Rochester and one from Buffalo.

When the vote on the Immigration Act was taken in the House of Representatives, April 12, 1924—permanent Congressional Record, page 6258—sixteen out of the nineteen members from Greater New York were present and voting against the bill. Two were absent and paired against. Two of the three upstate Democrats were present and voting against. One was absent and paired against. The one Greater New York man who voted for the bill was denied renomination.

When the first bill for restriction was passed in 1921, only three of the Tammany delegation voted for it. Fifteen voted against it and four failed to vote.

Governor Smith advocated in his speech of acceptance a change in the basis on which the quotas are allotted. Roughly, this would mean cutting the amount of German immigration by one-third, cutting the immigration from Great Britain and Ireland by nearly one-half, cutting the Scandinavian immigration considerably, and making a tremendous increase in the immigration from Italy, Russia and Poland. In other words, we should be cutting down the percentage of the most desirable and easily assimilated immigrants and enormously increasing the number of less desirable aliens, even though we have taken in many good citizens from Italy, Russia and Poland.

Shall Europe continue to make human problems and dump them on us for solution? It is only a few weeks ago that Mussolini urged in the strongest possible terms a program of more prolific breeding in already overpopulated Italy. Politicians will, no doubt, continue to ask us to admit the surplus. And year by year the pressure of this surplus against our immigration barrier will be stronger.

A change in the present quota basis would be an entering wedge that would finally wreck the whole restrictive system. In 1923 the late Samuel Gompers, then head of the American Federation of Labor, wrote a letter on this subject which we are privileged to quote. It was addressed to a correspondent in Chicago and reads as follows:

"Permit me to thank you for the stand you are taking on the immigration question. What you say about immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe not going to the farms but remaining in the cities is true. The American Federation of Labor will use every influence in its power to prevent immigration legislation that will be inimical to the people of our country. It is not only the wage earners who are injured by hordes of immigrants coming into the country but the business men and merchants are just as much concerned as labor. . . .

"Any member of Congress who votes for a greater immigration than at present or as much immigration as has come into the country within the last year will vote against the interests of our people. Those who are advocating the Americanization of the foreigners should join with labor in securing proper immigration laws. America cannot be kept American if it permits the coming of hordes of immigrants, as that would make it impossible to Americanize those already here."

Low-grade immigrants constitute one of the most serious problems in our cities and lead to problems even more serious. Herded in slum quarters, sweated, exploited and forced to live cheek by jowl with protected vice and crime, it is no wonder that so many of them come to feel that American laws are made only to be broken and to fatten the pocketbooks of grafters; quite natural that some of them or their children should graduate into the city gangs and become lawbreakers and grafters and bootleggers and gunmen themselves.

There is only one sane immigration stand, only one policy that is patriotic and not political. That policy calls for a tightening up instead of a weakening of the present law; for as strict enforcement of it as we have of the tariff statutes; for the deportation of criminal aliens as fast as they can be rounded up; and, finally, for appropriations commensurate in size with the importance of this task.

Governor Smith would admit relatives. If he means inside the quota, there can be no objection; if he means preferential treatment inside the quota for the purpose of reuniting fathers and mothers and children, there can be no objection, even though the separation was voluntary and brought about by the immigrant's desire to profit by the superior opportunity for gain open to him in this country. But if he wishes to admit relatives outside the quota and to make the term "relative" all-inclusive, there should be the strongest possible objection. For that is simply another method of breaking down the law—a method that has been urged in and out of season by some of his fellow New Yorkers.

It is time that we fully realized that immigration is a super-issue and not a side issue; that it is inextricably a part of the problems that are before us for consideration, and that a political bias and a Tammany viewpoint on it will vitiate and tend to nullify the settlement of these other problems that we are treating as if they had no relation to immigration.

New York City Democratic politicians are hot for high percentages. They are determined to increase the percentage of alcohol in everything liquid, and apparently they are no less set on boosting the percentages in the immigration law.

California's Chance

NO STATE in the Union is more signally blest than California by a happy combination of equable year-round climate and unexampled lavishness of outdoor beauty. Her mountain lakes, her magnificent beaches, her snowcapped sierras, her desert flora and her ancient redwoods have made her one of earth's playgrounds. Every outdoor beauty that can be imagined is hers.

Tourists from halfway round the world come to bask in her climate, camp among her mountains, motor over her splendid highway system, sun themselves on her beaches and gaze in wonderment upon the oldest living things on earth, her giant redwoods. According to semiofficial estimates these tourists spend upwards of one hundred and fifty millions a year for the health and wholesome delight they find in this commonwealth. Next to agriculture, tourist expenditures constitute what is probably the greatest single source of revenue enjoyed by the state.

It is not too much to say that California's most pressing need is for an ample and well-conceived system of state parks. Already nearly all of her magnificent coast line is under private control and some of her finest beaches bristle with no-trespass signs. Most of her redwood forests are at the mercy of the sawmill and her ancient trees are in a fair way to end twenty or thirty centuries of life as grape stakes and building material.

Little as has been done to prevent the disappearance of the state's greatest material asset, the situation has not been allowed to go by default. In 1927 the legislature approved a bond issue for park purposes not to exceed six million dollars. Two stout strings were attached to this appropriation: First, the confirmation of the bond issue is to be submitted to the people of the state this month. Second, every dollar so raised, before it can be spent for park purposes, must be matched by another dollar provided by private subscription or from some source other than the state.

The Save the Redwoods League, the Sierra Club, countless women's clubs and other organizations have put themselves behind the movement; and they are not only using their personal influence to the limit but they have actually secured pledges of private contributions aggregating nearly one and one-half million dollars to insure the success of the bond issue and to show what the state can do when its civic pride is properly appealed to.

In the meantime the governor has approved the authorization of the bond issue and has appointed a strong and representative park commission to carry out the necessary work, with the counsel of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, a leading expert in this field. It is scarcely conceivable that the voters of the state will refuse to sanction a bond issue which promises to return twelve million dollars' worth of assets for the six millions to be spent; but no one can definitely know the outcome until after election day.

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

By Samuel G. Blythe

REAL political hurricanes, in addition to the ordinary siroccos of a presidential campaign—the gales of hot air—sometimes happen along with devastating effects. There was one in 1916, when, after it seemed certain from the Eastern election returns that Mr. Hughes was elected President, a Wilson-kept-us-out-of-war twister howled in from the West and wrecked Mr. Hughes' early supremacy completely.

These are rare and usually known about in advance by means of signs and portents familiar to accustomed observers. Unless one of extra violence blows up in the month of October, after the writing of this article, Herbert Hoover will be elected President—not particularly because of anything his political managers and political organizations have done for him, not especially because of anything he has done for himself in this campaign, but because the people, who insisted that Hoover should be nominated for President, are equally determined that he shall be elected President.

Every presidential campaign has its unique angles and its particular determining factors. Sometimes these are political, sometimes these are economic, sometimes personal. Often all three are combined in an association peculiar to the moment. Often two of the three bring about a certain result. In our earlier years politics dominated. In the 80's the tariff began to influence election decisions economically. In the 90's we turned to money per se. The decision in 1904 was personal.

Taft won in 1908 by entail from Roosevelt, and both Taft and Roosevelt lost to Wilson in 1912 because of a party split that had ambition on one side and ineptness on the other. Wilson was reëlected in 1916 because a large number of Western women did not raise their boys to be soldiers, albeit most of these boys were in uniform soon afterward, and Harding got his great plurality over Cox in 1920 for the economic reason of taxes combined with war aftermath. Coolidge was put in in 1924 because he buttressed prosperity with thrift.

This campaign has culminated in a conflict between the two nominees—Hoover, the Republican, and Smith, the Democrat, as officially designated, with the Republicanism, in a party sense, of the one and the Democracy of the other cutting a smaller figure in the decisions of the people than is usual. It is true that the party managers tried to differentiate Republicanism and Democracy in their platforms and officially, but they both approached the question of prohibition with the knowledge that each party was composed of drys and wets, and that straddles were politically essential, and they both generalized about farm relief in the vaguest terms that would get by. However, they fooled nobody. Long before the platforms were made or the conventions held, the masses of the Republican Party had decided they wanted Hoover for their nominee and the Democrats had picked Smith. The politicians were helpless. There was no withstanding the popular demand.

Thus the campaign was based on the two men nominated, and on their abilities, characters, experiences, educations and general fitness for the place. As soon as Smith, following Hoover, as the candidate of the Democracy after Hoover had been nominated by the Republicans at Kansas City, was officially designated, the people cast aside all the set and political aspects of the campaign and took their stands either for or against Hoover and for or against Smith on the exact bases of Hoover and Smith, the men.

Officially Hoover is a Republican and officially Smith is a Democrat, but the great bulk of the voting for one or the other is not to be predicated on those facts. The decisions, reaching far back before the conventions, have rested almost entirely on the men themselves, and that is where they will rest on election day.

The personal equation has been the dominant equation. The question, reduced to its simplest terms, has been: Will Hoover make a better President than Smith—better for the country, both at home and abroad, better for the people—or will Smith administer our affairs to the greater advantage of all concerned? Various embroideries have been worked on this basic premise. There have been attempts to fog the situation, to complicate it with political expediencies and with political hokum, but in the main and by the masses, that very direct question has been the chief point of determination in this campaign.

This election is nominally partisan, because our political system makes it so, because we

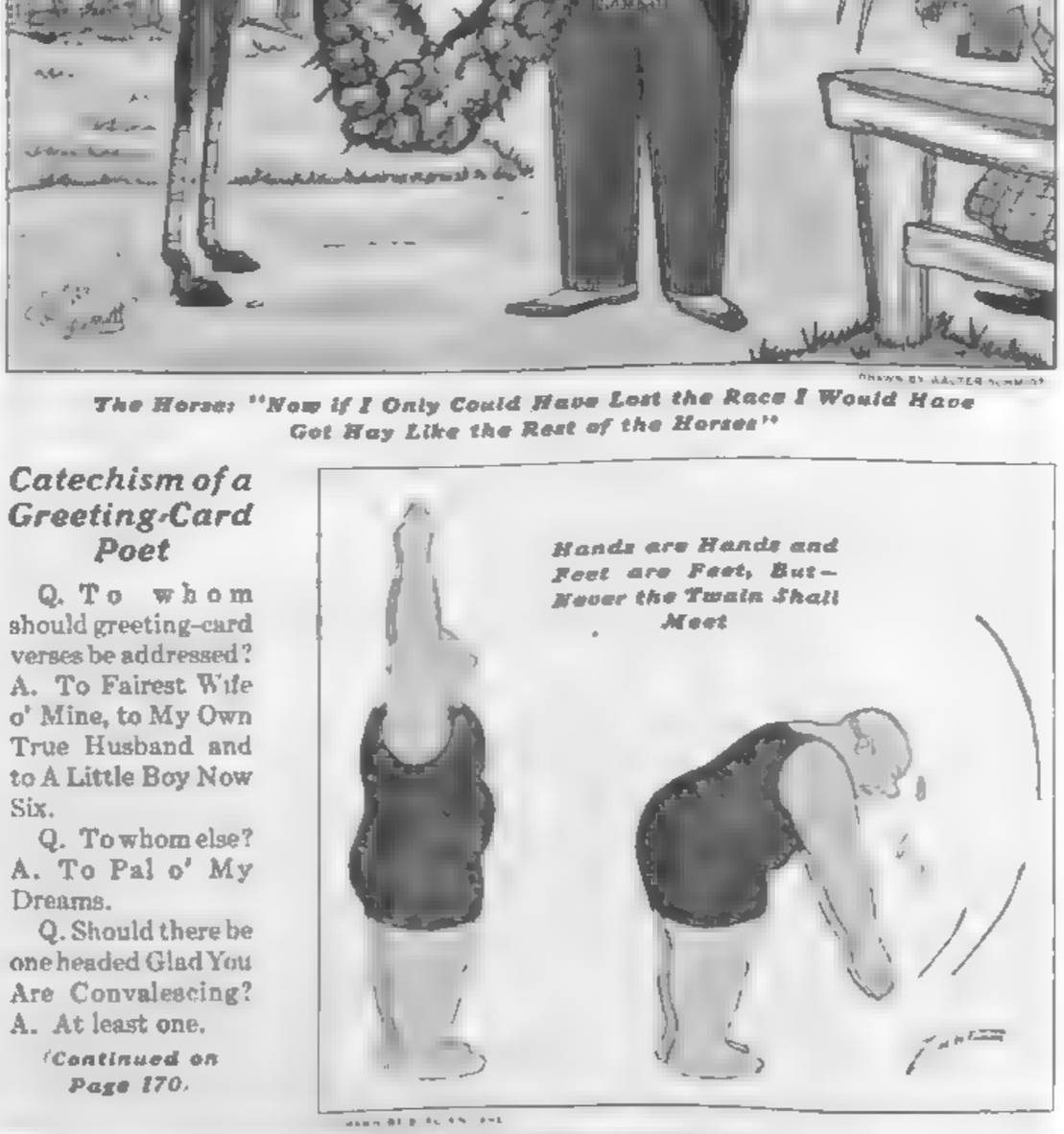
Continued on Page 164

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Oh, Before You Go, Would You Mind Moving the House a Little Farther Back?"

Sleep, Baby, Sleep

NOW, kiddies," said the children's hour announcer as he prepared to sign off, "that is the end of the story of the big brown bear that ate up poor little Pansy's mother and father and chased her through the woods for hours and hours. Tomorrow at this time I will tell you about Bob and Betty and the exciting time they had out West when the Indians attacked their settlement. Off to bed, all of you, and may you have sweet rest and pleasant dreams."



The Horse: "Now if I Only Could Have Lost the Race I Would Have Got Hay Like the Rest of the Horses"

Catechism of a Greeting-Card Poet

Q. To whom should greeting-card verses be addressed? A. To Fairest Wife o' Mine, to My Own True Husband and to A Little Boy Now Six.

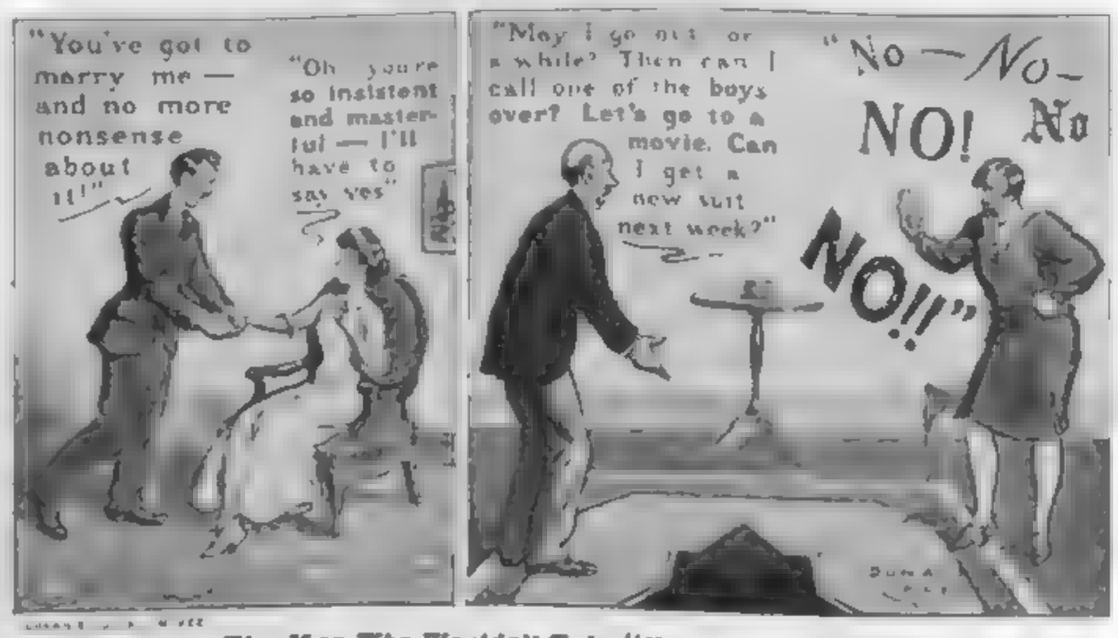
Q. To whom else? A. To Pal o' My Dreams.

Q. Should there be one headed Glad You Are Convalescing? A. At least one.

(Continued on Page 170.)

WHEN SHE PUTS OUT HER HAND IT MAY MEAN A TURN TO THE LEFT,
① ② ③ ④ ⑤
A TURN TO THE RIGHT,
SLOW DOWN,
A SUDDEN STOP
OR JUST A FRIENDLY GREETING TO SOMEBODY ON THE SIDEWALK.

The Female of the Species


"You've got to marry me — and no more nonsense about it!"
"Oh you're so insistent and masterful — I'll have to say yes"
"May I go out for a while? Then can I call one of the boys over? Let's go to a movie. Can I get a new suit next week?"
"No — No — NO! No NO!!"

The Man Who Wouldn't Take "No" for an Answer

WITH THE MEAL OR AS
A MEAL SOUP BELONGS
IN THE DAILY DIET

Why deprive your family of Vegetable Soup‥ *because you "haven't time to make it"!*

NO WONDER vegetable soup is so seldom made at home! It's a bother to make, if ever there was one! Yet it's a soup the whole family enjoys so much and it is so good for them. Why deprive them of it when Campbell's famous French chefs do the work for you? They devote their whole lives to soup-making. They make it so delicious and of such splendid quality that women everywhere are giving up soup-making and are serving Campbell's every day. The finest soups that can be made!

And it's so easy for you. Add an equal quantity of water to Campbell's Vegetable Soup, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. And then serve!

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

Fifteen different vegetables in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. Think of that! Even the best home-made vegetable soup does not contain anything like that number. It just wouldn't be human to expect a woman to get fifteen vegetables together in her kitchen and then go through all the tedious steps of preparing and cooking them. Goodness knows, she is entitled to have *some* time to herself!

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

Just try Campbell's Vegetable Soup and see if you don't decide that there's no reason under the sun why your family shouldn't enjoy — and frequently — the most popular hearty soup in the world.

There's a special reason why this soup, so richly laden with wholesome vegetable food, should be eaten frequently. As vegetables are often cooked in the home kitchen, they lose much of their value because a proportion of their mineral salts is absorbed in the cooking water, which is then thrown away. In soup this is, of course, retained. Campbell's Vegetable Soup, being so generously supplied with vegetables, is therefore wonderfully beneficial.

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

How often do you make a meal on soup? Perhaps this is a new idea to you. But you'll see at once how desirable and convenient it is, when you learn of a soup that contains enough solid nourishment to be a luncheon or supper and that is tempting to the appetite. Well, you'd be surprised to know how many women "make a meal" on Campbell's Vegetable Soup. How completely and delightfully it settles the fussy problems of these "in-between" meals! And it's ready so quickly that you scarcely realize you had to prepare for the midday or evening meal.

If you have children, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is a steady help in feeding those seemingly never-to-be-satisfied appetites. And how they flourish on its healthful nutriment!

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥

It isn't always easy, we hardly need remind you, to induce the children to eat the vegetables they need. They like to "save space" for the more thrilling sweet things. Steal a march on them by giving them Campbell's Vegetable Soup. How they go for it! Before they know it they have eaten a whole plateful of real health!

Your grocer has, or will gladly get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

I have within the will to win
And food for real ambition—
The soup that thrills, the soup that fills
With Campbell's rich nutrition!

A SON OF ANAK

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

He Struck Lee Wing Smashingly Across the Face, So That the Chinaman Went Spinning Like a Top, to One Knee and Down

XIII

BRAM was one of those men who are fired by obstacles and opposition; who may be held with a single thread, but who are driven by iron bars to a fury of destructive effort. And he loved Thad. The first deadening shock of the tragedy was passing; he was beginning to feel, in surging storms of passion, all the force of his grief. So long as only Emily confronted him, and so long as she offered him not so much open opposition and defiance as rueful and uncertain denials, he was no more than a determined man; but when he whirled now and saw the calm countenance of Lee Wing and heard the Chinaman's bland word, this more substantial figure offered him a target for all those energies which, for lack of a target, had heretofore been passive and unfruitful. At Lee Wing's word and before Emily could answer, Bram took a quick stride toward the Chinaman. The man gave back, but not enough.

Bram cried, "Call? No! Get out of here!"

And he struck Lee Wing smashingly across the face, so that the Chinaman went spinning like a top, to one knee and down. He scrambled away and Bram did not pursue him.

Bram's failure to pursue was, as it proved, a mistake. If he had followed up that first blow he must have been able to command the situation, but when Lee Wing rolled to his knees and got to his feet again, there was a weapon in his hand, and its muzzle menaced Bram. If the other had been nearer, Bram must even then have beaten him down with new blows, but they were six paces apart and the pistol was steady, and Bram knew that a finger can curl more quickly than a man can take six leaps.

So he stood quite still where he was, and he laughed bitterly. Lee Wing wiped his mouth with his hand. Emily cried out something warningly, and then Lee Wing leveled his weapon with a more deliberate eye, and Bram saw the Chinaman meant to shoot. He poised. If no alternative remained ——

But Emily came between them; she did not seem to move, but she who had been at one side was now between them, just in front of Bram. She stammered something chokingly; she managed a word.

"No, no, Lee Wing!"

The Chinaman spoke softly, almost lisping. "It is better," he said, as one chides a child.

And Bram, behind her, reached out to thrust her aside, and he laughed again. "Get away," he told her harshly. "Let him. Might as well be me as well as Thad!"

Lee Wing's slant eyes drew narrower till they were slits, but Emily opposed Bram's hand and held her place there. She swung and held him; she spoke over her shoulder to this man who served her father.

"Put it down, Lee Wing!" she cried. "Put it down!"

"A man hit me once, but he is dead," said Lee Wing moodily.

Bram laughed at him. "If I hit you once more you'll be dead," he threatened.

Lee Wing smiled challengingly. "I am here! You are behind a woman!"

But Emily protested, scolding at them.

"Stop it, both of you." To Bram: "Be still! Don't be an idiot!" To Lee Wing: "Do as I say!"

Bram laughed again. "You put on quite a show," he assured her. "Don't worry; he won't shoot. A knife's his tool! He's had time to think now. He knows they'd get him. . . . In the dark; that's the game, Lee Wing." And to the girl: "I know all I wanted to know now. Why didn't you keep him off Thad?"

"Stop it!" she bade him. "Be still or I'll—I'll—I'll let him." Her eyes were blazing; she was like a flame for fire, and for beauty too.

He said challengingly, "You still say Thad wasn't here?"

"Yes!"

"Wasn't killed here?"

"No," she cried, "not here! No!"

Bram jerked a thumb carelessly at the Chinaman. "It's an old game with him," he argued. Lee Wing, he saw, had put the pistol away; he stood now with empty hands. "You saw him pull that gun. He knows how. Honest men don't carry pistols!"

"He guards the ships there for my father!" she cried. "That's why he has to carry it. There might be need."

"To shoot sea gulls!" he derided.

"They steal things," she insisted.

"Sea gulls?"

"People!" she cried furiously. "They take anything that isn't fastened down—hawsers, blocks, falls, parts of the machinery. Father told him to get the pistol."

Bram nodded, and he smiled in a dry fashion. "By the way," he asked, "where is the honest captain? He should be here. Or does he leave his killing to Lee Wing?"

She stood with clenched, taut fists. "I could kill you," she said evenly.

He chuckled. "Why, so I judge," he agreed—"or have it done."

"I could—I could—I could slap you!" she told him with a rising emphasis; and Bram, like a buffoon, parried an imaginary blow. He grinned and then his lips drew tight.

"Listen!" he said sternly. "Be still! I know all I need to know. You're in it, both of you, all of you, Captain Goodell too! Fair warning! Shoot if you want to, Chink. Last chance you'll get. I'm going. I'll see you by and by."

And he turned his back upon Emily and strode toward the Chinaman. Lee Wing gave cautious way before him, drew softly aside. Bram moved past the man; he scrambled down the rocks to the level of the steamers' decks, found the path there.

Lee Wing, he thought, might indeed have fired. Bram in that moment did not care; he was intoxicated with an invulnerable valor. He stopped by the gangplank's end, and without looking around, he called:

"Shoot, Chink! I'll stand still! You can't miss! A white man won't shoot another man in the back, but you're a yellow one! Shoot—or fetch your knife and come near! Fair warning! Your last chance, my friend!"

He heard their voices murmuring; heard her cry, "No, no!"

The Chinaman's tone was lower; it was persuasive, monitory, and Bram could not hear his words.

"All right," said Bram, "I'll go try the captain. Maybe it's the daylight scares you."

He was bold, but he was wary too. There was a moment when he thought to walk forward along the gangplank and board the steamers; there might be something there worth the discovery. But to do so would be to give the wardens of the craft a certain justice on their side. Lee Wing might shoot with warrant then; and another time would serve for his investigations. He swung, instead, along the path toward the house, and he heard them come scrambling down the rocks after him. The girl pressed past him; she went running ahead of him up the path. But Lee Wing kept just behind. Bram thought the muzzle of the Chinaman's pistol must be at his back, but he did not turn his head to see—walked regardlessly.

(Continued on Page 32)

Something new in a recipe file case! "What shall we have to eat today—" - 72 tested recipes, 144 touches that are different from appetizers to desserts. Printed on cards, filed in indexed Libby Convenient Novel. Forget it, send 50c in stamps (60c in Canada) with your name and address plainly printed to Mary Hale Martin, Dept. C-25, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago Canadian Kitchens, Chatham, Ont., Canada

To be certain of fine flavor in each of these foods . . . ask your grocer for Libby's

Canned Meats		Pickles and Condiments		Fruits and Vegetables	
Corned Beef	Potted Ham	Pickles—	Olives	Sliced Pineapple	Prunes
Corned Beef Hash	Potted Meat	Sweet	Queen	Crushed Pineapple	Asparagus
Roast Beef	Boneless Chicken	Sour	Stuffed	Peaches, Pears	Spinach
Veal Loaf	Chicken à la King	Dill	Ripe	Apricots	Pork and Beans
Vienna Sausage	Sliced Dried Beef	Sweet Mixed	Olive Oil	Cherries, Royal Anne	Sweet Potatoes
Beef Steak & Onions	Chili Con Carne	Sweet Mustard	Catchup	Cherries, Maraschino	Sauerkraut
Ra-gon (beef stew)	Mexican Tamales	Sliced Sweet Dill	Chili Sauce	Fruits for Salad	Sauerkraut Juice
Meat-wich Spread	Mince Meat	Home Made Style	Mustard	Plums, Apples	Tomatoes
Lunch Tongue	Bouillon Cubes	Sweet Cauliflower	Chow Chow	Apple Butter	*Milk*
Deviled Ham	Beef Extract	*Salmon*	Sweet Onions	Berries	Evaporated Milk
	Chop Suey	Red Alaska Salmon	Sweet Relish	Jellies, Jams	Condensed Milk

(*Partial List*)

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY ~ CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 30)

The girl fluttered like a pigeon; she ran ahead, then came back toward them. She seemed to seek words and fail to find them. She ran ahead once more, and at last she took up an ordered progress a rod or so in front of Bram, looking back at them fearfully.

He saw her eyes change curiously once, and he wondered what she saw. He was not likely to guess, for Bram was not thinking of himself just now. What she saw was a tall young man whose draggled shapeless clothing accentuated rather than concealed his fine stature and the strong breadth of shoulder and the depth of chest. Bram walked with head high, defiantly; he was faintly smiling. His black hair gleamed like a raven's wing in the shadows of the spruce and fir beside the path. His feet struck firmly on the ground. It was Bram she saw, and her eyes changed curiously.

She kept her distance there, yet held her eyes upon him; and as she moved thus, with her body turned so that she might look behind, her steps sent a flowing line along her garments. Bram could almost hear the fine harmony which clothed her. He was for a moment sick that she should be spotted with the mire of this black business, yet his head held high and he strode ruthlessly. He was like a Juggernaut before whose inexorable steps hers desperately retreated. He walked so fast that she was almost running, and she panted faintly as she ran.

Once or twice she tried to speak, to stay him, stammered: "No, wait; no." She wished, he saw, to keep him from her father. His thoughts cleared, emerged from the mists of passion which obscured them. He had no longer any least doubt that the girl and Lee Wing and the captain had somehow between them brought Thad to his end. But he began to perceive that there was mystery still, and bafflement. The business had been no accident; that which had been done was done too thoroughly. But why, then? WhyThad? Why,of all men, Thad the lovable?

But Thad the quixotic too. Thad must somehow have involved himself in their dark affairs. What these affairs were Bram did not greatly care. His concern was for Thad and that Thad should be avenged, yet the mystery still puzzled him. He remembered something Mrs. Harmon had said—that Captain Goodell had a chest of gold pieces hidden in his barn; that there were strange lights about the barn of a night. The rumor had not at the time impressed him, but he recalled it now. Some secret source of income there must be to justify these whisperings. There, perhaps, the answer lay.

He wondered. And the wood withdrew before him and he came out into the open by the barn. The girl had run ahead; she was entering the kitchen door. Behind him Lee Wing footed with a shuffling step as though his feet were slipper clad.

Bram went on.

Before he had crossed the barnyard Captain Goodell came to the door, Emily at his shoulder. Bram saw her dark eyes watching him. Captain Goodell came out and he blew his lips; a stout puncheon of a man, his face red.

"What's this?" he ejaculated. "What's this, young man? What's this I hear? Lee Wing, what's the matter?"

Bram stood idly.

"Please," said Lee Wing gently, "this one watched his chance to get on the ships. Also, he seized your daughter Also, when I spoke to him, he struck me in the face."

Captain Goodell cried blusteringly, "Emily says you tried to shoot him!"

The Chinaman smiled and rubbed his hands. "The blow went deep," he said, with a little gesture of his hands.

Captain Goodell stared at him. "Humph!" he snorted. "Hit you, did he? You didn't like it, eh?"

He stared at Lee Wing, and the Chinaman stood impassive. Captain Goodell was faintly abashed before him; swung on Bram.

"What about it, young man?" he demanded. "What's your business here? Come; out with it!" He blew his lips. "Pflugh! Speak up! Who told you to hang around those ships down there? Government property, my friend, and I'm responsible. I don't propose to stand for any nonsense. Come, come; what have you to say?"

Bram eyed him icily. "You want to hear?" he challenged. "It's nothing you don't know. One of you, or all of you, between you, killed my friend. I mean to even that."

"Hah!" cried Captain Goodell, and his face was purple. Bram's eye drifted past him to where Emily stood in the doorway, and he was puzzled by something in her countenance. He watched it, trying to read the expression in her eyes—grief, shame, scorn, pity, fear. Captain Goodell was exploding; the storm poured out on Bram, who scarcely heard

"Hah!" the captain cried. "Pflugh! What's that—what's that you say? Young man, mind your tongue. Who's this friend of yours? What's he doing here? Where is he? Killed? What do you mean, young man—killed? I killed him, did I? By the fires of Tophet, I did, did I?" Rage swelled in him—a windy rage. A hollow rage, Bram thought, as though the old man blew himself to heat. "Killed him? Killed who? Who killed him? What are you talking about? Come; out with it!" He strode toward Bram, and he was apoplectic. Emily watched her father darkly. "What have you got to say?"

"Bellows!" said Bram—a scornful appellation.

"Hah! What's that?" The captain failed to understand

"Wind!" Bram insisted. "Don't blow at me! I know what I'm talking about. Ask her." He jerked his head toward Emily, and Captain Goodell swung that way.

"Emily!" he exclaimed. "How about it, girl? What does he mean? Insane!"

She wiped her mouth wearily with her hand; she moved almost indifferently. "Oh, father!" she said.

The captain turned back from her. "Lee Wing," he demanded, "who is this fool? What does he mean?"

The Chinaman spoke sibilantly. "He came here in the early morning two days gone," he replied. "He pretended that his friend was gone, and he wished to go to the ships. I told him very carefully that no one had come here, and I sent him away. Now he crawls back again. I do not know."

Bram looked at him bleakly and the Chinaman met the glance with sleek composure. Emily spoke hurriedly from the doorway; there was in her tone, Bram thought, a quality which suggested that she merely recited a tale already told.

"They were cruising," she explained. "The other went away in their sloop and did not come back. They found the sloop wrecked on Spectacle, and the other in it. He was dead—from knife wounds."

She ended, and Bram said politely: "You forget one little thing!" He eyed the captain, who stood momentarily silent under this intelligence. "There was the print of a girl's foot on the sloop's deck, in red paint," he told the older man—"that particular red paint which is spattered all over those ships down there—the same color, the same paint."

Captain Goodell blinked. "Dead?" he echoed.

And Bram's jaw hardened, closed as a knife closes. "Dead," he repeated. No one spoke for a moment, and Bram broke into words again. "Yes, dead!" he said. "She knows! Look at her! She knows what happened. So does this Chink. So do you. You can't blow me away with words, old man. It's between you three."

"Dead!" the captain ejaculated again. He swung to Lee Wing. "What about it, Lee?" he demanded, and his brows were black and heavy. "What's going on, Lee Wing?"

"The paint is common," said the Chinaman.

"That footprint—where's that footmark?" Captain Goodell cried, and swung back to Bram again. "I'd like to see that. Where is it anyway?"

Bram smiled and shook his head. "Safe," he said—"quite safe—till the time comes to fit it to a foot like Cinderella's slipper." He looked at Emily "Cinderella!" he said softly. "Lorelei, and Juno, and now Cinderella! You play many parts!"

"The paint is common," Lee Wing repeated, "and

(Continued on Page 37)

A Figure Emerged From a Window on the Second Floor and Descended Quietly Upon the Roof of the Shed. He Knew Instantly That This Was the Girl

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How, then, can you make sure of getting oil of *correct* body for your car?

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It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine		1925 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc
Chandler Special Six	A	Arc	A	A				
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chrysler, 4-cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" Imperial 80	BB	Arc.	A	A	A	A		
" other models	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupp			A	Arc.	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc.						
" Model T			E	F	E	F	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" other models					A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lincoln	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon, 8-cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc.				
" other models	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland			A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige all models			A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc.	Arc
Peerless 90, 70, 72	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Reo all models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4-cyl					B	Arc	B	Arc
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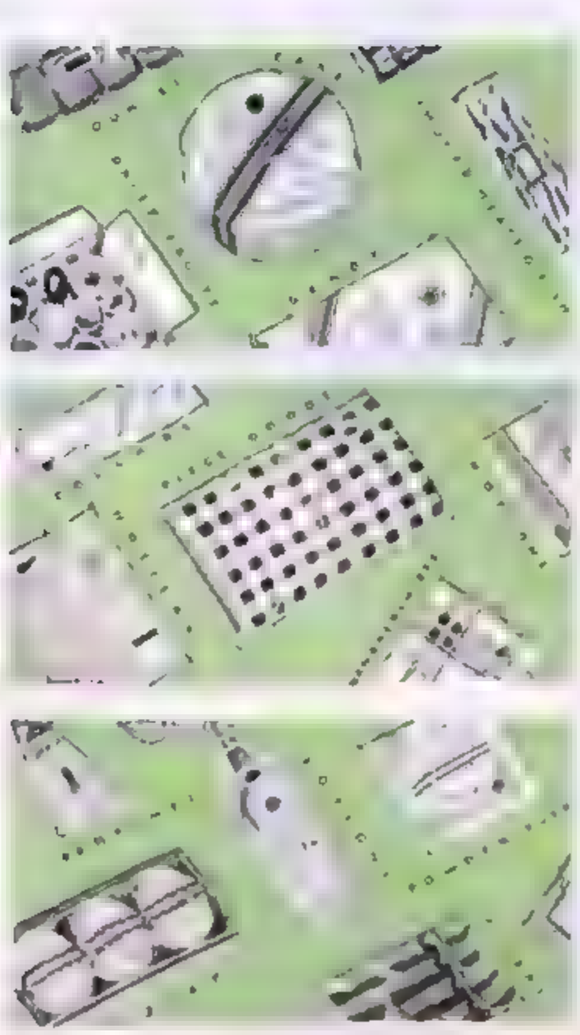

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girls are common, and they have feet that leave imprints behind."

Captain Goodell exploded. "Pflugh! Something going on around here—something I don't know about? By the fires of Tophet, Lee"—his tone was full of menace, full of monitory promises—"I'll get at the bottom of this! I'll find out!" He paused and wiped his brow; and Emily, from the doorway, watched him.

Bram, at a swift thought, smiled. "Captain," he asked, "you subscribe for the New York Herald?"

Captain Goodell stared at him. "Hah! Yes."

"Try to find the second section of last Saturday's paper," Bram advised. "Ask Lee Wing where it is."

The captain swung to where Lee stood near the corner of the house, three or four paces off. But before he could voice the question Bram had thus proposed, Lee spoke.

"The paint is common," he repeated in that precise fashion he used, in that level voice like the voice of a machine—"the paint is common and girls are common. Perhaps the young gentleman's friend found a common girl ——"

Bram was toward him with a leap, his fist drawn back. He saw the gun appear, as though by some strange legerdemain, in Lee Wing's hand, but it had no power to stop him. It was another thing which checked his blow. Lee Wing stood near the corner of the house, and at the ultimate moment Will Whitten emerged from behind that corner. He caught the Chinaman's wrist in both his hands; he wrenched it up and back. The gun exploded and the bullet tore through the rain trough at the eaves. Will kicked Lee Wing behind the knee and the Chinaman went down. Will had his gun. Bram was left to catch himself in mid-leap; to stand amazed there above the tumbling Chinaman. Lee Wing rolled like a rabbit—rolled clear; he scurried to the shed and so away.

Bram chuckled. "Hello, Will!" he said, a little breathlessly. "Glad to see you."

Whit nodded. "I guess likely," he agreed.

The girl and the captain stood paralyzed, and Captain Goodell was once more near exploding. Bram looked at them and he was weary of them. He bowed low.

"I will make it a point to see you all again," he said. "Just now, good day."

They did not stir; and after a moment Bram, at the boatman's elbow, turned away. The two men walked across the turf to the road, turned toward the village. Whitten carried Lee Wing's pistol in his hand. He looked back once, but Lee Wing was nowhere to be seen. They descended the knoll into the cover of the wood.

After a time, when they were halfway to the village, Whitten spoke. "Get anything?" he asked.

Bram considered, dragging himself out of his thoughts. "The Chinaman was painting out footprints on the deck," he said. "They know. They did it, or they know."

Whitten grinned. "I was listening," he confessed. "Heard you tell 'm so."

"You find out anything?" Bram inquired.

The boatman nodded. "Yes," he said. "Or no," he corrected himself. "I didn't find out anything. I remembered something. You know that smell in the room down at Spectacle?"

"Yes."

"It's the smell of Chinamen," said Whitten. "Kind of like burning oil—a sick, stifling sort of smell. Hard to say just what it is like." He added: "I smelled it in Hong-Kong and I smelled it on that Chink back there, when I grabbed him. I remembered then." Bram swung as though to turn back, but Whitten caught his arm. "You wait!" he advised. "You wait! You've got to get something more."

XIV

"YOU'VE got to get something more," the boatman insistently repeated. "I heard you laying into them back there. That don't do any good—bulling around, calling people names. Have some sense, big boy. You're wrong anyhow. You've got it wrong."

Bram stared at him. "Why? What do you know?"

"Shucks," said Whitten. "Cap'n Goodell wouldn't be mixed up in this. What would be the sense in that? If he got mad enough he might hit a man, and if he hit him hard enough he might kill him. But this knife business lets him out—and her too. You're talking through your hat when you talk that way, fella, I'm telling you." Bram stirred restlessly. "And besides," Whitten continued, "I've known the old man quite a spell. He ain't in this, I bet you. You're off your nut, son."

Bram was not attending. Where they stood they were concealed among the evergreens, hidden from view on any hand. Now the big man caught the other's arm in an explanatory fashion.

"Here, Whit," he interrupted. "Listen! I want to have a look on those steamers."

"Sure," Whit agreed. "There might be something there. I'm not saying the Chinaman didn't have anything to do with it. He's darned quick with a gun, for a man that don't know trouble's name and number. I wouldn't wonder a bit if he's been around in some dark corners. As he's on the ships all the time, taking care of them and all, I wouldn't wonder. Anyways it won't hurt any to look them over."

"I'll leave you here," Bram announced. "I'll keep out of sight and get back there."

Whitten shook his head. "Be yourself," he argued. "That Chink will be watching long as he thinks you're anywhere around. Safe to say he's got another gun. You and me, we've got to go back to the boat and go away from here, in plain sight for all to see. That's our dish. Then come back, by 'nd by."

"When?" Bram countered.

Whit grinned. "Well," he confessed, "I don't know about you, but my stomach says dinnertime. We'll pull out. By that time the Chink will be over to see if we're gone. He'll see us go. We'll let on that we're going up to the Core, and start that way. Chance is he'll cross over to the sheep pasture to watch and see where we go. Anyway, we'll get out of sight up north of here, and double back the other side of Isle au Haut. We can run down t'Spectacle and maybe see the chief or the sheriff or somebody. I'll get you back here later on, after Lee's kind of charged you to profit and loss. See?"

"That will take all day," Bram protested.

"It's pretty near noon now," Whitten pointed out, "and we ought to put that piece of deck planking with the footmark on it in some safe place, too—turn it over to the sheriff, anyway."

They had, while they talked, moved on again toward the village, now approached it. Bram said thoughtfully: "I'm going to make a tracing of that, Whit—that footprint—before I let go of it. I might find a foot to try it on."

Whitten looked at him sidewise. "You're a hard one to change when you get your mind set on a thing," he commented. "Well, if you say so. But you're wrong, big boy."

Bram cried, "Blast it, Whit, someone was on the Bargee! Someone left a footprint there! It's small. A small man, or a woman!"

"Kind of little, even for a woman," Whitten argued.

"She has small feet," said Bram. "And anyway ——"

They came then to Mrs. Harmon's house, and that individual saw them pass and emerged to pour upon them a flood of ejaculations. She spoke of Thad as "that poor boy—that poor young man" till Bram chewed nothing angrily; she declared that she knew just how Bram must be feeling; she said she could not imagine who might have harmed Thad; she wished details and got denials, wished facts and got fable. And Whitten in the end freed them from her, and he and Bram passed on.

They stayed a moment, out of courtesy, with Joe Plaice and the other men who appeared about the wharf as they approached; and Whitten told them what could be told, while Bram stood silently and waited. Afterward, when they were once more in the Patsy and moving out of the harbor, Bram said thoughtfully:

"I suppose everyone in the bay knows all about it by now."

"Will by night," Whitten agreed, and spat over the rail. "They ain't a heap of excitement around here; they got to talk about what they can find." He added: "You noticed I didn't say anything about the captain and the Chinaman."

Bram nodded.

"That's my affair," he declared.

Whit considered this. "I'm telling you," he insisted. "You didn't go at it right back there. All you did was to get the girl mad at you, and Cap'n Goodell, too—and the Chinaman, I want to tell you! I bet if you'd gone and asked them some civil questions you might have found out something. I've heard tell that girl's got a temper. Likely she fired up at you."

Bram said, half to himself, "I'm going back, Whit."

"Take it a different way when you do," the boatman urged

"I want to have a look at those steamers," Bram explained insistently. "Then I may have something to go on." He added, surveying the problem: "It's no use tackling Lee Wing. He'd stand his ground against anything. And Cap'n Goodell—he's a noisy old bird, but there's something back of the noise. But by Gad, Whit, if I can get her alone I can shake it out of her. She was near breaking down today, if Lee Wing hadn't come. I can make her tell anything she knows."

Whitten looked at him and whistled faintly. "Say, brother, slow there," he urged. "You'll be on the inside looking out, first thing you know. You can't get away with that."

Bram said hotly: "I tell you, Whit, I'll do anything! Blast it, man, they killed Thad!"

"Somebody did," Whitten corrected him.

"They know about it, anyway," Bram insisted; and Whitten had to agree:

"They act like they knowed something, sure."

When at last the Patsy swung out of the harbor on Split Apple, Whitten turned north as he had planned, and he looked back now and then, and even took the glasses to try to discover whether they were watched. Lee Wing, he felt sure, must have taken some pains to follow their movements, but he could discover no proof of this. The Chinaman at least kept out of sight. Whitten had meant to turn eastward into Merchants' Row, but he changed his mind for no particular reason and veered west instead, and crossed to the mouth of the Fox Island Thoroughfare and entered there, threading that channel to emerge opposite where Rockland lay under its pall of smoke. Whitten had bought some supplies at Rockland the night before, and he told Bram in what lockers to find them, and they ate bread and chicken and jam. The bread was wrapped in transparent paper, and this reminded Bram of an intention half forgot. He smoothed a piece of the paper and brought from its place the fragment of deck planking from the Bargee and made a tracing of the footprint marked in red. For lack of a pencil, he cut the tracing with his knife from the oiled paper, and folded the bit of paper with some care and bestowed it in his pocket.

Whit nodded his approval of this measure, pointing out that they would have to turn the bit of planking over to the proper officials, and Bram submitted in this matter to the other's insistence. So they ran into Rockland Harbor and made fast at the wharf. Bram at first stayed in the boat while Whitten set out for the police station. The big man watched the sun, descending now the western sky. He meant to return to Split Apple toward dusk, and eventually it occurred to him that he would need a flash light—perhaps some other things—so he went to make these purchases. When he came back to the wharf he was in time to see a speed boat darting out of the harbor, and there was something familiar in its sound and shape; but it dwindled rapidly till it was out of sight. He remembered the man with the whispering voice, and wondered if this were he, and tried to fit him into the puzzle, and he was still thus occupied when Whitten returned. Whit said the sheriff and the chief were away across the bay, at work upon this matter.

"They headed for Spectacle," he explained. "They're likely down there now. Guess we'd ought to run down and hook up with them."

Bram shook his head. "I want to land on the island again at dusk," he reminded the boatman. "You run me over there, then go find them if you want."

To this Whit made some remonstrance; he urged that it was, after all, the business of authority to make such investigations as Bram proposed. He went to the extent of threatening refusal, but Bram said gravely:

"You'll see it through with me, Whit. You're bound to."

And in the end Whit agreed to do what Bram desired.

The question of approaching the island unperceived gave them this time some concern. Bram thought his landing that morning had not been seen. But Lee Wing might be watching now. "I could swim ashore," he suggested "But I want to keep this flash light dry."

Whit reassured him. "Lee Wing'll be busy along about six o'clock, getting supper for Cap'n Goodell," he pointed out. "Safe enough to run in then to that same cove. Be 'bout half tide. Say half-past six. We'll be in and out again before ever he gets through around the house." And he added: "That'd be the time for you to get up there, looks to me. Daylight enough to see."

Bram considered this, shook his head. "And be seen," he argued. "I'd rather it was dusk or after."

Whitten nodded in agreement. "That's so," he assented, and he added presently: "You take that gun of Lee Wing's. They'll be kind of nervous—Lee Wing specially. You might need it."

Bram's lean jaw closed. "I don't want to shoot anybody," he said gently. "I want to get him in my hands."

"You better take it," Whit insisted. But Bram shook his head.

They were halfway from Rockland to Bottle Harbor, the Patsy running as good-humoredly as her habit was. There was traffic abroad in the bay. Northeastward toward Dark Harbor the blue water was dotted here and there by the white triangles of clean sails. They saw a two-masted schooner yacht making in toward Camden, and there was a yawl idling to and fro west of Seven Hundred Acre Island, distinguishable at this distance only by the placing of its canvas. A four-masted coasting schooner crept on the faint breeze up the bay toward Stockton Springs for a cargo of potatoes, and on the southern

(Continued on Page 80)

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MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS

XVI

By Eddie Cantor

As Told to David Freedman

I WAS not idle long. In 1920, shortly after the strike, the Shuberts were preparing a revue for the Century Theater Roof, that had all the elements of entertainment but comedy. They lacked a comedian, and as I lacked a management we soon came to terms.

The Shubert organization operated like a huge industrial plant. The two brothers, J. J. and Lee, had begun their theatrical careers as ushers in a theater at Syracuse, and the same accurate, methodical system by which they never directed a customer to the wrong seat they now applied on a larger scale to the efficient conduct of their vast enterprises.

Lee took charge of all the real-estate interests of the firm while J. J. concerned himself exclusively with production. He perfected his machinery of production to such a degree that he often managed to turn out ten and fifteen shows a year. He is unquestionably one of the preëminent showmen of our time and has such a canny sense of the theater that he has frequently, by drastic and lightning changes on dress-rehearsal night, transformed a flop production into a hit. He recognized Al Jolson in the raw, and when I made my stage debut as a youngster with Bedini and Arthur at Hammerstein's, J. J. had already made Jolson a Broadway star.

Before the new Shubert revue took shape J. J. asked me to play several weeks in the Broadway Brevities, a Shubert production at the Winter Garden. In this show I introduced a scene at the dentist's, relying chiefly on physical comedy to get laughs, and I was flattered to observe not long ago that this scene had been revived with only slight disguises in a musical revue.

Eddie, and Jobyna Ralston, Harold Lloyd's Leading Lady, in a Scene From the Picture, "Special Delivery." Above—Nan Halperin in "The Midnight Rounders," 1920

After four weeks of rehearsal the Shubert revue went down to Philadelphia for its opening trial. As I approached the theater I was dazzled by a mighty blaze of electric lights and beheld my name for the first time in the place of honor above the title of the show. Perhaps nobody else caught the full significance of what the bright bulbs were saying, but I stood and stared until they almost blinded me. The legend read:

EDDIE CANTOR
IN
THE MIDNIGHT ROUNDERS

Instead of thrilling me, the sight of this display made me weak and a sinking fear tugged at my heart. This night would decide whether I could be a star.

"Listen, J. J.," I said, "why don't you hold off the fireworks till after I've made good?"

"Don't be foolish, Eddie," he replied impatiently. "You'll be a knock-out!"

It was a night of high fever and rapid pulse. The Midnight Rounders whirled round at a dizzy pace. To add to the speed and confusion of this first wild night, J. J. ran backstage every few minutes and shouted orders.

"Kill the next scene!" he cried. "Reverse the dance numbers and put in the specialty after that. The next four songs are out. Call Eddie!"

It was long before my cue and I ran down from my dressing room in a bathrobe, half made-up and excited. "What's the matter, J. J.? Is the show off?"

"Not yet. Just go on and stall," he said, "while we switch the next scene."

"What do you mean—stall?"

"Do anything—only keep 'em laughing!"

I went on in my bathrobe and told the audience the truth: "Jake Shubert sent me out to stall while they change the show around. It may take weeks." I was wholly unprepared, but the job was to make them laugh and I did.

A few minutes after I returned to my dressing room J. J. called me again.

"What's the matter now?"

"Go on and stall."

This time I went on in my undershirt and did another impromptu monologue. When that was over I went back to my room sighing with relief. I began to get ready for my regular turn, when the call boy rushed in, breathless.

"Mr. Shubert wants you right away!"

"Say, what is this—a gag?"

I was caught completely unawares and ran down without my trousers.

"What's the matter, J. J.?"

"Go on and stall!"

"What—without my pants? At least give me a hat!" I put on a derby to feel dressed and in this ridiculous outfit I made another unexpected appearance. The three stalling episodes proved so successful that we kept them permanently in the show.

The opening night lasted till twelve. The revue received a stirring ovation. After the show Shubert came backstage. The whole cast assembled to listen to any comments or criticisms he might want to make. He turned to them, putting his arm around my shoulders.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the cast," he said, "I want to introduce to you Broadway's newest star—Eddie Cantor."

The Midnight Rounders was my first starring vehicle. I had prepared a little party for my friends to celebrate the occasion after the opening. There were about twenty of them who had accompanied me from New York, some with their wives, and they all arrived backstage in full dress, hungrily waiting for me to lead them to the sumptuous banquet they expected.

"You're a hit!" they said. "And we're entitled to a feast in proportion to the triumph!"

I led them to a restaurant, where I had reserved tables in advance. The banquet consisted of a baked apple and cream for each guest.

"What's the idea?" they protested.

"Well," I explained, "this morning, before the show, I thought to myself, 'Which would my friends rather have—a big hit or a big banquet?'"

"A big hit, of course!" they cried enthusiastically.

"That's what I thought."

They sat down in their evening dress and stiff shirt fronts and ate the apples with the elaborate formality of a feast.

The full responsibility of my new position grew upon me. It was no longer like playing on a Ziegfeld bill studded with big names. If I got sick in the Follies I might be missed, but the show could still go on. Now the burden of the whole revue was pivoted on me, and if I failed to appear the doors of the theater would be locked. The welfare of the entire company was in my keeping and I didn't permit even illness to interfere. There were times when I danced and sang through a dozen numbers and encores unable to take a deep breath, because one side of my chest was tightly strapped to dull the pain of pleurisy. I staggered off the stage exhausted, almost unconscious, and a masseur worked steadily over me to get me ready for the next cue. But the show went on.

It was in The Midnight Rounders that I first played a scene which proved to be one of the most popular hits of my career. It was called Joe's Blue Front Secondhand Clothing Store and started a vogue of clothes shops in musical shows.

The original one, however, is still considered by many as unsurpassed.

I played the assistant to the late Joe Opp, who was the tailor. Our first and only customer, Lou Hearn, came in for a fit and before we got through with him he

PHOTO. BY WHITE STUDIO, N. Y. C.

Marie Callahan and the Comedian in the Wedding March From "Kid Boots"

took one. My first sales blunder was to touch the material of the suit he wore, thinking he intended to buy it.

"Ah, that's the best suit in the house," I exclaimed admiringly.

"That's his own!" scowled the boss.

The customer then explained that he wanted a suit with a belt in the back.

"A belt in the back?" By steadily repeating this phrase and lifting my arm as if to strike him every time his back was turned, the audience laughed more and more in anticipation of the moment when I'd haul off and give him the belt he wanted. After I finally got him to compromise on a hunting suit, I showed him a Prince Albert.

"Is that a hunting suit?" the customer sneered.

"Sure! We been hunting for the pants for two years."

He was hard to satisfy, so I persuaded him to get a nice secondhand suit made to order. He got on the model stand and I took his length right down to the ground, including the height of the stand. Opp and I then laid him out flat as if to measure him for a coffin. I sang the numbers off the tape and Opp sang after me as he wrote them down.

"Sho-oulders, sixty-two and a ha-alf," I chanted in the manner of hymns; "wai-aist, ninetee-een; slee-eeves, sixty-eight!"

We proceeded in this singsong way as if we were praying, and the customer, who watched us with a puzzled air, finally joined in with, "Swee-eet Adelt-ine!"

After the fitting I again tried to sell him a suit. This time a blue one, but he wanted it with stripes. My fingers were covered with white chalk, and by running them along the coat I spread stripes over him.

"They fit you. You was born to be in stripes!"

"I'd rather have a two-button sack suit," he reconsidered.

"Why, certainly!" As the coat I gave him had three buttons, I tore one off. "How's that?" He still hesitated. "You look like a different man in that suit," I urged. "Your own wife wouldn't know you. Go out in the light and see for yourself." He went out while I replaced the other clothes on hangers. When he returned I approached him as if he were a new customer: "Yes, sir, what can I do for you, sir?" He started in surprise.

"Why, it's me!" he cried. I stared at him blankly. "Me! Lou Hearn! The fellow who was just in here to try on a suit!"

"You!" I was amazed. "You see? Even I didn't recognize you!" That clinched the sale.

At the wind-up of the skit I had so muddled and confused the customer that he was trying on a boy's sailor suit, though he still longed wistfully for something with a belt in the back. He finally ran out of the store with nothing at all but his red flannel underwear, leaving his own suit behind.

Joe's Blue Front was the only scene I ever played in two consecutive shows. After running for two whole seasons in The Midnight Rounders, we transplanted it bodily to Make It Snappy, where it carried on with equal success.

I had a physical comedy scene in The Midnight Rounders that took the form of an examination for life insurance at the offices of the Disreputable Insurance Company.

The doctor in charge asked me, "Do you think you can pass?"

"Give me a pair of dice and I'll show you."

Under pressure, I admitted that I had already been turned down by three companies—the New York, New Haven and Hartford.

The examiner then inquired sternly, "Do you drink anything?"

"Anything," was the answer.

These and other gag lines were freely borrowed by vaudeville teams and used in cities on the road before I got there. When I arrived and used the same lines it gave the impression that I had borrowed from them.

The Midnight Rounders played for seventy weeks on the Century Roof and throughout the Shubert circuit. In the company were Nan Halperin, Lou Hearn, Jane Green and Harry Kelly. It was probably the most charitable troupe of boys and girls I ever played with, and on afternoons when we had no matinées we would hunt up some hospital or sanitarium and entertain the patients.

On September 16, 1921, during the road tour of the show, I received word that a fourth child had been born to me, Ida and I being already the proud parents of three daughters, I confess that this once we vaguely expected it to be something different.

And it was. It looked different, it cried more at night, it took the bottle oftener. It was entirely different from the other girls in every respect but one. It, too, was a girl. So we called her Marilyn.

While traveling with The Midnight Rounders I often gathered bits of personal experiences and worked them into my monologues. The best known of these is a line my daughter Marjorie gave me when she was six. Due to the road tour, my absences from home were long and frequent, but as soon as we played in a neighboring city I hurried home to see the new baby. I rang the doorbell and Marjorie answered.

The Cantor Family at Home in Mt. Vernon

She looked rather strangely at me and ran into the hall, exclaiming, "Mamma! That man is here again!"

Another bit in my specialty grew out of a totally different experience. The proprietor of a hotel at which I was staying in Detroit urged me to drive over with him and another friend to the races at Windsor, Canada. It was the first time I had seen horses that were not hitched to wagons, and I suggested as a lark that we place a bet on a horse called Bumpity-Bumps because its name reminded me of the good old horse cars. We chipped in ten dollars apiece—thirty in all, but while we chatted in the clubhouse it became too late to bet. The hotel man wanted to run out and bet the money at the *parimutuel* machines, but I dissuaded him.

"After all, I hate to see even thirty dollars for the last time," I remarked. He bowed to my wisdom.

A few minutes later the race was on and Bumpity-Bumps won at a hundred and ninety-seven dollars for two. We could have made about a thousand dollars each, but we didn't. We were true sportsmen and took the thing so calmly and quietly that none of us talked all the way home

That night I told the story in my specialty and added a sequel. "Considering what we might have won on Bumpity-Bumps," I said, "we decided to play the next race. We bet a horse ten to one and he came in a quarter to six. He seemed to be awfully stuck up and wouldn't run with the others. Then we bet a mudder, but he loved mud so much that he stopped to eat it. Still, we'd have been even for the day if we'd have played on credit!"

A third experience that told well from the stage was one I had coming in from Pittsburgh. I sat behind two men in the train who happened to be talking about me.

One of them was saying, "I saw Eddie Cantor in The Midnight Rounders. You think he's such a nice fellow off the stage?"

"Nice fellow!" said the other with a trace of a sneer. "Why, he's a relative of mine!" I was taken by surprise and tried to get a full view of this new-found kin, but I felt sure I had never seen him before. "Sure!" he continued glibly, obviously trying to impress his listener. "Whenever Eddie is in Pittsburgh he comes to our house for a good old Friday night supper—and how he loves that stuffed fish and noodle soup!" He went on to describe intimate details about me and my family that were all wrong and I felt like interrupting to correct him.

At last his boastful nerve began to irritate me and I leaned over to him. "You know Eddie Cantor?" I inquired, as if interested.

"Why, sure!" he said with brazen self-assurance.

"You say he's been to your house lately?"

"Only last night!"

"Is that so?" It was news to me. "Well, I happen to be a pretty good friend of his myself," I said, "and I'll bet you, you wouldn't know Eddie Cantor if you saw him."

I knew the fellow was lying, but I knew he had gone too far to back down.

"It's a go," he said. "I'll bet you ten dollars." He must have felt the possibility of meeting me pretty remote.

"And you'd know him if you saw him?"

"I sure would! He even told me he's leaving for New York tonight, and if he's on this train he'd look me up!"

What a bluffer! The papers had carried an item about our leaving for New York and he had probably seen girls of the chorus board the train. But he had talked himself right into the trap.

"Well, if he's on this train, who is he?"

"You are," he said, beginning to laugh. The two of them had framed their little chat just to attract my attention and it had succeeded perfectly.

After The Midnight Rounders, the Shuberts starred me in a new revue the title for which J. J. picked up from an elevator boy who was rushing the crowd into his car with the whip line "Come on, folks, make it snappy!" J. J. came up to the office with a grin on his face. "Boys, I just got the name for our next Cantor show. We'll call it Make It Snappy."

It was a snappy show in every sense. We snapped right through it from start to finish, and after a season's run at top speed it snapped altogether. The outstanding innovation of our revue was a harem scene in which I burlesqued Rudolph Valentino as a sheik.

At the close of the harem scene a troupe of skilled Arab acrobats swarmed all over the stage in fantastic somersaults and pin wheels. One day two of this troupe came to my dressing room to tell me that the Shuberts had decided to cut down on expenses and let the acrobat caravan go. These two Arabs happened to be nice Irish boys who wanted to work and knew how.

"We're fired, Mr. Cantor," they told me, "but we noticed you've been so good to everybody in the cast that

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MAY

By BROOKE HANLON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

POOR mamma!" Emma stopped from time to time in her hurried packing and wiped her eyes. "Gus, don't forget to leave a note for the milkman." She dabbed absently at her face with a moist handkerchief. "Don't leave it to Hulda. She'll forget. And tell Hulda she can stay at her sister's until Sunday night, but to be sure to be here Sunday night to set the wash. Let's see"—she folded garments methodically—"the funeral will be Saturday, but we won't want to come home right away. We'll start back Sunday evening; that'll give us time to get things straightened out. We won't want to leave your father there right away." She gave him a sharp glance and then wept a little again. "Poor mamma," she remembered.

"Yes." Gus meant he would tell Hulda and leave the note for the milkman. "No." He meant no, they couldn't leave his father right away. Since marrying Em, Gus had led a yes-and-no life. Sometimes, however, he gave expression to his thoughts. "We can't leave him there a-tall, Em," he said slowly.

Emma snapped a suitcase shut decisively. "Well, it's for them to decide," she said. "They'll have to arrange something, that's all." She stressed the plural pronoun. Gus was to understand that the disposal of his father was a matter for the other brothers and sisters to deal with. She gave him another sharp glance.

Gus went on with his thinking and something apologetic came into his handling of the socks, ties and shirts that were going into a worn little bag. "If we'd 'a' had papa and mamma here this winter," he began, "maybe ——" He stopped.

"Maybe mamma wouldn't have taken sick and died. Papa's old. . . . Maybe he didn't keep the house warm enough." Emma could follow his thoughts. She cut them short with the snapping of a catch.

"It wouldn't have hurt Ralph to stop for us." She went off on a new tack. "Him with a big new seven-passenger car."

"There's seven of us, Em," he reminded her.

"Children can double up." She held to her point. "They have only that thin little Malcolm." Her tone held her husband's brother's child up to scorn. "You don't need ever to remind me that I've got five," she went on lugubriously then. "I'm not likely to forget. I know it first thing in the morning and I know it last thing at night. Long after your work is done I'm hard at it—sewing and mending and setting the bread and sorting the wash. I sewed 'til eleven on the girls' nightgowns last night."

"I know, Em. I know you got too much." Gus' voice was heavy; a weight came and went on his chest with pictures of the little brown woman who'd been mamma. Now she was here, and now she was gone again, cut off by Em's complaining voice. "I thought maybe with Hulda here you'd have things easier, Em," he said. "I could have gone up Sunday," he added, half to himself.

He would have seen mamma alive if he had gone up Sunday. May had written she was pretty bad. May had given up her school again and had gone home to take care of her.

"It's like having six children instead of five," Em said resentfully of Hulda. "I don't know what I'd do if we had another in the house," she added plaintively. "Ralph's the prosperous one in the family," she reminded him after a while. "If anyone's to take papa ——"

"I Just Wanted You to Know I'm Going to Make It Right," He Said

"You know how Laura is." Gus ran his fingers through his hair. At last they'd come directly upon the subject they'd been wavering about ever since the word came. What was to become of papa, now that mamma was gone? Mamma had been the more energetic one of the two. Papa's sight was failing, his movements were slow. There were likely to be dribbles of this and that on his worn black coats and vests.

"Yes, I know what Laura's like," Em said tellingly. "Two maids ——" Her lip twisted. "Bridges and teas and a boat trip in the middle of the winter, and her only child away at some kind of a camp all summer where he won't be any trouble to her." Em's sallow face didn't flush easily, but it was flushed now. She discovered she'd forgotten to pack their worn brushes and combs, and impatiently she tugged at the straps of the bulging bag. "Let her take him," she blurted.

"No." Gus shook his head. "No." He meant no, that papa wouldn't be happy at Laura's, and also no, that Laura wouldn't let Ralph take him. Both were true. Laura was trying to make the big stone house Ralph had built for her the bridge and tea center of Libbey. Papa Tappan wouldn't fit in there with his spotted vests and patient, nearsighted eyes. "No." Gus' head went on shaking slowly as he watched his wife insert brushes and combs into the bag. "You got the toothbrushes, Em?" he asked worriedly, and had a glimpse of his five dipping tin cups into the red bucket on the ledge in the kitchen up home. Teeth were brushed in the kitchen at the farm, or in summer out on the back steps. There came a swift memory of mamma again, apportioning the salt with which he had brushed his teeth as a boy. He saw her brown little face, lined; her smile as she tilted his head back firmly and inspected his mouth. He went heavily into the bathroom for the toothbrushes. There were seven of them in a rack on the wall. What came into his mind now was the way his eyes had seemed to meet mamma's over the heads of all the rest of them sometimes, and they'd had a laugh. Something else, too when he went there with Em and the five children, mamma had made it seem that he was, after all, the one who counted. He, Gus. Back home again, of course, he always came quickly to a realization of the fact that it was Emma and the children who counted. "I cindered the lane last spring so she could get out to church," he remembered. "I'm glad I did that." He'd like to do something for papa now, if only Em ——

"What's the matter with Doll?" He'd come back into the bedroom and his wife had turned accusingly to him, taking the brushes.

"It doesn't seem likely Doll could take him when May had to give up her school at Christmas last year and stay with her 'til spring," he reminded her patiently. "With her health the way it is ——"

"Her health!" she interrupted scornfully. "Doll's health! I've heard about it 'til I'm sick and tired of it. If you boys would sometime wake up to the fact that your sweet little sister is just spoiled and a grafter! She's as well as I am. She just got tired last year at Christmas, so she sent for May and rested until spring. May's as soft and as easy as the rest of you when it comes to Doll. Giving up her school ——"

"Doll's never had good health," he said helplessly. "She's fat, but ——"

"H'mph." Emma's eyes were dry now and, as she went on with the packing, her lips pressed themselves into an even line. Gus looked at her uncomfortably and then went aimlessly out. It was odd to be home this early in the afternoon. He didn't quite know what to do with himself. The train for Makepeace didn't leave until 5:18. Mamma was dead.

The older children came home from school. Hester woke up from her nap, and the sound of her brace and little dragging foot was heard on the stairs. The early dusk of winter settled through the house, but for a long time no one thought to push a light button. Was it because mamma was dead? Marie and Rhoda helped with early supper in the kitchen, sobbing a little and murmuring, "Poor grandma," in imitation of their mother. Arthur and Carl tried not to look important; Arthur pulling a large-dialed watch from his pocket from time to time and computing the time they would have to leave the house to get the 5:18 train, the time the journey would consume, the probable wait at the junction.

Gus started from the front of the house and went toward the kitchen in the friendly gloom. He was moved by a sudden resolution which urged him to greater speed as he traversed the large, seldom-used dining room. It would be easy now, before the lights were on, to say to Em —— He stopped in the doorway and blinked.

"Em," he said, "we could offer no doubt the rest ——" He stumbled, waited.

She reached out and pushed a light button decisively, and he saw her mouth, the lips tightly set in refusal.

(Continued on Page 44)

AUBURN

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Breaks previous record held by a much more expensive car by 14 1-5 seconds. Last year's winner was a stripped car, no lights, fenders, nor extra tires. The Auburn was fully equipped including lights, fenders, two extra tires, weighing over 1000 lbs. more than last year's winner.

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Where Were They On Labor Day?

Recently there have been many new cars of different makes announced. The most sweeping claims are advertised for their power, speed, endurance and performance.

But

Where were they on Labor Day when the opportunity was offered to prove these claims in the Pike's Peak hill climbing contest?

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But Pike's Peak presents different obstacles and imposes different requirements.

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AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

(Continued from Page 42)

"Set up, children," she urged, "and hurry. . . . Let the rest of them do something, Gus," she issued her ultimatum. "You've done enough, dear knows." Her lips tightened again.

Gus tucked his napkin into his vest and filled Hester's plate. He tried to remember what he had done, besides having the lane cindered last spring and sending checks for fifty or a hundred dollars each Christmas. He couldn't remember anything.

May waited for them. She was tired. Mamma had required a lot of waiting on during the last six weeks. There had been long nights of sitting up keeping watch, with only a helpless old man and the uncertain party-line phone to depend on at those times when death had come threateningly to the threshold. And then in the end mamma had died in her sleep. May cried softly, thinking of it. She was sitting in mamma's own rocker, by the east window, her hands, for the first time in weeks, idle in her lap. Neighbor women had been in helping her all day – Jan Hilscher, Phoebe Luckett. Capable women with large-knuckled hands. They'd baked hams, killed and cleaned chickens and ducks.

"Let's see, May; how many'll there be?" Phoebe asked, her eyes glinting. These women loved cooking for crowds; they were the mainstay of all the church suppers in Makepeace

"Ralph and Laura and Malcolm." May counted tiredly on her fingers. "That's three. Gus and Emma and their five makes ten. Doll and Harry and their three. That's fifteen. And Bert and Loretta."

"Twenty, say." Jan Hilscher was gratified. "That'll mean two tables. The men at the first and the women at the second—that's the way we arranged it when mom died. I just tiptoed in, May," she lowered her voice and widened her eyes, nodding in the direction of the front room. "He's just lost, poor soul. Just lost without her, he is."

"Yes," May agreed. There'd be pathos to that tomorrow—in a few days. Just now she was too tired.

"You had a hard time," Phoebe Luckett commiserated. "The burden falls on the single ones, doesn't it?" She asked this during one of Jan's errands to the front of the house. Jan was married, Phoebe single. "Always. It always does."

"Yes," May agreed again. "It won't this time," she thought, her hands clenching against it. "It won't this time!" One of the others would have to look after papa. She was forty-one and had nothing put by. She'd wanted to teach—to teach gloriously and life had thrust her into backwoods one-room schoolhouses. Some of the family were constantly needing her. She always had to break her contracts, and that made it hard to get a reference. At forty-one she could get a school only in the neglected districts. At forty-one she was still trudging miles to build fires in stoves discarded by members of school boards. She'd had to get a leave of absence from the school at Ramey six weeks ago when mamma took sick. It was for two months; in two more weeks it would expire. Nelda Gates, the eighteen-year-old girl who was subbing for her, was a cousin of one of the board members in that section. If May didn't come back, they'd jump at the chance to elect Nelda in her place. She'd have lost another school.

If she didn't go back! She must go back. She must. May leaned her head back in mamma's chair, her colorless face parched and drained of life, her pale rough hands still on the chair arms.

"She looks lovely, May, don't she? Look, May." Jan Hilscher leaned over her and whispered, and the sharp odor of the flowers she bore came as a shock to May's senses. "The minister sent these. 'An old-fashioned mother,' the card says. That's just what she looks like—an old-fashioned mother—with that smile on her face. Doesn't she, May?"

"I know—I know." May's frail back bent and her head went down on the chair arm. She sobbed. Mamma was lying in there and she was sitting here thinking these hard, stormy thoughts. Thinking how selfish and grasping the boys were and how no one ever, ever expected anything of Doll. It was always May. It had been May eight years ago, when mamma had had that bad spell with rheumatism. May had stopped teaching and come. Three long years out of her life—from thirty-three to thirty-six—on this neglected farm at the end of a lane two and a half miles from Makepeace, and Makepeace the end of the world. At thirty-three, when finally, for the second time, she had saved enough to see her through a year of normal. The first time she'd saved enough—May remembered that, too—Bert had wrecked an expensive car of his employer's. "Let him sweat it out," Ralph had said unfeelingly, and Gus hadn't been able to do anything, so Bert had come to her. Bert was the baby. He was doing well as a salesman in an automobile concern and he wanted to cover up the loss and hold his job. "Old May," he called her. He'd meant to pay old May back, but somehow or other —— Soon after that he'd met the girl he wanted to marry—Loretta.

"There – there now." Jan, who had been in arranging the flowers, patted her shoulder on her way out to the kitchen. "The others will be here soon," she whispered comfort. "We're making that whole bucket of potatoes up into salad, May. Do you think it'll be enough?"

May assured her that it would. Jan brought up the subject of pies then. There wasn't any reason why she and Phoebe shouldn't go right on cooking that night, she thought, now that the hams were out of the oven. Mamma had canned raspberries and cherries and pumpkin in the attic, May remembered. She took a lamp and a basket and went up.

He Had Watched Them From the Window, a Succession of Cars Disappearing Down the Lane Into the Descending Dusk

The hush and peace of the attic soothed her. It seemed to be, more than any other part of the house, mamma's room. Things she had placed there long years ago stood patiently in the shadows, waiting for her to come again for them. It seemed to be a part of the house that didn't know that mamma was gone, and here real grief came to May for the first time. She had wept before—from shock, from fatigue, from hysteria. Now realization of loss held her, and no tears came to her eyes. She had on one of mamma's old shawls, and she pulled it closer about her and sat on a backless chair in front of the preserve closet and rocked to control her pain. Yellow peaches pressed white against the sides of glass jars where the lamplight fell on them. Raspberries glowed purple, with flecks of fire. Jellies sparkled. None of these things knew that mamma was gone. May heard the approach of cars in the lane. She heaped her basket, and her eyes filled again. She couldn't sit up here alone with mamma's things. The others had come.

The Paper Fell From May's Fingers. They Were Helpless, Upcurled on It

The house was given over to a hushed confusion which lasted three days. Mamma lay, with that faint smile softening her homely little brown face, in the quiet of the parlor, and the parlor was quiet with the apartness that can cling to a room when there is subdued noise in the rest of the house. The candles bowed all in unison, with a quiet sort of fluff of greeting, when the porch door opened. They seemed to point waveringly downward to mamma and then were immediately

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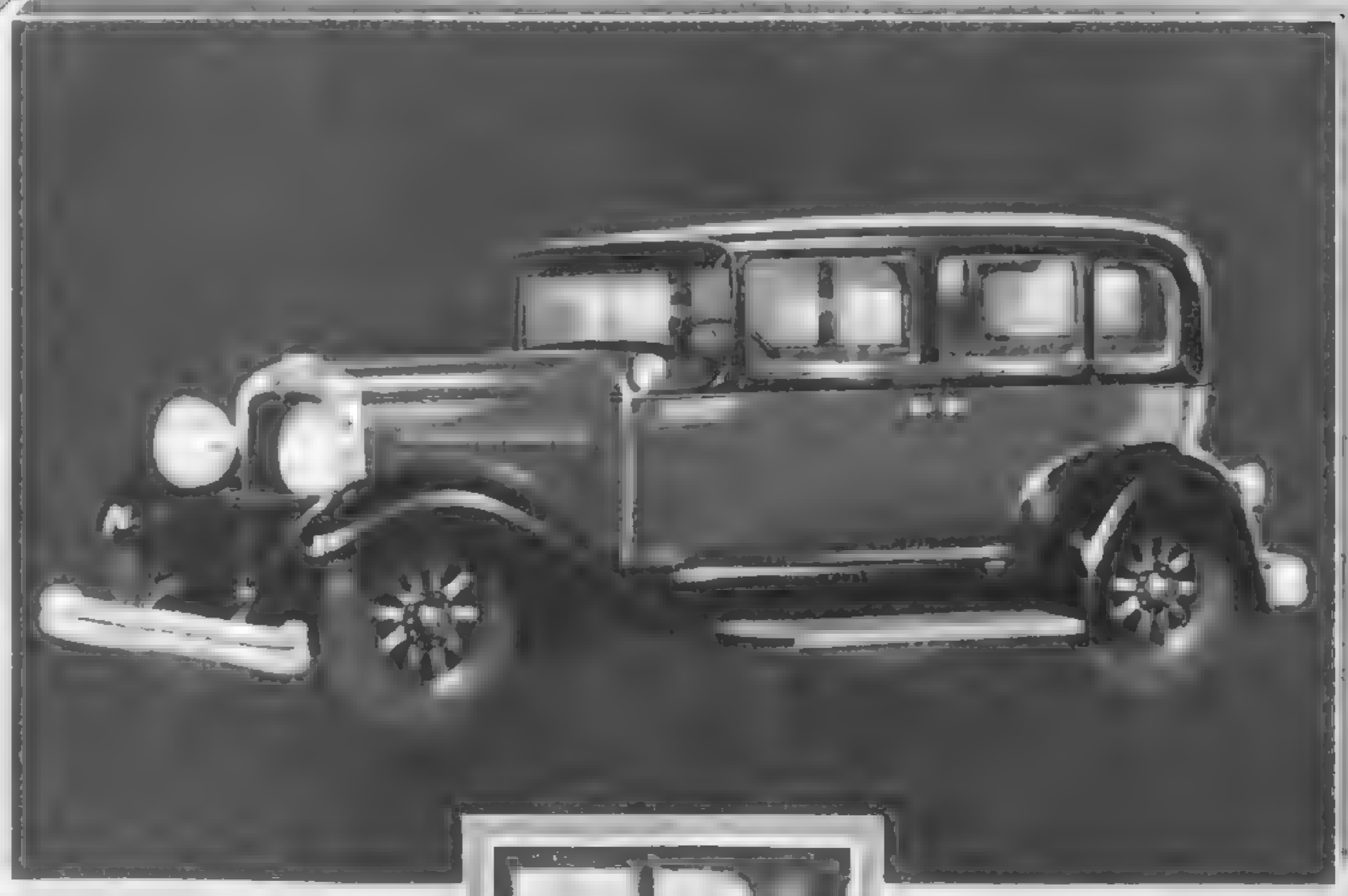
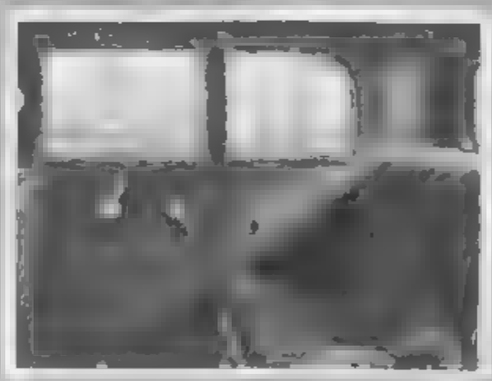
THE WORLD HAS A NEW AND FINER MOTOR CAR



"400" Standard Six Sedan for Five



View of its attractive Salon Body Interior

THIS year, due to Nash engineering and design, American families will enjoy a $1500 type of motoring for less than $1000.

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A car at *low price* with more style and grace than many cars of high price, in its new Salon Body beauty.

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NASH "400"

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Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

YOU would be amazed at the number of deaf, and semi-deaf, people who have been writing to me protesting against the talking-movies and complaining that their entertainment is being destroyed. They can't hear the dialogue and, with the titles removed, they are unable to follow the story. To these persons I advance the assurance that Universal will make as many silent pictures, with titles, as heretofore, and they need not fear that their chief source of pleasure will be taken from them. The talking-movies are an experiment and a novelty. I am not certain as to their future. In the meantime, Universal will pursue the even tenor of its way. It is making the talking-movies, but in no sense to the detriment of the silent drama which has proved a boon to countless millions the world over.

—C. L.

* * *

"The Last Warning," adapted from the celebrated story, "The House of Fear," and starring LAURA LA PLANTE a mystery play along the lines of ***"The Cat and the Canary,"*** a Universal success, is being produced by Universal in both ways—in talking movies and in the silent drama. You can take your choice but I would certainly like to have your opinion. In either way, this fine picture will prove highly entertaining and even thrilling. I advise you to see it in either form.

Laura La Plante in "The Last Warning"

"Anybody Here Seen Kelly" is another Universal romance which will more than please you, and give you a new slant on BESSIE LOVE and TOM MOORE. When Bessie comes to America from France, looking for her sweetheart and discovers him at Times Square, New York directing traffic, she throws her arms about him and stops the traffic. See it by all means.

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Speak to your favorite theatre and ask the manager whether he has booked Universal's three remarkable pictures, ***"Broadway,"*** the great stage success, ***"Show Boat"*** and ***"The Girl on the Barge."*** Those of you who read know these thrilling stories.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and ***"The Man Who Laughs,"*** produced with sound effects as well as in silence have electrified foreign countries and the greatest cities of America. They are showing now and they will electrify you. No mind can dodge the excellence of these productions. Be sure to see them.

Down where "Uncle Tom" lived

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

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erect again. Some of the flowers began to brown and turn in at the edges as mamma herself had done thirty-five years before.

The children tiptoed in and looked at her. There was Ralph, brown like her and big like papa, but suave like neither of them. He'd had a frightened look for a moment when May had met him, but almost immediately he'd found the manner suitable for the burial of a mother and had put it on. Ralph had manners for all the emergencies of life, and it never took him more than three minutes to find one, put it on and smooth it over his smooth person. He had a voice particularly good for a small house in which a mother lay dead. It was solemn, yet vibrant. Immediately you could hear it in almost any part of the house, soothing, arranging, directing—poignant with regret. Perhaps it was the voice that had been responsible for that year at divinity school and the preparation for it which had been such a strain on May when they were both growing up—when she had been teaching at Clay's Crossing at seventeen and living on fifteen dollars a month; when Ralph had been in high school at Jackson and living on the twenty-five she sent him. Then divinity school and Ralph's sudden decision that he was cut out for business. At forty he was president of a prosperous mercantile establishment in Libbey and had a way of slipping his arm about May's shoulders and saying, "Well, May," in a tone of rather fond patronage.

Gus, next below Ralph and thirty-eight now, was puzzled by death and harassed by Emma. He went about awkwardly on the toes of his heavy shoes. Doll wept copiously and kept her three—Hubert, Alan and Gita—dodging about in ministrations to her. It was "Hubert, sweetheart, bring mother a fresh drink of water"; "Alan, honey, fix mother's tablet"; or "That's a sweet girl, Gita. See if Phoebe will heat the coffee for mother."

"How's old May?" Bert kissed his sister with a glance which took in her worn and old appearance a little guiltily. That money, he thought. He must do something about it. Hell, a fellow could never save. Bert was a slimmer and vaguer approximation of Ralph at his age.

They waited for the funeral, and the women's enmities crossed and recrossed. Emma and Doll hated Laura for what they called her "airs," but when Emma wasn't joined with Doll in hating Laura, she rather hated Doll too. Doll and Emma, having experienced multiple maternity, were contemptuous of Laura and her pride in her anæmic Malcolm. All the married women, including now Loretta, had a community of interest which excluded May. Loretta, alert, dark, city bred, had an air of somewhat nonchalant amusement toward all the others. They had something in common now—a certain unease which was in all their eyes as they rested upon one another. Who was going to take papa?

Their bickerings were fingers which picked at May's nerves. She bore the brunt of Laura's flurry over the sleeping arrangements that had been made for Malcolm, going herself up into the attic and bringing down great armfuls of the moth-ball-smelling blankets and comforters that mamma had stored away. The stiffness and resentfulness that held Emma all day Friday were vented on May too. Ralph had offered Emma's boys a dollar each to clean the black mud from his car. Carl and Arthur toiled valiantly at it and Malcolm watched them, slouching in his faultlessly cut knickers and sweater with its school lettering. Not that Emma's boys had minded.

"It's a seven passenger," they boasted proudly to Hubert and Alan, opening and closing doors, pointing out the cigar lighter and the ingenious folding seats.

"Now, Em, it's all right," Gus soothed their mother. "Either one of them would make two of Mal. Lugging that water would just about finish him."

He watched her anxiously. He didn't want a fuss now, with mamma in there. Somehow, up here in the crowded house, those pictures of mamma had faded. Gus wiped his forehead with a clean new handkerchief and went restlessly about the house.

He acceded silently to Ralph's request that he walk over the place with him after dinner. It didn't look to be much of a place now, the thin February sun on it, snow melting in the sheltered hollows. They walked over the slope on which the barn rested, through the dip that led to the fields. The fields had taken on the desolate look of winter and of neglect. How papa had managed to scrape the living which had sent five of them out into the world Gus and Ralph, modern business men and used to the struggle of the town, didn't know.

"The old man's been taking out of the land ever since before we were born, and not putting anything in," Ralph said sonorously, shaking his head. "Didn't know the first thing about scientific farming, he didn't. Half the land never would grow anything and the other half's worn-out. It's starved. Wonder what possessed him to buy that end in the first place." He pointed to the west section—the one they'd used to call, humorously, the rock pasture.

"He didn't buy it," Gus remembered. "It was thrown in with the rest to make it look like something, I reckon."

Ralph merely whistled softly. "Well, the whole place isn't worth taxes now," he commented. "When they cut the new state road over through Talbot it just took Makepeace off the map." He shook his head. "Makepeace always was unconscious; now it's dead. No, sir"—Ralph's rather mild regret was drowned in pleasure at his own acumen—"it just isn't worth taxes. Look at the house."

They looked, walking back toward it. It was a brown clapboard structure, seeming to lean a little and to hug the earth, as though conscious of its own inadequacy. Later in the day the flivvers of the country people would be coming up the lane to pay their respects to the dead, but just now the entire place—the barn, the house, mamma's little fenced-in kitchen garden back of the house, the straggling skeletons of the grapevines—all wore a deserted and forlorn aspect which bore out Ralph's words.

"I can't see any use for it," the older brother went on, "unless"—he turned to Gus jokingly—"one of your boys should decide to take up agriculture and come out here to settle down."

Gus reddened. What reason was there for Ralph to think that Carl or Arthur might come back to the old farm to live when already plans were being made for Malcolm's law course?

They rounded the barn, stepping carefully on stones that protruded from slippery clay, and May came into view. She was busy with bucket and broom, washing the black mud from one of the walks that led from the house.

"Look here." Ralph came now abruptly to the real object of the walk. "Is May going to stay on here?"

Gus heard him with a sudden surge of relief. It took Ralph to put things into words. So that was Ralph's plan, was it? Gus' step became a trifle lighter on the bare springy earth. With Ralph talking that way, things seemed to be taken out of his hands.

"Nothing has been said," he replied.

"Well, it just narrows down to this." Ralph cleared his throat a little nervously "something's got to be done about papa, and May's the only one of us without responsibilities."

"That's right." Gus seized on this weakly. "May's got no responsibilities."

"No, and the rest of us all have. Another thing"—Ralph lowered his voice; they were nearing May now—"old people can't be uprooted. You can't take an old person like papa and shift him around like a bulb in the spring."

"I doubt if papa would be contented anywheres but here," Gus said heavily. He began to think about May and to feel sorry for her. Gus had an infinite capacity for feeling sorry about things and no capacity for doing anything about it.

They'd reached May, standing in rubbers on the newly wet boards. "Well, May." Ralph put his arm about her shoulders. Gus went slowly on to the house. Well, any way they fixed it, he wouldn't feel right about it, he thought. And there was Em. He tiptoed in to see mamma and to change the candles in the candelabra at her head. The window under which mamma lay, framed Ralph and May, and he stood looking out at them. Ralph still had his arm about May's shoulders, but she seemed to be holding herself apart from him. She looked stooped and tired, Gus thought guiltily. Ralph towered head and shoulders over her, brown and smooth and prosperous.

Gus could remember them going hand in hand up the center aisle of the Makepeace church as children; May a little taller than Ralph then. They'd all looked up to her. Did Ralph ever think of things as they'd been then? Did he remember how proud May had been of him? Gus had been jealous sometimes of May's pride in Ralph. Doll's Hubert brought a fresh pail of water now and set it down before May. The tableau dissolved and Ralph came on toward the house, erect, a man of power, beginning to turn sleekly fat.

Gus sighed and then yawned. The acrid smell of flowers and the heat of candles had made him drowsy. He went on out into the dining room. Papa's couch was in there and papa was sleeping quietly, his face shielded by a newspaper. The girls were scattered about. Bert sat on the arm of a chair and swung his watch chain restlessly about one finger.

"I love a big old room like this," Loretta was saying with subdued brightness, her eyes darting about. "Now, at home"—she laughed—"our little apartment is like a bird cage, isn't it, Bert? One bedroom and a breakfast nook. Really, Bert and I bump into each other when we try to dress. Rents are so high in the city."

Gus saw Em staring at Loretta, a certain hard amusement in her eyes. "Chit," Emma called Loretta sometimes, and "whiffet"—these terms leaving her lips with no very complimentary emphasis. He could see that Em was thinking one of them now.

"Loretta, too," he thought sleepily. Loretta was afraid that Bert was going to be expected to take papa. Anyone of the family would have smiled at the thought, yet Bert's wife for two days had lost no opportunity to call attention to the ridiculous smallness of their flat. "We're like sardines." Her amusement at their plight was constant and articulate.

Gus tilted his chair back against the wall and dozed through the afternoon. About 4:30 the women began moving in and out, preparing the early supper. Silver tinkled on the long table which ran through the center of the room. Long platters of thinly cut pink ham appeared on it, generous pitchers of cream, yellowed china dishes full of cottage cheese and coleslaw. Phoebe and Jan had alert ears for bits of family gossip. May came from her post beside mamma and helped. She had the wan, sleepwalking look of a woman who has worked beyond her strength; yet still the others depended on her.

"Shall we set the children's table in the kitchen, May?" Jan asked.

"Did you launder fresh napkins this morning?" Phoebe whispered. Phoebe was inclined to make secrets and mysteries out of all the details of the machinery that was keeping the household going.

"May, shall I put on both ham and meat loaf?" Em wanted to know.

May supervised their activities, her voice beating ineffectively against the clamor of Emma's five and Doll's three. The children had been quiet for two long days and suddenly there was no keeping them still any longer. Their awe of death had worn away.

May sat at the kitchen table, to wait on the children. A sudden resentment welled up in her at the thought of all these others

(Continued on Page 48)

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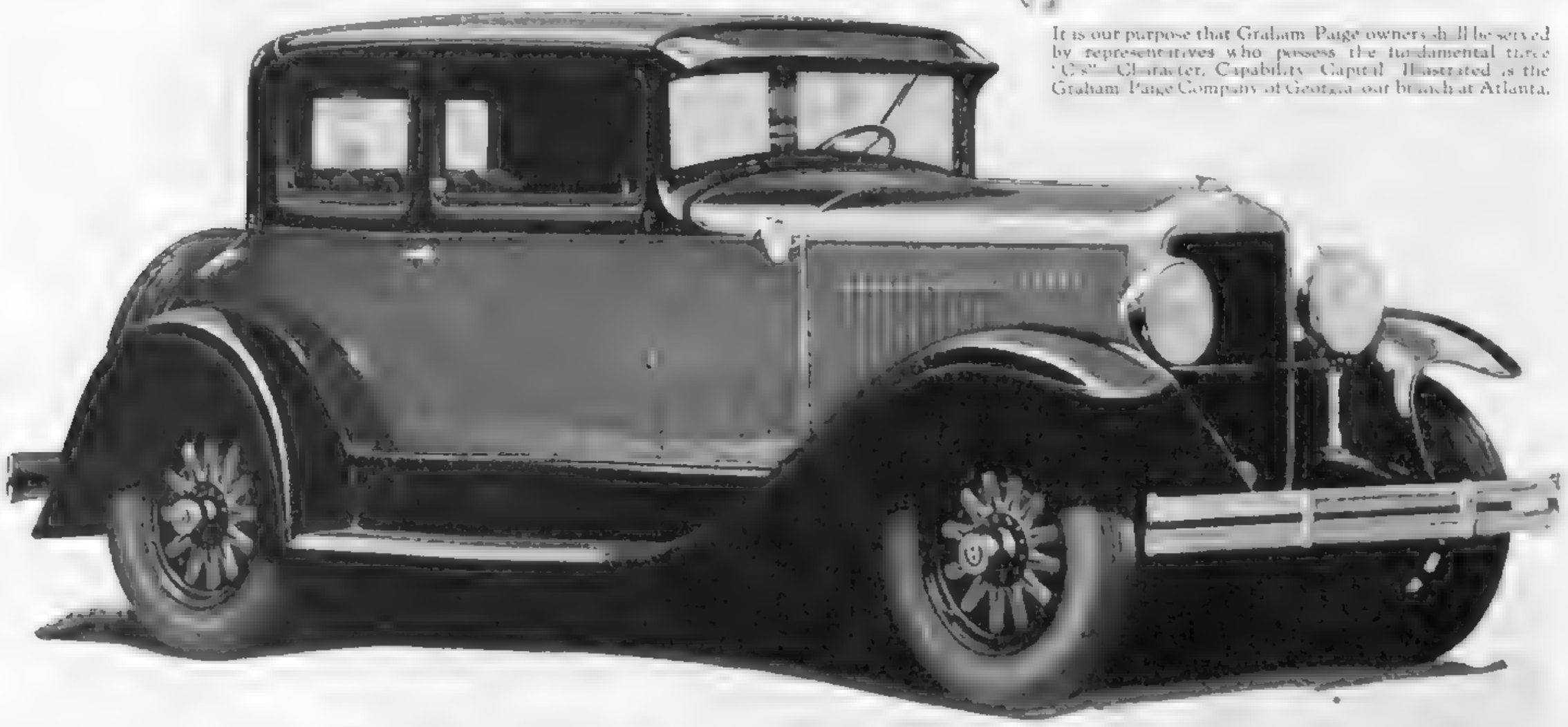

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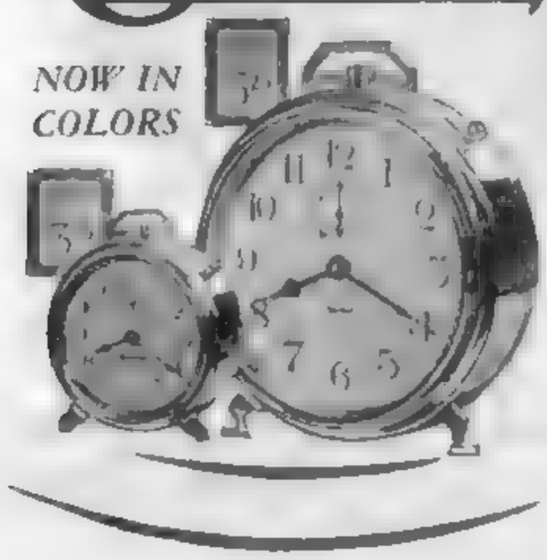

(Continued from Page 46)

being here. If there could have been just papa and her own brothers and sisters sitting here about the lamplighted table in the quiet kitchen, she thought. If mamma's spirit could have come quietly to the door and looked in on them, their heads bowed for the blessing. Her own children—Ralph and Gus, Doll, Bert and May. She might have gone back smiling into the parlor, knowing them to be there. They might all have had time for silence and the feeling that mamma was gone.

The children were clamoring for more jelly suddenly. May took a lamp and climbed the stairs to the attic again. She set the lamp on a chest of drawers, and moving out of the circle of its scant light, sat down on the chair by mamma's preserve closet again and stared in front of her, clasping and unclasping her hands. She tried to pierce through the armor of sleepwalking that incased her. What were they trying to do? What was it she could feel in the air all about her and read in all their eyes. "You'll take care of papa, May," their eyes said. No, no.

She twisted suddenly and thrust her clasped hands forward. They shan't—they shan't. Ralph had slipped his arm about her out there on the walk. He'd said, with that grandiose swelling of the tones of his voice: "It wouldn't be home without you here, May."

"No," she breathed tensely. "No! No! Oh, mamma—mamma." Her body was stiff, and her lips didn't move. It was as though she listened to someone quite apart from herself make this stricken, silent cry. "It isn't that I don't want to take care of papa, mamma. It's that it's always been me—always. Ralph is rich. Gus is comfortable. Doll—Doll has taken always; it's her turn to give. In ten years I'll be on the edge of being an old woman, mamma, alone here. Without money—without anything. I've had no life. It's the others' turn."

"May," Gus' voice came from the foot of the attic stairs.

"Stay down out of here, Gus." Her voice was choked with sudden sharpness.

"Why, May!" His face appeared over the top of the rough weather boarding that shielded the stairs. "What's the matter, May?"

"Nothing." She picked glasses out of the closet, holding them up to the dim light to read their labels. "I'm just nervous, Gus, I guess." She held her head down.

"Gosh, May." He edged about uncomfortably in the shadows. "It seems like old times to slip off up here and have a talk, don't it? It seems I don't ever have a chance to talk to you at all any more. Sometimes you realize it, May," he said. "It just wouldn't be home here without you."

She looked up at him and he was struck by the weariness in her face. "Well, May"—he put a hand on her shoulder—"you ought to take better care of yourself, old girl. Was the care of mamma too much for you? Ralph or I could have had a nurse out."

"Mamma didn't like strangers about," she said. "I'm glad I ——" She stopped, being unable to go on. Gus was saying it too. It wouldn't seem like home without her here. Had they talked things over between them—he and Ralph—made their plans for papa without even consulting her—bartered away her future? A stubbornness became apparent in her pliant figure. In that case ——

"What I wanted to say was"—Gus lowered his voice and cast a half-frightened glance toward the stairway. He had seated himself on an old trunk which creaked under his bulk. His hands swung awkwardly between his knees—"I haven't forgotten about that winter the children had diphtheria, May, nor the time Hester was bad. I want to make that right with you sometime, May, and I think I'll be able to get around to it this summer. The whole thing is we're living right on the edge of the line all the time, May." He was brick red now, his voice strained. Gus had none of the easy suavity which made speech flow so smoothly from Ralph. "I just wanted you to know I'm going to make it right," he said. "I don't get a chance to tell you these things, seems like. The whole thing is we built a bigger house last year than we could swing. Em said when we were building a new place we might as well do it right. But ——"

"I know, Gus," she said. "It's all right." What that Gus could do now would restore to her the Miller Township school, she wondered. Well, diphtheria was diphtheria; it was hard to get anyone in to work when a house was quarantined. Gus meant to be kind. Perhaps, if it weren't for Emma ——

"I'll carry this down for you." He took the basket awkwardly and went down the stairs.

May sat for a long time and then went down, too, walking in sleepwalker fashion again. She went into the little parlor and sat beside mamma. It seemed that mamma had been lying here forever, and now, tomorrow, she would be gone. Papa came in and sat with her. He moved slowly, and his hand shook a little on the arm she extended to help him. They sat near together, and he drew her hand to his knee and patted it softly.

The sound of dishes and Gita's faint wail came in from the out kitchen. Gita was six, but cried frequently in spoiled, attention-seeking little outbursts.

"That one's Doll all over again," papa remarked absently.

Mamma was buried Saturday morning. Ralph's huge maroon car plowed through the mud on cemetery ridge; Harry's crowded flivver followed; then Bert's little coupé, with Emma's Rhoda, an overflow from the hired car which held the Gus Tappans, wedged in between his and Loretta's knees. May and papa walked together, leading the funeral procession up the center aisle of the Makepeace church and over the spongy matted grass of the cemetery. They made a respectable crowd of mourners, thin family groups through which the chill February wind blew. Phoebe and Jan remained behind to cook the dinner and keep the house warm and cheerful for their return. "So they won't have to come back to an empty house," Makepeace described this service.

Mamma was gone from the little parlor. May managed Sunday's dinner, Emma and Doll lending lackadaisical help, their eyes red rimmed. Doll kept fortifying herself with tablets. She, out of all of them, had collapsed at the grave, and the distinction buoyed her. Laura had taken Malcolm and gone home; Ralph was to follow Sunday night. May watched their preparations and listened to their plans with tightening throat. It seemed that the stiffness her body had assumed this past week would never go out of it. She was stiffened against papa's loneliness, against the calculating glances of all of them.

"Well, May"—Ralph's hand was on her shoulder for a moment in the kitchen—"we'll get the children out of the way this afternoon, and you persuade papa to take his nap upstairs. Things"—he squeezed her shoulder with heavy playfulness—"have got to be talked over here."

Doll's Hubert drove the children into Makepeace to Sunday school in the flivver. The men hung around the dining room after dinner, waiting restlessly for the dishes to be washed. Bert and Loretta had low-toned asides with each other.

Ralph presided at the meeting. "Is papa asleep, May?" He inclined his head in her direction.

"Yes," she said. She was in mamma's chair again, feeling rather than seeing the family about her. Bert swinging his watch chain, his eyes brushing her uncomfortably. "Old May." Emma sitting erect on the edge of her chair, sentinel-like. Doll did not quite achieve a sitting position on the couch. She had had an attack that morning; papa's cushions were heaped at her back. Loretta tapped with the tip of her pretty slipper and looked now and then at her wrist watch.

"Well, May," Ralph said delicately, clearing his throat, "and all of you," he added. "Has"—he wavered from his easy pose for a moment—"has anyone any suggestion to make about papa?"

There was a silence. Emma broke it, tight-lipped. "It's a problem," she said.

"Everyone knows how we're fixed," Bert said, shaking his head ruefully. "Crowded, and the way rents are just now ——"

"If I were stronger ——" Doll's still creamy brow knit, and she sat erect with a weary effort. "Harry, do you think ——" She appealed to her husband.

"Now, Doll, I can't allow you to," he said firmly. "I'm sure the rest of you will understand. You've no idea ——" He addressed them seriously. "Three children —— The burden on Doll —— The way her health is just now ——" All his sentences trailed into a regretful shaking of his head.

Gus became conscious of Emma's eyes upon him. "It seems to me," he began miserably, his eyes avoiding May, "that papa wouldn't be rightly contented away from the farm."

"Exactly" Ralph's smooth brown head swung. "Exactly," he repeated reflectively. "That's what I've been afraid of."

"It would be a sin and a shame to move him at his age." Emma stirred. "A man as old as papa is. Gus and I, we'd love to have him. If only —— I have so much. He wouldn't be contented, either, I'm afraid. Five noisy children. If only"—she, too, looked carefully away from May—"some way could be found that wouldn't mean tearing him away from his home. That would be cruelty." She looked around at them. They must agree with her on that.

"Harry couldn't leave his business." Doll sat up again, wide-eyed, in a sudden rush of energy. It seemed to have dawned upon her for the first time that it was possible someone might suggest that she, Doll, be responsible for papa.

"Nor Gus," Emma said tartly.

"Nor Bert, of course."

"I'm sure ——"

"We certainly ——"

"Papa never ——"

"Wait, wait." Ralph spread his hands and made soft hushing sounds. "Let me talk," he implored. "First of all ——" He talked. He was sure that the thing they all wanted to consider was not themselves, he said, but papa's happiness. They all wanted to do the best thing for papa. Of course he and the boys had their responsibilities, and Doll had hers. But they weren't going to consider themselves. Put all that aside, Ralph said sweepingly. He wished, he said, that he and Laura could have papa with them. He wished he thought papa could be happy there. Of course, Malcolm's health was going to make it necessary that Laura and he spend the severe winter months in the South after this year. It would be unsettling for papa.

Ralph's voice rose and fell. They all listened; Bert stirring occasionally; Doll smoothing her still white hands. Doll's health, Ralph went on—they all knew what Doll's health was. Emma had too much as it was.

"Hester," Emma breathed here. All of them knew that Emma's crippled child was far less trouble than any one of her other four, but Emma never admitted it. Hester was her cross.

Bert and Loretta—Ralph shook his head. He couldn't picture papa in a cramped city apartment. Could any of them? In short —— He wiped his face carefully with a silk handkerchief. Well, he was going to ask May what she thought of a plan he had. She was the oldest and papa depended on her. In short, would May be willing to stay on here at the farm with papa? "Wait, wait." Ralph's hands came up again. There was something else. His manner became tinged with benignity. He was going to ask them all—all the brothers

(Continued on Page 50)

America's famous football coaches and officials line up for Postum

"For fifteen years Postum has held an important place in the training diet of my teams. And not merely because it is my favorite mealtime drink. Steady nerves are a first requirement in football, and Postum is one hot drink that does not irritate the nerves. It never interferes with sound sleep either. In short, Postum keeps my men steady, happy and efficient on and off the field."

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"My work as an official in football games has brought me into contact with teams in every part of the country and has enabled me to observe closely the effects of various training diets. From this observation, I am convinced that Postum is the ideal training drink. I use it myself, and am glad to see so many teams using it."

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"One of my first coaching problems was to find a hot drink for my men. Drinks containing caffein wouldn't do—their effect on sleep and nerves was bad for both physical and mental condition. I tried Postum made with milk and have used it ever since—in my own home as well as at the training table. It's a great drink!"

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(Continued from Page 48)

and sisters—if they wouldn't be willing to sign over to May their share in the estate. He called it an estate, avoiding May's eyes. He was going to suggest that they sign over to her if she would consent to stay here with papa during the time he would be spared to them.

"It will be the best thing for papa," he ended. "We all inherit equally, of course," he said. "I move we all sign over to May."

"Yes." They stirred and relaxed.

"Yes."

"Sure."

"Sure thing." Gus' voice was hearty.

"Well, May ——" Ralph looked at her.

Into the silence the tapping of papa's cane came. Papa was awake. She moved to go to him. "May," he called—"May."

"What do you think, May?" Ralph pressed. He moved in front of her, but she walked around him to the stair door.

Papa had got himself to a sitting position on the side of the bed. His stockinged feet were on the floor.

"My papers, May," he said petulantly. "Somebody's been at my papers."

"Now, papa," she soothed. "You've had a dream, I guess."

But he wouldn't be satisfied and May had to get the tin box with the lock down from the closet shelf and give it to him. His blue-veined old hands closed on it and she stood for a moment absorbed in their shaking.

The long procession of her days passed, papa's hands in them always. Tired, soiled, putting out the lantern on nights he'd come in from tending the stock. Gnarled, helpless, the night a colt had died. Hardened with calluses at the end of a summer. Clasped on the cloth for the blessing before meals. When she was a little girl papa had liked to push the bang back from her forehead. "Lass," he'd called her.

"Now, papa"—she took the box and set it on the bed table—"I'll put it right here. You sleep some more and when you wake up we'll go over your papers."

She tucked the covers about him gently and went down the narrow closed stairs slowly, each step seeming to be taking her farther down into the waters of resignation. She fastened the old-fashioned latched stair door carefully and faced the question in their eyes.

"Yes," she said, "I'm staying on here with papa, of course." She pushed her hair back from a face which was white but at peace. "I'll give up my school."

The roads were bad after dark, they'd decided. Harry drove two flivver loads of the Gus Tappans down to the 4:10 train in Makepeace. He then set out for home with Doll and the three children; Doll whimpering and red-eyed again now.

"It doesn't seem possible we'll never come back to find mamma here," she said.

Loretta and Bert went in the smart little coupé. They'd have dinner in a restaurant at home about seven, Bert had promised Loretta. She must be all tired out. He was tender with her.

May watched them go, felt silence fold the little house in. She lighted a lamp and began setting the table for two in the kitchen. Papa liked to eat about five. He'd got up from his nap to bid the others good-by and had watched them from the window, a succession of cars disappearing down the lane into the descending dusk.

"All gone, May." He limped into the kitchen philosophically, his mild, near-sighted eyes peering for her. "Nobody left now but you and me, hey?" He patted her shoulder, and suddenly she was a little girl again and he was her father. Yes, there would be moments like this. "You said we was going to go over my papers before supper," he reminded her craftily, and something of the anticipation of a small boy promised a treat came into his eyes. "Guess you forgot, May?"

"No, papa. There'll be time while the potatoes boil." She turned the wick of the oil stove down under the potatoes boiling in their skins and went up into the little bedroom for the tin box.

"You read them to me," he commanded. She read. Deeds, birth certificates, baptismal certificates. Two little black-edged memorial cards—one for Jane Tappan, aged three months, and one for Louisa Tappan, aged two years—mamma's little girls who had died. A yellowed marriage certificate—Charles Tappan and Louisa Ann Mercer—papa and mamma. May came to the will. It was short.

"You've changed it, papa?" She put the paper down and looked at him. The new will left the farm to her. "The land and all income accruing from the land ——"

"Yes." He nodded. "If mamma or I went we wanted the one who stayed on here with the other to have the farm. You read that other paper, May. There—the new one." May picked up the paper he indicated. Papa had known she was going to stay here with him then. Well, after all, hadn't she known it too? "You read that other paper."

He stirred. Subdued excitement was in his eyes.

May read. Odd phrases. Strange sentences. They swam under her bewildered eyes. "—— do hereby contract to lease from Charles Tappan, upon the death of Louisa Tappan, his wife, that section of land known as the Tappan homestead, for a period of ten years, with sole right to work the lode of cement rock underlying said homestead. The sum of ten thousand dollars to be paid the owner at the time operations begin. The owner to be guaranteed five cents on each barrel of cement." The paper fell from May's fingers. They were helpless, upcurled on it. The long silence in the kitchen was broken by the sizzling sound of coffee boiling over.

"Papa, does that mean ——" May came back to the table after turning the flame down—"does it mean the rock pasture is cement rock?"

"I reckon it does. I reckon it does, lass." He rubbed the polished bare head of his cane.

"It's worth all that money?" She sat in a stupor.

"Well, set the supper up, lass." He recalled her at length with a short chuckle. May poured their coffee into mamma's old dark-blue cups. She lifted the potatoes and the creamed dried beef. They had piccalilli and tomato preserve.

"That's the biggest see-ment company in the country," papa said importantly. "The fellow came back here three summers." He tucked his napkin in with work-worn old fingers that were none too steady. "Mamma didn't want to have anything to do with him. She wouldn't let me talk to him, hardly. I hadn't give her much of a home, but she wanted it the way it was, seemed like." His old eyes, neglecting to focus, looked inward for a moment. "So he wanted me to make up this contract thing against she should die." He looked back to May. "I didn't like to think about it, but—well, I got Lawyer Jennings out one day."

May came slowly out of her trance. Her voice was tremulous. "You—you wouldn't want to move away from here, though, papa," she remembered.

"Well, now —— You fix my potato, May, will you? Lots of butter. I never did like farming, lass." He lowered his voice as though afraid that the old walls would hear this heresy. "I—I sort of reckon we'll be rich, May," he said. "We're goin' to leave here and go anywheres you say. We'll fix things up pretty nice for ourselves. In a town, I thought." He offered this with tentative wistfulness. "I always thought I'd like to live in a town—tobacco stores handy and all. I seen moving-picture shows a couple of times down at Gus' too. It would be nice if we could live near to one of them, May—near to a moving-picture theater and a tobacco store. But anywheres you say," he added hastily. "Anywheres you want, May."

Anywhere she wanted. May gripped the table edge. "I," she began—"I ——"

"Near maybe to a university or a normal school, hey?" He looked at her inquiringly. "No reason you shouldn't take that course now you've always been so set on. . . . Now—now, lass"—he reached over and patted her shoulder—"no more cryin'. Mamma's gone, you know. We can't bring her back. She'd want us to have things just the way we want them, mamma would."

KEEPING THE FATHER OF WATERS IN THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH

(Continued from Page 11)

and which man must in part restore. Unless we provide safety valves at points of our own choosing, then the river bursts out at far more destructive points.

The plain fact is that in the past half century Father has been robbed of so much land that insufficient room is left for his superfloods to pass. Man has planted Father's ancient playground with cotton, corn and cane. Here man has built homes, schoolhouses, churches. Reclaimed swamps are crisscrossed by modern highways. Locomotives whistle where old Bruin used to growl, where alligators sunned themselves in the mud, and moccasins swam unmolested. But never forget that American sweat and blood wrested this jungle from barbarism and established a civilization which we refuse to surrender.

A stubborn race like ours hates to retreat from territory that it has fought for and conquered, though many of us admit that we have plundered too much space from the river. There must be a compromise between man and the Mississippi. We must give back a little to save the balance, just as that wise old beaver bit off his tail to save his hide.

Before we got such an illuminating jolt and revised our notions, river folks pinned their faith to levees only, building ridges high enough and strong enough to curb the Mississippi within definite bounds—as we hoped. But loftier embankments meant climbing flood crests, by reason of confining the waters, until our levee system becomes inadequate to carry such floods as are now predicted. The clearing of more and more lands above us, with a scientific perfection of drainage, tends to throw water more rapidly into the channel. So that with the same amount of rainfall as before, we must expect still greater floods.

Along the river's edge lie certain lowlands, natural basins for the stoppage and storage of water, like the St. Francis Basin and the mouth of the Yazoo. Many of these—too many—have been closed, adding their contents to a full channel when the levees cannot hold another foot. Neither can the levees be lifted many more feet.

There comes a limit to the height of levee building—a limit that we have pretty nearly reached. These ridges are made of soft earth and rest upon soft earth, oftentimes crossing treacherous sloughs and hidden sand bars which the river has deposited, filled over and concealed. If we keep piling up more weight and more weight upon these mushy foundations, some of them must ultimately sink. Once in a while a levee sinks now, sinks and shrinks to the point of peril.

Attacked From Below

Another danger: Water at flood height stacks up against an embankment with terrific pressure that searches out every crack and crevice underneath. Presently it finds a stratum of rotten vegetation and seeps through. The enlarging trickle and consequent erosion start a subterranean stream, widen an underground outlet that bursts upward as a spouting geyser behind the levee. Unless this sand boil be stopped at once, the strongest embankment will crumble and collapse from below. It falls like a house of cards, and there's your crevasse.

Imagine, for sake of violent illustration, that we construct our levees twenty feet higher than at present. Imagine that for a generation they stand impregnable, a Gibraltar defying every superflood, until valley dwellers are lulled into slumbrous security and cease to dread an overflow, just as they have long since dismissed all fear of yellow-fever epidemics.

Two decades of sheltered prosperity have quadrupled the population of our miraculously fertile delta. Swollen cities have grown up with the whir of spindle and the hum of looms; manufacturing enterprises develop. Congested hives of men toil and sleep behind the levees, utterly unafraid of menacing waters that hang thirty feet above their heads.

And then one night a sand boil. Their embankment blows out from below, unexpectedly as a tire blows out. An inconceivable deluge overwhelms them and the tragedy appalls mankind.

This is no fanciful nightmare conjured up to frighten babies, but a consequence that in the course of years may almost be counted upon to happen somewhere.

For these and other reasons our levees must not be elevated to more dangerous heights. The moderate raise now planned—an average of perhaps three feet—is knowingly insufficient to hold a superflood. As a matter of fact, the crest of 1927, if the levees had not broken and let it out, would have overtopped the ridge at Arkansas City by 8.5 feet. So if we put three additional feet on top of the levee at that point, we would still have an extra 5.5 feet of water that must be otherwise taken care of.

Among the multifarious schemes suggested was a general setback of all levees to a greater distance from the river—one to six miles—the argument being that a wider channel would carry off more water. Perfectly true.

But according to the most careful calculations a uniform setback of six miles would probably lower the superflood stages by about eight feet, which is not enough; it would cost $1,000,000,000, would consume the richest farming lands, necessitate the removal of river towns beyond reach of navigation, and result in higher levees.

The Trouble With Setbacks

Why must levees be higher? Because as you go farther back from the river the lands become lower.

All alluvial lands slope away from the streams. Along the Mississippi River this slope may be as much as five feet to the mile at some places; at other points three feet, sometimes less.

Hence, for each mile of setback we must raise our levee crest five feet, three feet, or less. The plan was not considered practicable.

Some additional carrying capacity can be gained in the channel by local setbacks; for example, just below Helena, Arkansas, and at various bottle necks where jutting levees approach too near on opposite sides of the river.

The clearing of all brushwood from banks and islands within the present levee system was also urged to make the floods run

(Continued on Page 52)

s t r a n g e r s

Every twenty-four hours six thousand of them emerge out of adolescence—light-hearted, thoughtless, gay. Tomorrow there will be another six thousand . . . and again another . . . and yet again. They know nothing of you or your product, and you know nothing of them. In the fullest sense they are strangers . . . upon whose favor future trade depends.

These six thousand strangers are brought daily into the buying market by the natural growth of the nation. Six thousand new prospects between sun and sun, with needs to fill, and many of their buying habits yet unformed. Six thousand purchasers of somebody's perfume . . . somebody's brand of food . . . somebody's car. More than two million of them every year!

To the manufacturer who intends to perpetuate his business, it is vitally necessary to make the acquaintance of these six thousand strangers . . . and the six thousands which will succeed them in endless sequence. The whole future hangs upon their friendship. He should not for a moment relax his efforts toward that end.

There is only one way for him to capture the attention and good-will of these desirable strangers. Advertising is his letter of introduction. Today he should advertise . . . and tomorrow . . . and the day after. And the fruit of this ceaseless solicitation will reveal itself in an ever-growing number of new adherents . . . an ever-firmer loyalty of the old.

This is the plain truth confronting those who do not advertise, and those who do so inconsistently: So long as the stream of life continues to flow, that battle will never end. The fortunes of trade will lie always with those youthful strangers yearly entering the market . . . two million potential buyers of your product . . . two million customers . . . two million friends.

N. W. AYER & SON, *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

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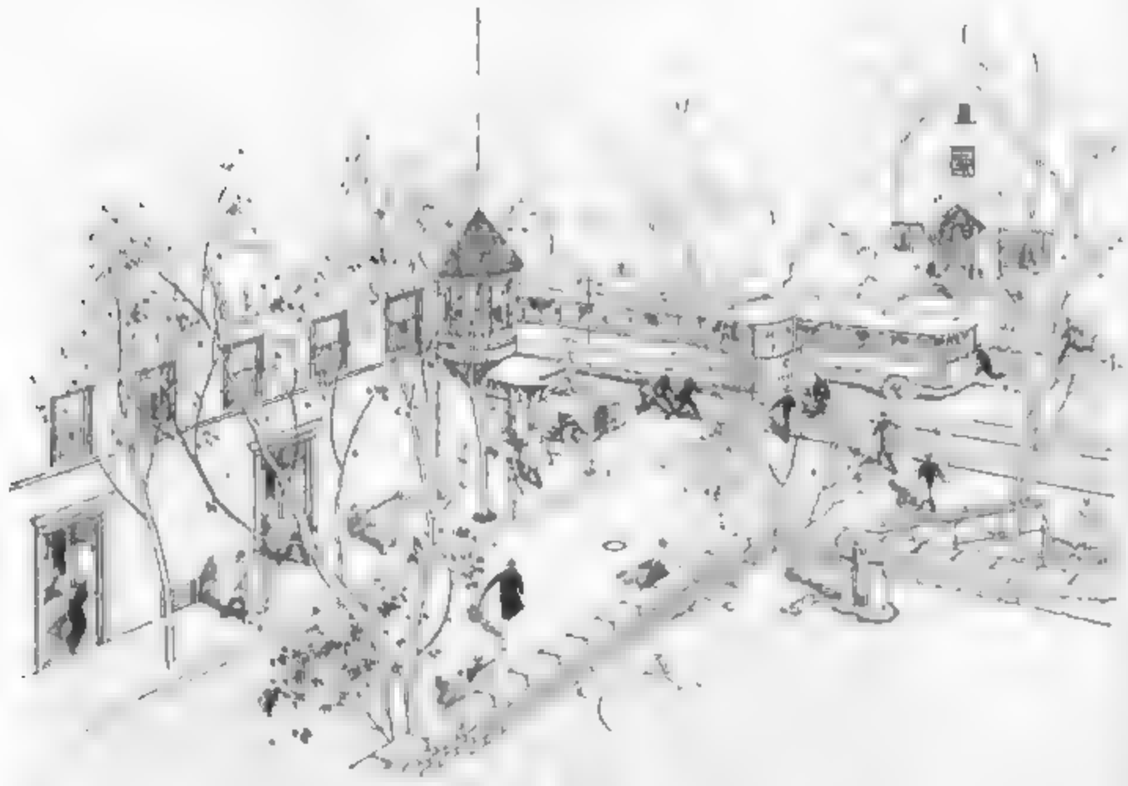
Why men leave home



. . . half fed

ALL over the country, countless front doors bang each morning behind half-fed men, emerging to tackle the day's work. They don't know they're half fed. They've had their breakfast. They may have hurried a bit, but they've had their usual breakfast.

They don't stop to think—and their wives don't stop to think—that this "usual breakfast" is an inadequate, poorly-balanced, partial-starvation kind of meal. A sufficient amount of food, perhaps, but not nearly enough well-balanced *nourishment* . . .

But a small breakfast can be a *safe* breakfast. It's merely a question of choosing foods that supply all the necessary elements of nutrition in proper quantities. That's why Grape-Nuts has taken its place on millions of American breakfast tables. Eaten with milk or cream, a single serving of these delicious golden kernels supplies a generous amount of balanced nourishment.

Grape-Nuts is made of wheat and malted barley. It gives to the body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. The special baking process by which Grape-Nuts is prepared makes it particularly easy to digest, and gives it its wonderfully tempting flavor—nut-like, with a delicious suggestion of malt sugar.

And then, there's the *crispness* of Grape-Nuts—a delicious crunchiness that makes you chew. Your dentist will tell you how greatly such exercise benefits your teeth and gums.

For all these benefits it can bring—put Grape-Nuts on your breakfast table. Your grocer sells it—but perhaps you would like to accept the following offer:

Two servings of Grape-Nuts and
"A Book of Better Breakfasts" . . . *free!*

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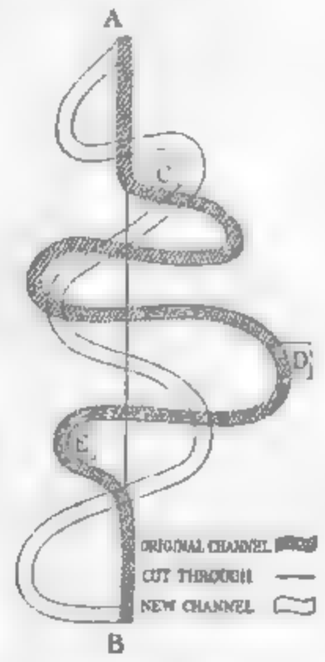
(Continued from Page 50)

off more rapidly. This work would cost about $34,000,000 the first year, with $1,500,000 annually thereafter. From the best estimates it might result in lowering flood stages by about one foot at certain points, a slight advantage which is more than counterbalanced by the peril of giving additional velocity to the water. Where currents become too swift they scour underneath and against the levees. All erosions are dangerous.

A denizen of this lower valley, if he go wandering about the world, is sure to be quizzed concerning our negro population and the Mississippi River. It may chance that he meets hydraulic engineers, experienced in dealing with other streams, and these gentlemen always insist that a straightening of the Mississippi channel will go far toward solving our problems. That's the very first thing they say.

But, however competent such men may be to handle the Rhone, the Yang-tse or the Nile, they find it a very different matter to guess at the eccentricities of Father. Father is a lawless law unto himself in Mississippi; a crook—a prenatal, incurable crook. He simply cannot go straight.

Suppose, for example, a section of his channel runs like this:



From A to B is fifty miles in a direct line, and one hundred miles as the river flows. The fall is practically four inches to the mile. Therefore the point B is thirty-three feet lower than the point A. C, D and E are towns.

Now suppose that Uncle Sam should come along with his little hatchet and cut Father's channel directly through these bends to avoid impounding water. What happens?

The banks of the Mississippi are very soft, almost like brown sugar, and the current automatically regulates itself to such speed as the banks will stand—that is to say, a fall of four inches to the mile. Immediately, however, the bends are shortened, this fall becomes eight inches to the mile instead of four inches—twice as great, the current one and a half times as swift. Here a curious fact develops: A 50 per cent acceleration of current does not add 50 per cent to its destructive erosive power that eats at the banks, but multiplies that capacity for harm by about eight times.

New Twists in the River

Now! We've got Father all straightened out, and he doesn't like it. He begins going crooked again. Soluble shores will not resist such a current, and the channel begins a readjustment. It digs in here, gouges out yonder, forms new curves and bends until it has reattained the same 100 miles from A to B. Father's altered course will soon show exactly the same distance, but the turns and twists will come at different places—as indicated by the lighter lines on the diagram.

Meanwhile 200 miles of levee have been destroyed. The town C has caved into the river. D and E are stranded miles away from any chance of getting aboard a steamboat. An entirely new levee system and protective channel work must be constructed to front a river that is not where it used to be.

Therefore, instead of straightening the bends, Uncle Sam will spend from this appropriation the better part of $100,000,000 to keep Father crooked, to keep his kinks and curlicues exactly where they are. Caving banks must be stopped, for they mean a constant moving back and changing of levee lines. All of which costs money and consumes the most valuable land. Furthermore, erosions and cut-offs deposit sand bars in the path of navigation, which must be dredged out. By various forms of revetment and bank protection, Uncle does his best to stabilize the present channel.

Where Trouble Abounds

From these few gentle hints, thrown out haphazard, a blind man may see that when Father gets full he makes a complicated job for Uncle Sam. Begin at the beginning, at the northern limit of our alluvial valley. From Cape Girardeau, Missouri, the levees will be gradually raised to two feet at Bird's Point, the head of a floodway that will be provided immediately below Cairo, Illinois, to protect that city and its 15,000 inhabitants. In this stretch of river existing levees seem to choke the channel and have a tendency to make the waters pile up.

Cairo will be inclosed by a levee rising sixty feet on the gauge. Portions of the city now lie twenty feet below this level. A maximum flood may climb to 65.5 feet if confined; but the water will not be confined, for when the stage reaches fifty-five feet it spills into this floodway and is carried off.

For that purpose a new setback levee is to be constructed from Bird's Point to New Madrid, Missouri, at an average distance of five miles from the river. The space between the new line and the old forms the floodway, seventy miles long as the river runs. The front levees remain, but are cut down five feet lower than those at the rear. So this weaker front must break while that at Cairo still holds, and the basin will restrict a superflood to fifty-nine feet on the Cairo gauge.

In 1927 the most phenomenal overflow for 200 years produced a crest at Cairo of 56.4 without mishap. An equal inundation under present handling would cause a stage of 55.5 for a short time only.

In addition to saving Cairo, this work at New Madrid renders the whole St. Francis Basin less liable to accidental crevasse. Even such lands as lie within the floodway can be cultivated through every season, except when water rises higher than the crest of 1922.

South of New Madrid the levees will be raised one foot above a superflood, except opposite the backwater areas of the St. Francis and the White.

Now we come to the middle river—and Trouble is its middle name—from the Arkansas to the Red. The Arkansas was the terror of 1927. No layman can visualize the stupendous volume of its flow if stated in terms of cubic feet a second. Into the Mississippi, already gorged beyond digestion, the Arkansas dumped another load more than three times as heavy as Niagara Falls.

Just above the Arkansas, the White River had previously donated one Niagara and a half.

These resistless reënforcements burst through our defense on the east side at Mound, Mississippi, and caused what proved perhaps the most disastrous crevasse in river history—would cause it again and again.

A prodigious mass of water must be taken care of at that point. Four and a half additional Niagaras cannot be abolished. The channel is insufficient to carry them. They have got to go somewhere, and Nature has provided the path.

As this situation has caused the most discussion, it should be clearly explained: At present the Mississippi River empties by

(Continued on Page 54)

How do you tell *real pearls* from *imitations*?

THEY look alike at a glance. But there is a real difference in value.

There are vast differences in lamps, too. Because of their quality, MAZDA Lamps *give the full value of the current consumed.* That's why the economical housewife looks for the name "MAZDA" on the bulb when buying lamps.

Always buy Edison MAZDA Lamps in the cartons of six. The carton prevents breakage and assures a convenient supply of lamps whenever sockets need refilling.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievements of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to the use of the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service.*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Menthol-iced lather cools the shave

New!
Faster!
Creamier!

Here's the new lather that banishes razor heat and friction—Mennen Menthol-iced. An even richer, creamier lather, positively cooled with a dash of peppy menthol that tingles and invigorates the skin with its bracing, tonic touch. It's a new Mennen Shaving Cream, just developed by our laboratories. Quicker in action. Creamier consistency. Greater water holding capacity. A fast worker, too. Dermutation is speeded up, going into action instantly, softening the beard quicker than ever. More, cooler, smoother shaves per blade.

Dermutation, exclusively a Mennen process, softens the horny stiffening in the beard so the razor shaves square and close to the face. Dermutation levels the tiny skin mounds around the hairs, smoothing the way for the razor. No pulling. No nicking. No scraping or flaying. No rawness. Nothing in Mennen to smart or burn. Works in hard, cold water, too.

Revel in the tonic, bracing coolness of Mennen Menthol-iced lather. Ask your druggist for the new Mennen Shaving Cream, Menthol-iced (in the orange-striped carton). Also without menthol in the well-known green-striped carton. Either tube . . 50c.

Your shave is only as good as your lather

MENNEN

the *dermutized* shave

Mennen Talcum for Men

More men daily are getting additional comfort in their shaves by finishing off with a dash of Mennen Talcum for Men. Tones down that after-shave glitter. Neutral tinted, doesn't show. Feels good. 25c a tin. Also in stick form—50c.

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three separate mouths into the Gulf of Mexico, extending a mud bank at the rate of one mile for each twenty-one years. Ten, twelve, twenty centuries ago the same process was going on at what is now the southeast corner of Arkansas. There the Mississippi possibly discharged a portion of its water to the westward, then encroached farther south and abandoned that channel. Whether this be true or not, an irregular basin still exists, known as Bœuf River Basin, the Tensas Basin and the Atchafalaya. Smother the A and pronounce as "Chafferliar!" Below the Red River this runs into a chain of lakes and the well-defined Atchafalaya River, which debouches into the Gulf about ninety miles west of New Orleans. This depression is practically continuous from the mouth of the Arkansas, and once a drop of water escapes from the Mississippi, it never gets back again.

So it happens that near the mouth of the Arkansas the bane and the antidote seem to coincide. Here are the highest floods and here is the natural outlet. It has always been the natural outlet. Prior to 1921, whenever the Mississippi swelled beyond fifty-one feet on the Arkansas City gauge, it automatically relieved the pressure by discharging at this point through Cypress Creek. The surplus went into a small stream called Bœuf River, which parallels the main stream at from five to fifty miles.

Up to seven years ago this was the routine of every overflow—just as regular as ducks going barefooted—fifty-one feet at Arkansas City, a discharge through Cypress Creek, down the Bœuf, out by the mouth of the Atchafalaya. Bœuf River Basin necessarily went under because that territory is part of the high-water bed of the Mississippi, and when Father breaks out of jail he infallibly goes home.

All of which, remember, was before 1921, when Cypress Creek was closed by a levee which diverted the water from Bœuf River and added to the excessive load already carried by the main channel.

Under the spotlight of recent catastrophes and a most intensive study, engineers are practically unanimous that Cypress Creek must be reopened—not, however, as it was before. This becomes absolutely essential, or no degree of safety can be afforded to anybody anywhere.

Without drawing off the surplus, our levees will surely break in times of superflood. Then a hysterical population must again and again go through with the same frenzy of fighting the overflow, must suffer the same agonies of suspense, and wonder where the crevasses will come, who will be ruined. Depend upon it, those crevasses will come at unexpected points, perhaps in front of thickly populated communities, with the inevitable loss of life and property. And because of higher levees, a higher head of water, the losses must be far, far greater.

A Fuse Plug for Floods

If the levees will not hold a superflood, if the waters must get out, it seems the part of wisdom to discharge a portion of them where an overflow does the least harm—into a prepared basin from which those waters never return to the Mississippi.

To secure a timely discharge of the Mississippi through Cypress Creek, that levee will remain at its present height of 60.5 feet, while those that flank it on either side are raised three feet. This is the fuse-plug levee, so named because its relatively weaker section is supposed to blow out like a safety valve and let off excess which the leveed channel below will not carry. The protection now enjoyed by lands that lie within the floodway itself is not reduced. No flood can overtop this fuse plug until it becomes so high that the main channel must find an outlet. The high water of 1927, for example, if confined, would have overwhelmed the fuse plug by 8.5 feet and gone down Bœuf River anyhow. In other words, Uncle is not doing this because he loves it, but because he simply cannot help himself. Whenever it rains in France, the people just let it rain. For that same reason Uncle lets water go down Bœuf River.

We hear much argument concerning the height of this fuse plug, 60.5, as against the proposed masonry spillway with a fixed level of 54.5—six feet below the height of the fuse plug. It is insisted that at 60.5, unless the fuse plug blows out with a rush, the Vicksburg sea wall may be endangered; 60.5 feet at Arkansas City means fifty-eight on the Vicksburg gauge, about a foot below what our wall successfully withstood in 1927.

From an innocent bystander's point of view, we imagine that Uncle Sam may have considered certain facts in fixing that level. If a masonry spillway were used, over which waters poured at 54.5, then the Bœuf River Basin must be frequently submerged during seasons when it would be kept dry by a fuse plug at 60.5. Oftentimes a difference of six feet in levee crest means a difference to the farmer of crop or no crop.

Quieting Fears of the Unknown

On the other hand, over a lower spillway the water flows sooner; but it also stops flowing when the river falls below 54.5. Though the fuse plug protects Bœuf River up to 60.5, once that plug breaks it carries down much more water, which remains for a longer period on the land. For the fuse plug will not cease flowing until Father returns to his banks, somewhere around forty-two feet. Under our system of government there must be a supreme authority to make decisions, to weigh profits against losses, and Uncle Sam has chosen the fuse plug.

In all that territory just below the fuse plug, farmers are getting pretty anxious. A dread of the Unknown oppresses them. They talk—which is perfectly proper, for this good old U. S. A. guarantees our freedom of speech. One of their citizens examines a flood-control map and picks out a tiny spot—his spot. Then he supports the plan or fights it, according to whether it lowers or raises the level of his own frog pond. Perfectly proper again, because the sum total of private interests becomes the soundest public policy.

Some of the Bœuf River people say this and some say that—that their country will be devastated; that Monroe, Louisiana, a thriving city, will go fifteen feet under water; that torrents rushing down the floodway will drown every living creature; that the inhabitants are not given a gambler's chance to save themselves.

Lots of folks were frankly scared, so Uncle Sam wrote a letter and told them:

The plan proposes protection works to guard against a superflood. It does not produce any extra water, neither does it turn out of the river any water that has not always left the main river, and that will not go out anyway if a superflood occurs. In fact, the main river is to be prepared to carry more water than ever before, and excess water will be directed and restrained to places where it does the least damage.

Neither the gas nor timber interests will be seriously affected by overflow once in twelve years. The backwater area has always been subject to overflow, and will continue to be, regardless of a floodway. Levees on the Arkansas River up to Pine Bluff are to be so raised and strengthened as to reduce to a minimum any hazard from a break in this section. Guide levees for the Bœuf floodway will be about 163 miles in length, and follow more or less the general confines of the basin. In extreme floods, water heights will rise in the floodway just as they now rise in the main river, but the levees will protect against any stage that may come. The plan contemplates protecting Monroe, Louisiana, completely from Mississippi water. Water is going to get out of the Mississippi anyhow, as it always has in great floods of the past. Our problem is to restrict it to the smallest area and give 100 per cent protection to as much of the delta as possible. In places where the plan is only able to furnish 90 or 95 per cent protection—that is, to protect in eleven years out of twelve, or fourteen years out of fifteen—it still leaves as much protection as the people now enjoy.

A pacifying assurance from Uncle Sam. Yet, even without asking the Wise Guy, any newborn calf in the Bœuf family has enough gumption to reach a few conclusions for

(Continued on Page 56)

Fittings by TERNSTEDT

THE "HALLMARK" OF SUPERIOR AUTOMOBILE BODY EQUIPMENT

Glowing lights . . . gleaming silver . . . luxury . . . refinement . . . in your home . . . and in your motor car. The silver that graces your table is no finer expression of the silversmith's art than the Fittings by Ternstedt which enrich your modern automobile. Into the production of each goes the same specialized talent . . . the originality of design . . . the delicacy of workmanship . . . the enduring beauty . . . that the touch of the master craftsman alone can impart.

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MANUFACTURING COMPANY

World's Largest Manufacturers of Automobile Body Hardware

DETROIT U. S. A.

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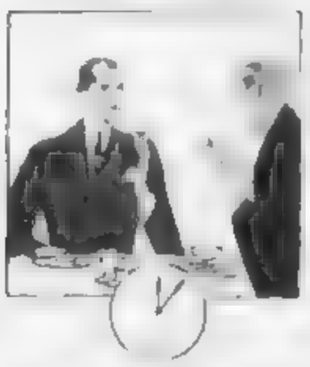
YOU may never have occasion to try the experiment. But if you're traveling light or pressed for time--a single suit will carry you through all your engagements, business or social, during the day and evening--if it's the right suit.



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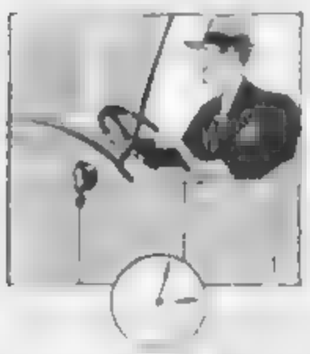

Middishade means blue suits only--plain blue, stripe, unfinished and basket-weave--models for every taste and figure. Tailored by "Sergical specialists--operating on blue suits only"--that's why the price is so reasonable.

If you don't know the name of the nearest Middishade clothier--we'll be glad to tell you. The Middishade Co., Inc., Philadelphia.

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MIDDISHADE
The *specialized* blue suit

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himself. He knows that when the fuse plug breaks, a monstrous wall of water will not come rolling down the floodway. Crevasses never act like that. At first, of course, there's a terrific inrush, which soon strikes the flat lands, loses velocity, and spreads.

Anybody can make this experiment: Lay a fire hose at half pressure in the middle of a baseball diamond. The diamond slopes gently in one direction. Water gushes from the nozzle, tears up dirt and forms sand bars, then diffuses itself in shallows. Every crevasse does exactly the same thing on a far greater scale. Along the Bœuf floodway conditions are somewhat different—how different in effect nobody can precisely foretell—because here the water's lateral diffusion will be restricted by guide levees and held within a channel from ten to twenty miles wide. However, we cannot expect such whirlpools and maelstroms as tourists gape at in the gorge below Niagara.

Inhabitants will have plenty of time to move. And they know where to go for safety. Even if a man were caught unawares in the middle of the floodway, he could not be out of walking distance from an Ararat. But nobody need be caught. The country is full of newspapers, post offices, telephones. Word of mouth, by grapevine telegraph, can outrun the world's champion flood.

These Mississippi overflows do not bob up in one minute, like mountain freshets, or when a huge dam bursts. General inundations are more or less expected for months, and farmers watch the river gauges as an office boy watches the clock. Neighbors discuss the weather. They know that their fuse plug will break at 60.5. Arkansas City gauge now stands at forty. Within banks. No danger. Next week, fifty. Safe yet. Fifty-five, rainstorms, a rising Ohio and Missouri. Looks bad. "Son, keep track of where the cows are pasturing." Fifty-nine. Big water reported at Cairo, the barometer of the river. It's coming down. All hands alert. Sixty at Arkansas City. Sixty and a half. Bang! A thousand telephones broadcast the fact that Cypress Creek has gone out. Farmers now have several days, some of them as much as two weeks, to make themselves snug.

The harrowing element of suspense is largely removed. In 1927, though every child realized that our levees must break, no seventh son of a seventh son could prophesy where crevasses might occur. People took a chance. Waited until too late. And some were drowned. Now their guesswork is narrowed and a bad condition simplified. Future waters from Cypress Creek through the Atchafalaya will follow a foreordained course, unless Father knocks every precaution into a cocked hat.

The New Orleans Wall

The Army flood-control map shows what is to be done in the tangled Atchafalaya-Red section, which cannot be intelligently described to a nonresident. Morgan City, Melville and Simmesport will be inclosed, wholly or partly, by levees.

New Orleans. At all hazards the second seaport of the United States must be made secure. A crevasse here during superflood, to say nothing of human lives by the thousands, would cost many times the millions being spent on prevention.

According to expert opinion, the safety of New Orleans can be accomplished against any possible water. An outlet at Cypress Creek is the first step. Next, twenty-five miles above the city, more surplus water will be shunted through Bonnet Carre spillway into Lake Pontchartrain, which communicates with the Gulf.

The Bonnet Carre outlet is so designed as to afford perfect control of the discharge. Whenever a flood reaches twenty feet at New Orleans, these sluices will be opened, taking off sufficient water to prevent the crest from mounting above twenty as it passes the Creole City. Past records indicate that about once in five years it may be necessary to open the spillway. By this frequency of use the deposit of silt in Lake Pontchartrain may average one-thirty-second of an inch per annum.

Local taxation has built magnificent levees on the New Orleans front, so high, so wide, with such flat slopes that there can be no danger except from superfloods actually running over them and causing the banks to cave—or erosions from underneath. Revetments guard against these erosions, and as a further precaution the emergency spillway into Lake Borgne at Caernarvon will be kept closed. Caernarvon lies about eleven miles below; to draw off excess water at that point speeds the current at New Orleans and adds to the peril of caving banks.

From a point some seventy-five miles south of New Orleans to the head of the alluvial valley, every embankment will be strengthened beyond the possibility of saturation. In 1927 water stood against these ridges for 156 days. They became soaked, sobby, trembled beneath the tread of a man. Now, while being moderately raised, the levees will also be thickened, so that seepage does not trickle through. Part of the embankment must remain dry and firm.

Damages and Benefits

Everybody is talking about river conditions, and occasionally one hears the remark: "We were better off without any levees." True, as far as it goes. The man who says that probably owns land in the narrow strip of backwater area on the east bank of the Mississippi between Cairo and Memphis, or a similar strip between Vicksburg and Baton Rouge. These acres crouch at the foot of the hills, and are insufficient in extent to justify the cost of protection. Formerly they were overflowed every season, but as a rule the water went off in time to produce a crop. Levees have now raised the flood levels and these lands are greatly damaged.

This hardship also applies to large areas at the mouths of tributary rivers, the St. Francis, White, Yazoo, Red, which always went under, but not to the same depth as at present, nor were the plantations covered for as long a period. Many of them have been abandoned.

The act of Congress authorizing flood control emphasizes the fact that no liability for damage shall rest upon the United States; yet, if it be found impracticable at any point along the Mississippi to construct levees, and lands are subjected to overflow and damage which are not now overflowed or damaged, then the Government may acquire either the absolute ownership of such lands or floodage rights.

Again, in Section 4:

> The United States shall provide flowage rights for additional destructive flood waters that will pass by reason of diversions from the main channel of the Mississippi River: Provided, that in all cases where the execution of the flood-control plan results in benefits to property, such benefits shall be taken into consideration by way of reducing the amount of compensation to be paid.

No betterment of such colossal magnitude can be shoved through without discommoding somebody. The march of progress always treads on somebody's sore toe. Ox drivers objected mightily to the railroads, because steam cars would put them out of business. Philanthropists protested against newfangled sewing machines that would snatch bread from the mouths of poor women who toiled with their needles. Automobiles forced livery men to convert their stables into garages. When the Roman roads were built through Gaul—built on air lines and ignoring the location of influential persons—it's a cinch bet that Col. C. J. Cæsar opposed the issuance of bonds for a highway that didn't pass in front of his filling station.

Then the readjustments: The ox driver got a better job as section boss; the sewing girl made more money with her machine; the livery man mopped up in the wrecker business; while Colonel Cæsar moved over to the Scenic Highway and sold forty times as much gas.

With these new
"Dreadnoughts *of the* Rails"

Wooden coaches go the way of wooden ships . . . the Pennsylvania provides complete steel equipment for safer and more comfortable coach travel.

TRAINS for a hundred cities whir down the singing rails—and every train from stem to stern of solid steel!

That will soon be the rule on the Pennsylvania — the first railroad to attain this goal.

Before the end of this year — upon delivery of an additional 320 new improved all-steel passenger cars — the Pennsylvania will eliminate completely all wooden coaches from all regular steam runs.*

$100,000,000 has been involved in the making of this immense fleet of all-steel passenger equipment train cars. At the end of this year these cars will number one-fifth of all the steel passenger cars in use in the United States.

These new *"Dreadnoughts of the Rails"* represent a distinct step forward in providing safer and more comfortable coach travel.

One-sixth of all railroad passengers in the United States travel on the Pennsylvania Railroad. To transport them, the Pennsylvania operates 3800 passenger trains daily, limited and local. Seventy-three percent of these passengers travel in the Pennsylvania's coaches.

*A few wooden coaches of the wide-vestibule type will be kept on hand for emergency service until they, too, are replaced.

SIX SPECIAL FEATURES

that add comfort in the latest Pennsylvania all-steel coaches:

Roller-bearings eliminate the jars and jolts of starting and, by doing away with "hot-boxes," minimize the risk of delays.

A scientifically designed system of ventilation insures a continuous flow of fresh air, at properly moderated temperatures, at all times.

High-backed seats give unusual comfort.

The most modern reflected lighting floods the cars with abundant steady illumination.

Pleasingly large washrooms are fitted with gleaming basins and mirrors, soap and towel vendors, and comfortable plush seats.

A new, attractive style of decoration gives light, bright ivory ceilings—fawn colored walls with brown trimmings—aisle stripe of deep green.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

By this seal

From coast to coast twenty thousand Ætna representatives are ready and able to assist you in time of need.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company • The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company • The Automobile Insurance Company • The Standard Fire Insurance Company • of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonding Protection.

ÆTNA-IZE

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

THE SINGAPORE KID

(Continued from Page 13)

"Say," I said, down in our cabin, "you better drag yourself out of this, kid. Come on up with me and play shuffleboard."

"No," said he.

"You want to play cards?"

"No."

"How about going swimming?"

"No."

I gave up. Then I found out that, about half the time, Charley was drowning his troubles in the good old reliable trouble-drowner that would be all right if it didn't drown the owner as well. I looked, but strangely enough I couldn't find where he kept it. Not once did I catch him in the act, and thorough search of our cabin revealed nothing but a jar of hair-slick, yet as the days sped and the Orient approached, Charley continued his stony-faced strollings.

"This boy," I explained to Skipper Lurry, "is the victim of repressed emotions. He bottles everything up, and so produces auto-intoxication, as doctors will inform you. Therefore the real personality of Charley Church never emerges."

The skipper grunted. He is a two-fisted commander who fought his way to the top of the trade and for nine years was never without a black eye.

"You sell heels, don't you?" he asked

"I try to."

"Well, stick to heels and quit fussing about this yellow mutt."

"You are wrong, captain," I said, but he merely swore at me, after the manner of sea captains.

We now rapidly approached the shores of Asia, where I thought I might sell a few rubber heels to the benighted flat-feet. Mary's mother steadily grew harder to look at and listen to, and the passengers were open in their sympathy, referring to the daughter as the "poor child." Singapore was somewhere down the line, and here was Charley Church getting ready all wrong for a five-year shift with his oil company. I had one of my brilliant flashes at dinner one evening and later strolled up to Mary as she stood alone in the moonlight. She was leaning against the rail, staring down at the sea.

"Good evening, Miss Carter," I said, assuming the easy nonchalance of an old friend, which I was not.

"Good evening," said she.

"Nice evening." She admitted it. "What do you think about this here Charley Church?" I asked boldly, looking at her hard.

She turned slowly and walked away, saying as she left, "I do not care to discuss Mr. Church with you."

I rather expected it, at that, and was glad to hear it. It proved to my simple mind that Mary thought a good deal of Charley, because if he meant nothing to her, would she have answered like that? No.

Without further delay I walked into the skipper's quarters and propounded to him a question.

"How about getting married on this steamboat?" I asked.

"How about who getting married?"

"Charley Church and the Carter girl." The skipper shook his head. "Wait a minute. Charley is going to the dogs, or starting to, because of what happened on this ship, which makes you accountable in a way. He's crazy about Mary Carter. And you know yourself about her old lady. Why wouldn't it be a good deed to marry the two before we reach Singapore?"

"Listen!" returned the captain, a blunt man. "I can marry anybody who can stand up and say yes. But I wouldn't marry that so-and-so to any girl, white or yellow."

"One moment," I said, and I pointed out further details, all more or less unconvincing.

"Horse feathers!" commented the commander of the ship. "I don't believe the girl even likes him. If he wants to drink himself to death he has my permission. There will be no marriage while I am parson."

When we landed at Shanghai for a visit in that famous Pearl of the Orient, the situation was unchanged. Charley was still walking about slowly, saying nothing.

"You come along with me," I told him as the steamer pulled up to her pier. "You need a slice of life and this is the finest slicing station in the world."

"I thought I would just stay on board," he said.

"Stay on a boat, with Shanghai across the river? You put on your hat and come along with uncle."

He finally consented to go, although he was far down in the doldrums. Everyone was going. The ship seethed with gay activity. Parties were being made up and a grand time was planned. Mary Carter appeared in a new dress and went ashore with a young lad from Chicago who announced he was going to take in all the night clubs in one visit. It was therefore a friendly act for me to drag the boy off the ship.

"Where are you going?" demanded the skipper as we were leaving.

"I am about to sell a few million gross of rubber heels," I stated, "and also do a Christian deed if I have my usual luck."

His nibs grunted and glanced at Charley, who was following me down the plank, looking like a stone Buddha.

"I also expect to prove," I said in parting, "that you may be a high-class sailor, but are away off in your judgment of human beings."

The incidents now being part of the past, I will freely admit that, when we left the steamer in the Whang Poo and started for Shanghai on a tender, I had no clear, definite plan. I had what you would call faint glimmerings, but not much can be done with faint glimmerings. We slipped steadily down the Whang Poo and nobody spoke to us—not a soul. We were outcasts. My own reputation had gone to shreds because I roomed with Charley and was regarded as a soak too. Some of the old ladies on the boat had smelled Charley and one smell is enough.

Taking my enfeebled companion by the arm, I led him across what they call the Bund, or the Main Street, of Shanghai, dodging rickshas, automobiles, street cars without any tracks and many novel forms of sudden death. We paused before a large building.

"Where we going?" Charley inquired.

"Right in here," I said, "and get us a Chinese drink."

"Good!" said Charley. So in we strolled, through the lobby of a hotel—what hotel I do not know and never shall—and entered—save the mark!—the bar. There it was in all its pristine glory. Behind it stood the white-clad bartender, diligently polishing a glass with a wet towel, just as though he had never stopped. There they stood in serried rows—the gleaming bottles with their familiar labels. The cash register had the mottled look of a bar cash register, and down at the end of the room was the usual pair of sailors shaking dice.

"Good morning, bartender," I said in a cheerful voice. "Let us have a couple of your best Chinese drinks, seeing we have just arrived from America."

Here I desire to make plain that I am not a drinking fellow myself. I am strictly opposed to all forms of spirituous beverage and hope to see the day when the entire world will drink buttermilk, but there are times when I can let down the bars, and this was one of them. We started with a couple of typical Chinese drinks, with foam running down the side of the glass, and I informed Charley about the Chinese and their national weakness, which is the stomach. I had it from the purser, a man of experience.

"Whatever you do," I said, after ordering two more Chinese drinks consisting of

(Continued on Page 60)

A SUGGESTION TO THE *Men of America*

... IN THE *INTEREST OF WOMEN*

WHEN your wife or daughter drives your car (as they often do) they have to control and handle 2000 to 5000 pounds of automobile under every variety of speed, road, traffic and weather—over bumps and ruts—through gravel, sand and mud—on slippery streets—in traffic jams—around sharp corners—and be equal always to every emergency or circumstance—at 5 or 70 miles per hour!

This is what steering really *means*—and when a man stops to think it out he naturally wants the women in his family to have the *easiest* and *safest* steering he can find...Nothing less than the best is good enough.

Men are thinking . . . and they have found in Ross Cam and Lever Steering the greater ease and perfect safety which the situation demands.

There are Ross-equipped cars in your community. Dealers have them and will be glad to have you drive one . . . Let your wife or daughter do so . . . If steering can actually be easier and safer for them, that is what you want . . . See what *they* say about Ross!

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THE MANUFACTURERS of the cars listed below appreciate the *importance* of steering and want you to have what they believe to be the *best*. Therefore, they supply Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear as standard equipment (as do also 115 manufacturers of trucks, 50 makers of buses and 9 makers of taxicabs):

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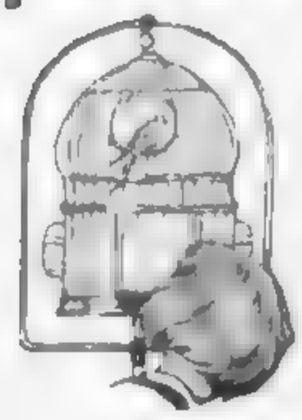
11

ROSS *Cam* AND *Lever* STEERING



A Silver-tongued Salesman Made His Grocery Store Pay

HE had always dreamed of having his own business, and he was the proudest man in town when he read his own name over a grocery store on the main street.

Trade came to him at once and he began to feel quite safe and successful. Then suddenly everything changed. The mills went on part time. Bills piled up. Credits were shaky. He wore the haunted look of the man who sees his life savings melting away.

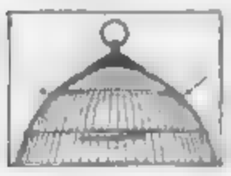
One morning an old friend came in. "When I see you," he said, "I'm reminded of an old Chinese proverb:

'Who lacks a smiling face, had better stop
And think a bit before he starts a shop!'"

"Don't razz me."

"I'm not," said his friend, "I'm going to help you. I'm bringing you a little friend of mine to help you sell. He's silver-tongued and he wears wings. Also he can't be scared by lack of trade and the only use he has for a bill is to eat with it!"

At this, he proceeded to install a little golden canary in a bright new Hendryx bird home, where he could entertain the customers when they came up to the counter.



One of the Hendryx "Nine Points of Perfection

The extra rail on the upper curve of Hendryx Bird Homes holds the wires firmly in place, preventing the bird from crowding his head through and injuring himself. This important safeguard is seldom found on ordinary cages.

The little fellow at once proved his selling ability by singing so lustily that everyone began to smile and feel more cheerful. It almost seemed as if the wee canary were predicting better times ahead with his cheery songs; for, sure enough, before long the mills started up full blast.

The grocery man soon found himself smiling again as his little shop began to take on the cheerful air of a flourishing business. "Smiles do pay in business," he thought to himself, and his feathered assistant gave a merry whistle of assent.

Always House Your Bird in a Charming Hendryx Home

In a shop or in the home you will find a bird the gayest and most amusing of companions. But look for the name "Hendryx" on the cage you buy for your bird, because The Andrew B. Hendryx Company has specialized in the building of bird homes more than half a century and has made every provision for the safety and comfort of your bird. Ask to see the newest Hendryx designs at your nearest pet shop, florist, seed shop, hardware, house-furnishings or department store.

In the Bird Store

"Look here! Look here!" trilled the Littlest Bird. "You are not trying to make an impression on that sour-looking man, are you?" asked the Wise Old Bird. "Indeed I am, and he won't be sour-looking when I've sung to him for a while. Just watch his expression change!"

HENDRYX BIRD CAGES
Since 1880

Free—"The Feathered Philosopher" tells you what a little canary taught a group of people about "life, cheerfulness, happiness and love." Illustrated in colors, it makes a charming gift for your bird-loving friends. Send names and addresses of anyone desiring a copy to The Andrew B. Hendryx Company, 82 Audubon St., New Haven, Conn.

(Continued from Page 58)

Scotch and soda, "please do not hit a Chinaman on the stomach—never do that."

"Why?" asked Charley, who had no intention of hitting anyone anywhere.

"Do not hit him on the stomach, because you will probably kill him."

"How does that come?" asked my cabin mate.

"Because the Chinks all have rice stomachs."

"What are those?"

"Well," I said, "it is a funny thing about the Chinese, and that is why China never steps out and gets anywhere as a fighting nation. All of them eat rice, especially the coolies, and rice is great stuff if you mix it up with beefsteak, fried potatoes, hot cakes, apple pie and boiled onions; but if you eat only rice and nothing else, you get a rice stomach. The Chinks all have rice stomachs, which means they have no stomach muscles to protect the delicate insides, and so when you sock one of them on his weak spot, your fist goes right on through, and the police take you down to the hoosegow on a charge of murder in the first degree."

"Very unusual," said Charley, "and interesting."

"Yes," I said, and dilated at further length, going into the subject of Chinese stomachs and the need for being careful in a fight. The two sailors came down from their end of the bar and joined us. They were off an American battleship out in the Whang Poo and corroborated my statistics, adding that they had personally destroyed a couple of unfortunate Chinks the night before. We shook hands all around and strolled out into Nanking Road, which would be Fifth Avenue if the Chinks knew anything about naming streets.

"Come on," I said, hailing a couple of coolies.

"Where do we go?" my charge inquired, being now more alive and genial than I had seen him for days.

"Let us sally forth into the byways," I returned, and we sallied. We climbed aboard the rickshas and commanded our coolies to gallop somewhere at full speed, pausing for nothing.

They did so, and they were good strong boys with muscles on their legs. I leaned back and gave myself over to the serene joy of a ride in a Shanghai ricksha, which is the same as having your spine fixed by an irritable osteopath.

We proceeded down the Bund lickety-split, with Charley leading, turned into Soochow Road and galloped freely. The shades of night were falling fast and I was shouting "Alley" to my human horse, which means in Chinese either go ahead or stop, depending upon how the coolie feels. At the exact corner of Pootoo Lane and Szechuen Road, Providence stepped in and provided a perfect bit of work. We collided.

A strange ricksha came bounding out of Pootoo Lane and deliberately ran into Charley Church, and my boy friend was catapulted from his seat into a ditch containing Chinese water—the worst water anywhere. The collision was plainly the fault of the Pootoo ricksha, which was carrying a fat-faced and oily Chinaman wearing a derby hat—a man who looked as if he might be a divorce judge or an auctioneer. He expressed his opinion freely over the incident, waving his hands and swearing in his native tongue. Charley crawled out of the ditch with a look of anger. I had never seen him angered. Nobody had.

"He did it on purpose!" I shouted.

"I know he did," said Charley, wiping himself.

The coolies began arguing and yelling at one another. I have seen a thousand coolies yell at one another, yet they never seem to reach the point of actual battle. With a determined gleam in his eye, Mr. Church hurried around his overturned ricksha. Derby Hat climbed down from his own vehicle and joined the debaters, and I crawled from my seat, as it now began to look like a general engagement all along the line. Charley was undoubtedly thinking of what I had told him about Chinese stomachs, and the coolie who had run into him howled increasingly.

"Did you hear what he called you?" I asked, coming up from behind a wheel.

"What?"

"A son of a turtle," said I.

"What's that?"

"The most terrible insult in any language. A turtle is an animal without ancestors. It is the only thing in all China without any ancestors, because even the lowest coolie has an ancestor or two."

"Did he call me that?" Charley asked, turning red beneath his mud.

"He certainly did."

"Well," returned Charley, "I may get hung for this, but here she goes!"

He took off his eyeglasses, stepped forward briskly and socked the belligerent coolie on his bread basket, and to my utmost astonishment, the coolie fell under his own ricksha. Instantly our own coolies turned against us and leaped Charley, who struck back vigorously, hitting always at their weak spots, and for the benefit of researchers, I wish to inform here that there must be something in the rice story. These fellows were larger than Mr. Church, but—I give you my word—he dropped them. Passing Chinese citizens joined our little party and C. Church, having tasted blood for the first time, went utterly berserk and started in to destroy the Celestial Empire, or whatever it is.

Derby Hat thought it all over and came to the defense of his brethren, hitting me with a cane, and I let him have a strong uppercut to the stomach, thereby ruining a perfectly good right hand. He must have been wearing a copper shirt because two of my fingers are still getting rapidly no better.

We were arrested immediately after this and taken down to jail. Charley Church was a different man. He was a triumphant man, covered with Chinese mud and gore, and he cavorted about happily. Derby Hat came along in an automobile to swear out the charges, and they must have been high-class charges, for we were tossed into the blackest cell in Shanghai and left to the rats.

It eventuated that Derby Hat was a high city official, just as I suspected, and he was vastly annoyed with the circumstances of the evening. I believe he left orders to give the hostile Americans a short trial and behead them for breakfast. Charley Church looked upon the proceedings as a joke. The stony frozen face was gone. He had a happy air, and down there, amid the Chinese rodents, he spent the night giggling.

"My, how those coolies howled!" he chuckled, glancing at his fist, which had a red look.

"Now it's our turn to howl," I said gloomily. "You overdid it. I don't yearn to go back home without my head."

"Shucks!" said Charley, instead of "Pardon me."

We spent a very pleasant evening in the Shanghai County Jail, chasing rats as large as sheep and declining to buy Chinese cigarettes from the lieutenant. Chinese cigarettes are the kind you should smoke when you start breaking off the cigarette habit. About noon the next day, Captain Lurry walked in and ordered our release. Captain Lurry, it appears, can have anything he wants in Shanghai at any time, and that is what saved Charley and me from the dire straits in store for us.

"You two dissolute ruffians," said the skipper, after telling the lieutenant he knew us, "go back to the ship and stay there till we sail. We have enough trouble in China as it is."

"Thanks, captain," I said. "What about seeing a little more of the town first? We like this town, don't we, Charley?"

"Go back to the boat," he repeated, even more sternly, and without further ado, we did so. We got into no trouble en route and paused only to purchase a Shanghai Morning Gazette and read a little item about our murderous exploit, in which, of course, they

(Continued on Page 62)

RAY-O-VAC ROTOMATIC FLASHLIGHT

with the wonderful new

ROTOMATIC SWITCH

Gives lifetime flashlight service. Read why below. It rotates—and it locks *automatically*. Will never light unless you want it to light. Like the "safety" on a firearm.

Ray-O-Vac Batteries fit all flashlights and make them better.

UNLESS you've seen the Ray-O-Vac Rotomatic, you've never seen a flashlight like this one! . . . As great an advance over the old-style flashlight as the match was over the tinder box!

Nine times in ten the life of a flashlight is measured by the life of its switch. The Rotomatic Switch is entirely new and different. It's built for *lifetime* service.

The Rotomatic Switch is a separate unit. It is not attached to the flashlight barrel. It fits into the flashlight head. Real Bakelite insulates switch from batteries. Only one small point forms contact.

Progressive dealers everywhere are displaying the Ray-O-Vac Rotomatic Flashlight in the special Ray-O-Vac Assortment Case. The switch is but one of its many superior features. A real *super-flashlight* . . . for home, for car, for every flashlight need. Nine styles, four types, all moderately priced. Choose one today . . . long nights are here . . . enjoy flashlight service you've never known before!

Ray-O-Vac Features

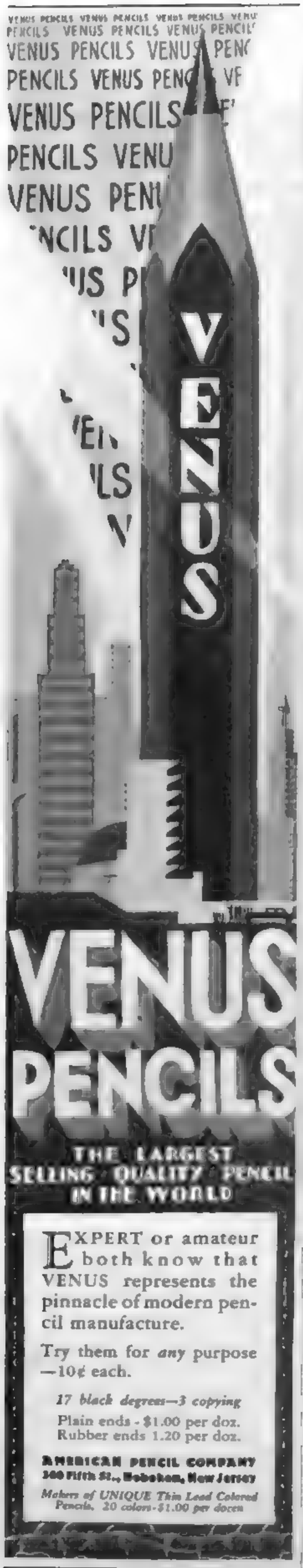
1. New Rotomatic Switch. **2.** Floating contact point insures perfect electrical contact. **3.** Shock absorber construction protects the bulb and lengthens its life. **4.** Ribbed case for sturdiness. **5.** Nine styles—even spread, focused, or widely diffused light; two-cell size—or "Long Boy" three-cell size. **6.** Two finishes—all nickel with black Bakelite switch; black with red Bakelite switch and nickel trim.

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY

Factory: Madison, Wisconsin

Sales Office: 30 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Also makers of Ray-O-Vac "A", "B" and "C" Radio Batteries, Ray-O-Vac Flashlight Batteries, Ray-O-Vac Telephone Batteries and Ray-O-Vac Ignition Batteries.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EXPERT or amateur both know that VENUS represents the pinnacle of modern pencil manufacture.
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(Continued from Page 60)

spelled my name the wrong way, as they always do. News of our activities had beaten us back to our floating home, and as we came aboard, a few passengers lined up and looked as if about to give us a cheer.

Charley climbed up the gangplank with a firm stride and walked about as though he were looking for someone. Many of our voyagers were still in town, wasting their good American dollars for haori coats, kimonos, ivory monkeys, bronze dragons, wooden Buddhas, and suchlike junk. I thought Charley might be looking for Mary Carter, but she was not present.

He continued to pace up and down the deck, smoking cigarettes, and finally he asked me, "Did you see Mr. Grossmiller anywhere?"

"No," I said, "I have not seen the gentleman. Let us go down and have a bowl of soup."

We were booked to sail at seven on the tide, and the passengers began drifting back to the ship toward dinnertime, each one bringing a different version of the operation Mr. C. Church had performed upon the Chinese. The steamer buzzed with comment during dinner. Talkative groups gathered after we pulled out for Hong-Kong, and I had one earful, listening to a Mrs. Melvin as she warned Mrs. Carter to keep her daughter away from that Church fellow, who apparently was a demon when aroused.

Mary came on deck in the evening breeze, looking lovely in a white dress, and as she stood beside her mother I studied them and wondered at the boners sometimes pulled by Nature. Mrs. Carter had heard nothing of the exploit, but she was not left long in ignorance, for Mrs. Melvin was talking, and Mrs. Melvin was a woman who could at any time spot a phonograph two records and a needle and beat it silly.

"And so," she concluded her version, "six giant police officers arrested him after a terrible struggle, and he spent the night in jail."

Standing in the shadow of a ventilator, I looked out, unobserved, at Mary and saw her eyes light up as she listened. She asked a timid question or two and the eyes lighted up even more.

"Was he hurt?" she asked. Out of the depths of her information Mrs. Melvin responded that he was not hurt much, but that it was a shame and a disgrace for an American citizen to come over to China and attack a defenseless nation. Mary moved unobtrusively off from her group. She climbed the stair to the topside, as we genially termed the upper deck where the skipper abides. Having nothing to do, I sauntered along behind her.

Mr. Church was over in the gathering shades, his weight on the port rail, staring at the Whang Poo. The girl walked with hesitant steps toward him and paused, and I may say that I acted the part of an eavesdropper. I contemplated the scene, unnoticed, for, in a manner of speaking, didn't I have a right to?

There was a word or two, a question, an answer, the voices very low. His hand lay upon the railing and pretty soon Charley lifted it and displayed his knuckles, smiling in a shamefaced way. I still did not know what they were saying, although I sprained both ears, trying to listen.

They stood shoulder to shoulder, staring down at the muddy Whang Poo and I mentally patted myself upon the back.

"Homer is himself again," I said, quoting an old Greek saying known to very few people.

Giving over my futile effort to hear the rail conversation, I sped downstairs into the smoking room, where the bridge hounds were already tearing at one another's throats. Over in a corner sat four gentlemen at stud poker, deuces wild, and I addressed Mr. Grossmiller, who had just laid down three fours.

"There is a man up on the topside who would like to see you about something, Mr. Grossmiller," I stated, and he looked up.

"Me?"

"Yes, a gentleman," I said, and he at once arose from his gaming and followed me out. We clattered down the port side in single file and up the steps, and I strode across the top deck in the dim light of a departing summer day. Still at the railing, in the mysterious dusk of the Orient, two motionless figures stood shoulder to shoulder, and below them the yellow Whang Poo slid past with its motley burden of sampans and junks.

"Right this way, Mr. Grossmiller," I directed in a loud, emphatic voice; and at the sound Charley Church turned, leaning against a deck bench.

"Pardon me," he said in his usual low tones, addressing Mary, and he removed his eyeglasses and threw them into the river. He leaped lightly over the intervening bench and fell upon the surprised meat cutter from St. Louis. It was certainly a pretty sight.

Mr. Church, having taken to specializing in stomachs, hit the husband and father in the Chinese national weak spot twice in rapid succession. He clouted him on the nose, not a slap but a nice, solid slam that momentarily flattened the St. Louis beak, bringing forth, as the sporting editors always say in their daring way, the claret.

After that, Charley hit anything he could see, feel, hear or smell. He bounded around the deck like an enraged moose, socking Mr. Grossmiller freely and dashing out of range before the amazed butcher could kill him with a cleaver blow, which he was trying to do most earnestly. Charley was no fighter, but he did his level best for at least sixty seconds, and his fury was pleasantly obvious to the admiring bevy that came running to see.

Presently Mr. Grossmiller swung so hard he fell upon the deck, with his stomach uppermost, and such was the spectacle that greeted our good captain as he emerged from his private igloo abaft the wheel house. The skipper walked hurriedly. Charley was standing above his floored foe, breathing hard and preparing to peel more skin from the father of children.

"What the Gehenna!" said the captain in front of everybody, and if you think he said "Gehenna," it is all right with me. "Now what?"

"Just a private matter, captain," Charley explained. "I'm sorry."

"I don't want any more private matters on this steamboat!" roared the skipper. "Cut it out, will you? Get up there, you!" He nudged Mr. Grossmiller with his foot and angrily asked if we thought he was running a quiet passenger ship or a vessel of war. He seemed angry, but I knew he was not so enraged as he made out. I seized Charley by the coat and spoke up.

"I will take charge of this violent fellow, captain," I stated, "and guarantee against further trouble."

"See that you do," said our commander, "or the both of you will look at the rest of China from a porthole."

I hurriedly led our new warrior down to Cabin 201, the skipper scowling at us as we went, but with a quizzical gleam in his eye. Secretly he was as pleased as I was. Procuring a large hunk of raw beefsteak from the steward, I applied it to Charley's eye, and rarely have I seen an eye that needed beefsteak worse. His chin was cut and his lip was split. There was skin off his nose and the bad eye closed up immediately like a sick clam, but he looked happy underneath the wreckage.

"How do you feel, kid?" I asked when he calmed down.

"Fine," said he. "I think maybe that makes me even with him, doesn't it?"

"Even and plus four," I conceded. "How about you and Mary?"

He felt tenderly of his nose. "I asked her if she thought she could live in Singapore, and she said yes. She seems to like Singapore. Do you suppose a person could get married on a boat like this?"

"Boy," I returned heartily, "if you can't get married on this boat, I hope I never sell another heel. And when Captain Lurry marries them they stay married forever."

"Would—would he marry us?"

"When?"

"Right away," he answered earnestly; "before she can change her mind."

"Let us go up and talk it over with the boss," I suggested, and we did so.

It was as pretty a wedding, in the ship's tea room, as any land marriage ever could be, with passengers standing about and Captain Lurry in his most formidable uniform with the gold braid. Among those notably absent were Mr. Grossmiller and his contribution to posterity. Mrs. Carter objected at first, which was the same as a chip objecting to a ride over Niagara Falls. Standing up with the happy pair was a tall, handsome gentleman by the name of Al Cyriacks, and when the ship pulled into Singapore I was easy in my mind, feeling certain that neither the tropic heat nor the demon rum would ever do anything but bounce harmlessly off young Mr. Church.

"Good-by, Charley!" we yelled as they left us. "Take good care of her!"

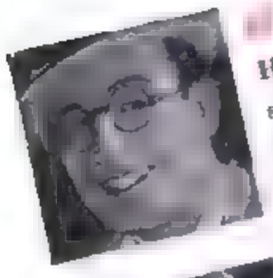
They waved back cheerily. The passengers howled.

"Well, skipper," I said to the old sea dog, "between us we did a pretty fair job of work, didn't we?" He grunted. "To be sure," I said, "I have not as yet sold any heels, but at least I was of some use."

"Maybe it takes a heel to sell a heel," said the skipper, who is a ribald man, and I let it go at that.

Clean-Up Week in Russia as Introduced by the American Barbers' Expeditionary Force

WHO'S IN IT ?



Harold Lloyd's next comedy will have sound and dialog! You will hear as well as see him, in theatres equipped for sound. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corp.

"Redskin" will be Richard Dix's next picture, most of it filmed in Technicolor. It will be as great as "The Vanishing American", so be sure that you see it.

"Drag Net", "Docks of New York"—hit after hit for this virile star! Soon you will see him in another great characterization in "The Wolf of Wall Street".

Paramount's beautiful blonde will soon be seen in the greatest rôle of her career in "The Case of Lena Smith", to be produced by Josef von Sternberg.

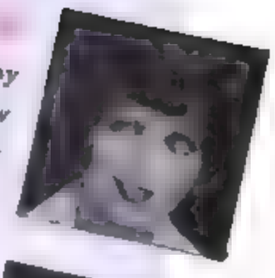
One of the newest Paramount stars and already an outstanding favorite! See him in Paramount's great air drama "Wings" and in "Someone to Love".

Wallace Beery's return to strong dramatic rôles was marked by "Beggars of Life", and soon you will see him in another great melodrama, "The Tong War".

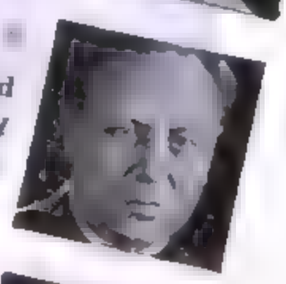
Jack Holt plays a polished gentleman and a rugged Westerner with equal ease, as in "The Water Hole", "Avalanche", from the story by Zane Grey, is his next.

And Florence Vidor, Pola Negri, Douglas MacLean, Richard Arlen, William Powell, Ruth Taylor, James

Coming soon in "Three Week-Ends", by Elinor Glyn, her best yet, and if you saw Clara Bow in "The Fleet's In!" you know that's saying a lot! Watch for it!



"The greatest actor in the world", said critics after "The Patriot". Now see and hear Emil Jannings in "Sins of the Fathers", at theatres equipped for sound!



"Number, Please" is the tentative title of Bebe's next picture, but no matter what it is you know you can always depend on Bebe for a snappy, sparkling comedy!

This master of sophisticated rôles is soon to appear in "His Private Life", with Kathryn Carver. Menjou fans won't miss it, and all others shouldn't!

In "Interference", from the Broadway stage success, At theatres equipped for sound, you hear them speak their parts.

"A man's man that women love"—that's what they say of Gary Cooper, co-star of "The First Kiss" and soon with Nancy Carroll in "The Shopworn Angel".

In "Abie's Irish Rose" you hear her beautiful voice, at theatres equipped for sound. Also in "Manhattan Cocktail" with Richard Arlen and "Shopworn Angel".

Hall, Louise Brooks, Baclanova, Mary Brian, Maurice Chevalier, Fay Wray, Neil Hamilton, Paul Lukas, etc., etc.

Select your motion picture entertainment on the basis of "Who's in it?" and again your answer is a Paramount Picture! Naturally, the biggest names in pictures are attracted to Paramount, because at Paramount they have the last word in physical resources, in direction and in story, and because with Paramount they play for audiences larger by far than those of any other company.

¶ But the important thing in selecting a picture is not "Who's in it?" but "Who made it?" Not one of these names, nor all of them together, is as great as *Paramount* —the name that stands for the highest quality in motion picture entertainment. Silent or in Sound—*"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y. C.

Perpetual Youth for Bearings

Baptised in fire . . . plucked from an inferno of flame in the preheating pits . . . a huge ingot of steel starts on its way through the Timken rolling mills . . . the end and aim being to perpetuate youth in Timken Bearings through years of use. For Timken electric furnace steel is the most wear-resistant material ever developed for bearings.

—And in combination, is the exclusive Timken alliance, Timken tapered construction and Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, to withstand thrust, torque, speed and shock.

Those whose vision goes deeper than the surface beauty of paint and upholstery will find that the inside story of bearing perfection in motor vehicles is summed up in a single phrase, "Timken-Equipped".

At the hard service points—in pinions, differentials, steering pivots, front and rear wheels, transmissions—Timken Bearings are keeping their own youth and prolonging the mechanical life of buses, trucks and passenger cars.

"Timken-Equipped" is an important point to consider—the dealer will probably mention it.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

Of the 40 Manufacturers of Passenger Cars in This Country, 35 Use Timken Bearings at the Points Indicated by Crosses

Make	Model	Front Wheels	Rear Wheels	Pinion	Steering	Differential
Auburn	All	×	×	×		×
Cadillac	All	×	×	×	×	×
Chandler	6-65 & Royal 75	×	×	×		×
	New Big 6 & Roosa 85	×		×		×
	De Soto	×	×	×		×
Chrysler	Plymouth	×	×	×		×
	65 & 75	×	×	×		×
	80	×				×
Cunningham	All	×	×	×		×
Dodge	All	×	×			×
Durant	4-M2 and 55	×	×	×		
	65 & 75	×	×	×		×
	6-71	×				×
Elcar	8-78 & 8-82	×	×			×
	8-91 & 8-92	×	×			×
Falcon	All	×	×	×	×	×
Ford	All	×		×	×	×
Franklin	All	×	×	×	×	×
Gardner	All	×	×	×		×
Graham-Paige	610	×	×	×		×
	614	×	×			×
	619 629 835	×	×		×	×
Hudson and Essex	All	×	×	×		×
Hupmobile	Century 6	×	×	×		×
	Century 125	×	×			×
	Century 8	×	×	×	×	×
Jordan	All	×	×	×	×	×
Kissel	[redacted]	×	×	×		×
Kleiber		×	×	×		×
LaSalle	All					×
Lincoln	All	×	×	×	×	×
Locomobile	All	×	×			×
Marmon	68	×				×
	78		×			
McFarlan	All	×	×	×		×
Moon	All	×	×	×		×
Nash	Std 6	×	×	×		×
	All	×				×
Paterson	8-69	×	×			×
	6-91, 6-60 and 6-80	×	×	×		×
Pierce-Arrow	81	×	×	×		×
	39	×	×			
Reo	Flying Cloud	×	×		×	×
	Wolverine	×	×			×
Roamer		×				
Stearns Knight	[redacted]	×	×	×	×	×
Studebaker and Erskine	All	×	×	×	×	×
Stutz	All	×	×	×		×
Velie	All	×	×	×	×	×
Willys-Overland	Whippet 4	×	×	×	×	×
	Whippet 6	×	×	×	×	×
	[redacted]	×	×	×	×	×
	66-A	×		×	×	×
	70-A	×		×	×	×

TIMKEN BEARINGS

POOR OLD SAM

(Continued from Page 15)

would be foolish not to stay with it, as the star is not playing after Chicago and I might get the part."

She didn't say much about her own part, but she sent them a program and they found her name on the list, opposite "a guest," so they were satisfied that she was making her name.

Alec was in Detroit that summer; this time with a boy whose father owned a motor-car business.

"You should see their estate," he wrote; "it's as big as all Gloversville and every room is big enough to get lost in."

"Imagine that, Sam," his mother said, awed. "I don't know as I'd like to have that big a place to clean up every day."

"You'll have it all, mother," Alec's letter had concluded, after pages of description of their motor cars and private swimming pool. "I'm in right with the old man and I'm going to make a connection. Then watch out for Alec!"

"It's too bad you can't have all those things now, ma," Sam said regretfully when she had finished reading the letter.

It was a good long while before Gloversville saw either Alec or Eva again. It heard a lot about them, though, and it never forgot to inquire. There were many changes in Gloversville these days.

"Gloversville has changed till you wouldn't know it," Mrs. Thomas wrote Eva again and again. But even in the new Gloversville Eva was not forgotten.

She had her picture in the home Beacon over and over, and under it every time the familiar caption: Gloversville Girl Wins Honors on the Stage.

"It takes a long time to become a leading woman," she wrote, "but nobody gets anywhere on the stage before they are thirty."

Goodness, was Eva thirty? It was time she was married and settled down, like the other girls her age. Why, Ernestine Hicks had three children and Irene Gover had been married twice! And Alec was twenty-eight! He ought to be marrying too. A man needs a woman to be looking after him, and Alec was always as fussy as any two men. And Sam! She spoke to him that very day.

"If you're waiting for me to die, Sam Thomas, to marry Vina Davis, you needn't, for I'm going to live to be a hundred. And Vina and me can get along. I always said she had more sense than any girl in this town. The house is lonesome, anyway, with you at the store all day long."

And Sam only blushed and stammered "Aw, ma," to everything she said, so she knew she was right. But that very evening he spoke to Vina, who had been waiting for three years, knowing he would some day. Sam was the kind of man a woman could be sure of.

It was a pretty wedding. They held it in the church, so there would be room for everybody. Vina had a beautiful trousseau which Sam bought her, nobody thinking anything about it at all, as everybody knew Vina's folks were hard up. Mrs. Thomas wrote to ask if Alec and Eva could come home for the wedding, but they both answered that they were too busy. Eva was rehearsing in a new play and Alec had just made a new connection that he couldn't neglect.

They went to Niagara Falls on their wedding trip and came back saying that while the Falls were nice, they were not a bit prettier than the Cascades, twenty miles down the river.

So now Sam was a married man, to be slapped on the back and joshed about being henpecked, and Vina took her place among the young married women, comparing recipes and crochet patterns and entertaining the Dorcas Society.

Eva often inquired about Vina, saying that she would like to do something for Sam, now that he was married, but that no matter how much money she made, she seemed to need it all.

"A girl has no chance at all," she wrote, "if she doesn't look smart; she can't even get in to see the right people."

She sent them her pictures over and over. Dressed in a riding suit, or a white spangly dress, or an evening wrap with a great fur collar hanging low over one shoulder.

"I'd be embarrassed to death if she came home to visit," Vina shyly confessed to Sam. "Not that our home isn't nice, Sam," she apologized, "but I guess she has one of those fancy houses like you see in the movies."

"Yes, I guess so," Sam admitted. "She wrote ma she made a hundred dollars a week. A lot of money," he concluded admiringly.

"Vina," he said later that night, after he had locked all the doors, "how do you think you and ma would like to live in a house like the ones we used to pass on the way to the Falls?"

"Now, how on earth can we afford to build a house like that, Sam Thomas?" his mother asked, when told about the new project. "You talk like money grows on trees."

"Why, sure, Sam, they cost more than you think," Vina said doubtfully.

But Sam, it seemed, had turned over another little deal and thought he could manage, in spite of their skepticism.

It was a pretty house when it was finished. Everybody drove by to stop in and see the shiny bathrooms and the automatic piano, which Vina and Mrs. Thomas were always proud to show. Yes, Sam had done himself proud. And they slapped him on the back with somewhat less condescension; a fact which Sam never even noticed, being Sam, and condescension playing no part in his life at all.

The baby came just a week after they moved into the new house. It was a little girl and Sam was tickled to death. He wanted to name it after his mother, but she insisted that Elvira was an old-fashioned name and that they should name it after Eva. But Sam wouldn't hear of it, so she was pleased as Punch and spent most of her time telling Vina what she gave Alec for croup and how she broke Sam of sucking his thumb.

They sent Eva and Alec announcements! Vina's idea, which Sam thought was a good one, but which Mrs. Thomas said was a lot of nonsense, when a letter would do just as good and only cost two cents.

Alec, this time, wrote back, wishing he could do something for poor old Sam, now that he had an extra mouth to feed, but that he had gone into business for himself and was a bit tight. Eva sent the baby a little pink sack, saying she wished she could come home and see it, but was going right into summer stock after her play closed. But she had met a famous author who was crazy about her work and was going to write a part for her in his next play, and when he did, they could all come to New York to live.

"I am sure Sam could get a job here," she wrote, "and of course I could help out."

When the letter was read aloud, Mrs. Thomas sniffed.

"I wouldn't live in New York if they paid me for it," she said contemptuously. "They say you can live in the same house with people and not know them from Adam. Give me Gloversville any time," she concluded quite definitely.

That was the summer Sam opened up the new picture house. Since the highway went right through the town, it had grown, and the Dreamland was a drafty old place with wooden chairs that was only open Fridays and Saturdays, so Sam bought it from old Jim Turner, who was glad to sell. He told Sam he was tired of staying up nights anyway.

The Ideal, when it was finished, caused relatively as much excitement in Gloversville as the Paramount did in New York. After a little while Sam found he could keep it open every night. Since the advent of the new mill Gloversville had spread out in all directions and things had looked up considerably.

To accommodate the movie trade he took the fountain from the rear of the store and moved it next door to the Ideal, where, with the addition of a rustic arbor laden with vines and richly lighted bunches of artificial grapes, it became the Confectionery, a rendezvous for banana splits and hot fudge marshmallow sundaes.

"How's things goin', Sam?" they still asked. And Sam always had his answer ready:

"One jump ahead of the sheriff, Joe—that's about all."

Gloversville reckoned it must be pretty expensive running that picture house. And that new brick house had cost a lot, they guessed. Sam couldn't be making much profit. Nice fellow, though. Had a sister who was a big star in New York and a brother who worked for the Standard Oil—a big job, they'd heard, right in with the big bugs.

Eva wrote that fall that she was to appear in a new play. "My first real part, mother," she wrote, "and it just breaks my heart that you can't see me play."

"Maybe we'd ought to go to New York to see her, ma," Sam said. "It seems to me that some of her folks ought to be there, her first big chance and all."

"Oh, Sam, if we only could," Vina breathed ecstatically. "I've never seen a real play."

"Well, I'd like to see her, Sam, but it would cost a lot of money," Mrs. Thomas objected gently. "You remember how it was when we went to the Falls. Every time you turned around somebody had their hand out."

But they went. And all Gloversville became excited over the trip, the new neighbors as well as the old ones. And the Beacon printed Eva's picture again, with its familiar caption: Gloversville Girl Wins Honors on the Stage.

The visit was going to be a surprise for Eva. They weren't going to say a thing about it till they got there. It was too bad they couldn't bring the baby. Eva would be disappointed. Sam hoped they hadn't hurt her feelings by naming it for ma. But Vina was taking Eva a bureau cover she had embroidered and a jar of damson preserves.

You could have knocked Eva down with a feather when she heard they were in town. Were they at the station? She'd come right down. When Sam said she needn't bother, that they'd find their way, she insisted on coming, afraid they'd get lost or something.

"You'd think we'd never been outside of Gloversville," Mrs. Thomas said caustically.

They hardly recognized her when she came. Of course she knew them right away. She didn't talk like herself and she looked so thin, her mother said. Vina was disappointed that she wasn't as pretty as her pictures.

Eva was sorry that she had only a room, but she knew of a nice little hotel, very reasonable, right down the street, the very place for them to stay. She couldn't stay with them long, as her play was opening the next night and she had a dress rehearsal to attend. And the next day had to be devoted to more rehearsals and having her hair dressed. But she managed to squeeze in a lunch with them.

"After the opening I'll have more time," she promised.

"And how are you making out, Sam," she asked solicitously, "since you've been married?"

"Oh, I get along, Eva," Sam said deprecatingly.

Later she confided to her mother that she was going to try to help poor old Sam, if the play got over.

"Now that he has a wife and baby, I guess he has a hard time," she said considerately. And added: "It was sweet of him to spend so much coming to see me. I know it was a sacrifice."

"Well, here we are, ma," Sam announced triumphantly, as a surprised and amused usher showed them their seats a good half hour ahead of time. Mrs. Thomas had insisted on coming good and early—to see everybody come in, she said.

Vina declared, as the curtain went up, that she felt all trembly.

"Is that Eva?" she whispered every time an actress made an entrance. But the first curtain went down and they were still speculating as to whether Eva was the one in the nightgown or the one in the riding breeches. "People look different on the stage," they guessed. But when Eva came on near the end of the second act they knew her immediately. Vina clutched Sam's hand and was surprised to find it shaking. Eva wasn't on the stage very long. They could hardly listen to the rest of the play, they were so anxiously waiting for her to come back. They were surprised when the curtain went down and the people began to go home. Vina was sure there must be some more; but, no, they were putting on their wraps.

Vina and Sam agreed that she had acted her part real well.

"I don't know where she learned to talk that way," Mrs. Thomas criticized, "and that yellow dress was away too tight."

The next morning they bought the papers, because Eva had said they would write about her. It took them a long time to find it, but it was there, right at the finish, two whole lines:

> Eva Thomas, new to this reviewer, did as well as could be expected in a minor part.

Later Eva came with other papers, flushed and excited. She read them aloud happily. One said that she was deserving of a better part and another said her performance was the only bright spot in a totally unimportant play.

"You see how it is, mother," she explained. "If it isn't the part, it's the play. But I'll be sure to get a bigger part from this," she said optimistically.

When they left, Eva took them to the station.

"I'm coming home as soon as the play closes," she promised, "so look for me. And take care of yourself, mother," was the last thing she said.

"I will, Eva," her mother promised. "And you take care of yourself."

She turned away quickly after kissing Eva and didn't look back once to where she stood, looking through the iron grating, waving until they were out of sight. Vina felt sorry for Eva; she looked so lonely, standing there all by herself. She clung to Sam's arm as they went down the long platform to the waiting train.

It was Sam's idea to stop and see Alec on their way home. It was only a hundred miles out of their way and they might as well. So they sent him a wire and told him they were coming. And they were glad they did. He seemed so glad to see them. He lifted his mother right up and kissed her, swearing she hadn't grown a day older, and shook Sam's hand, over and over.

"So this is the wife," he said to Vina, kissing her too. "Don't know how you ever did it, Sam. She's too pretty for you.

"Well, Sam, how're you making out?" he asked politely, when they were in the taxi.

"Pretty well, Alec; as well as could be expected in Gloversville," Sam answered.

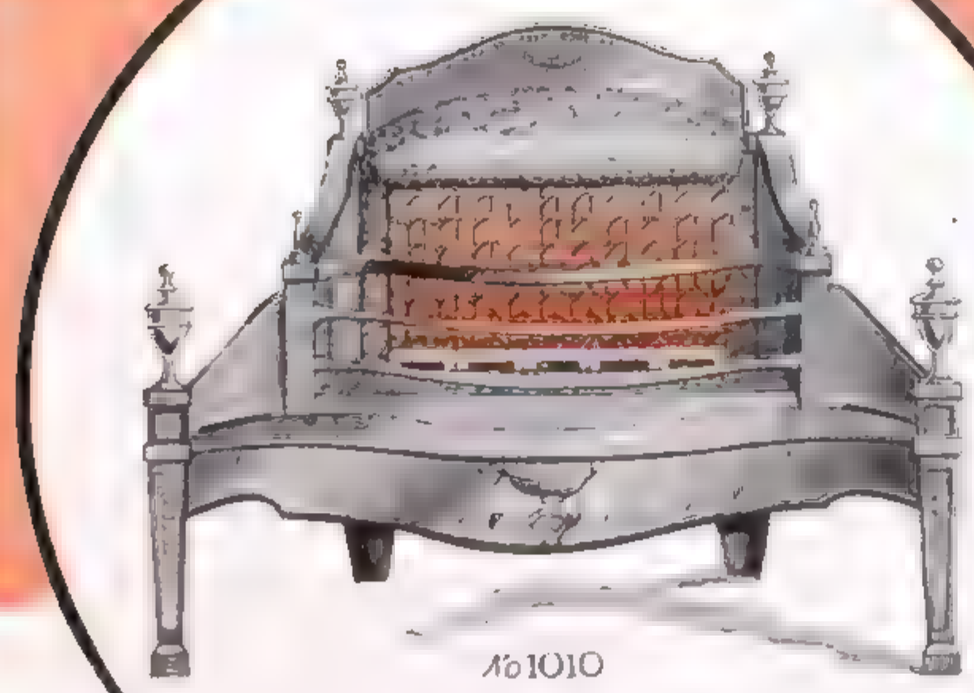
"Yeh, I guess it is pretty slow there," Alec conceded.

"How're you makin' out, Alec?" Sam asked.

"Well, I'm in on a pretty big proposition right now, Sam"—Alec's tone was apologetic. He didn't want Sam to think he was

(Continued on Page 68)

REZNOR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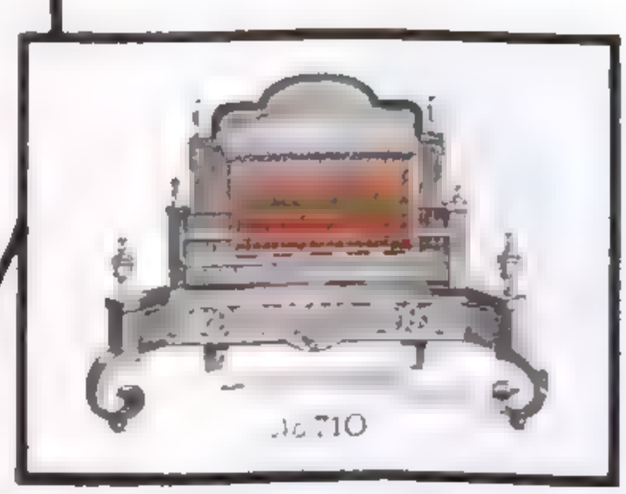
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REZNOR

November winds bid us speed to trim the home for winter's need!

ILLUSTRATED are several fine period and conventional models of Reznor Orthoray Gas Heaters. Others are on display by leading dealers and shown in the free Reznor Orthoray folder.

The Reznor line also includes 16 styles and sizes of the Reznor Reflector Heater—famous for forty years as the standard and pioneer of gas heating.

QUICK HEAT, far-reaching, dispels the chill from every corner of every room where there is a Reznor Orthoray. It is a Gas Heater for the home; heating power supreme, with beauty beyond compare at anything like the price.

In fact, the Reznor Orthoray line marks the farthest advancement in ultra-modern fireplace art. And there is a Reznor Orthoray for every taste, for every purse, and for every heating purpose.

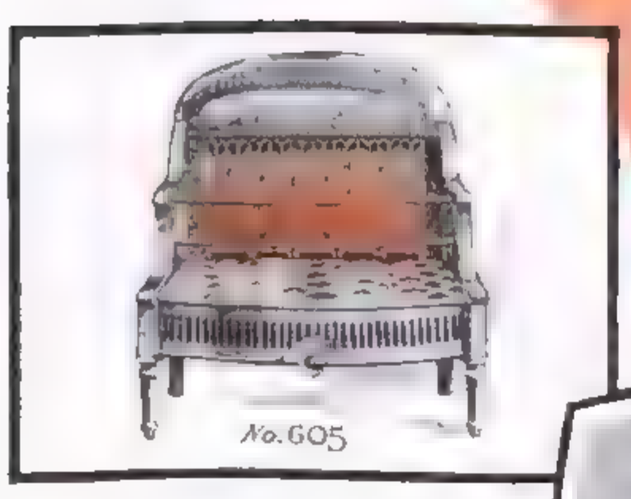
The Reznor Orthoray burner, with its high "secondary air" supply (a new adaptation of an old proven principle) means more heat from less gas—and sustained efficiency never before equalled.

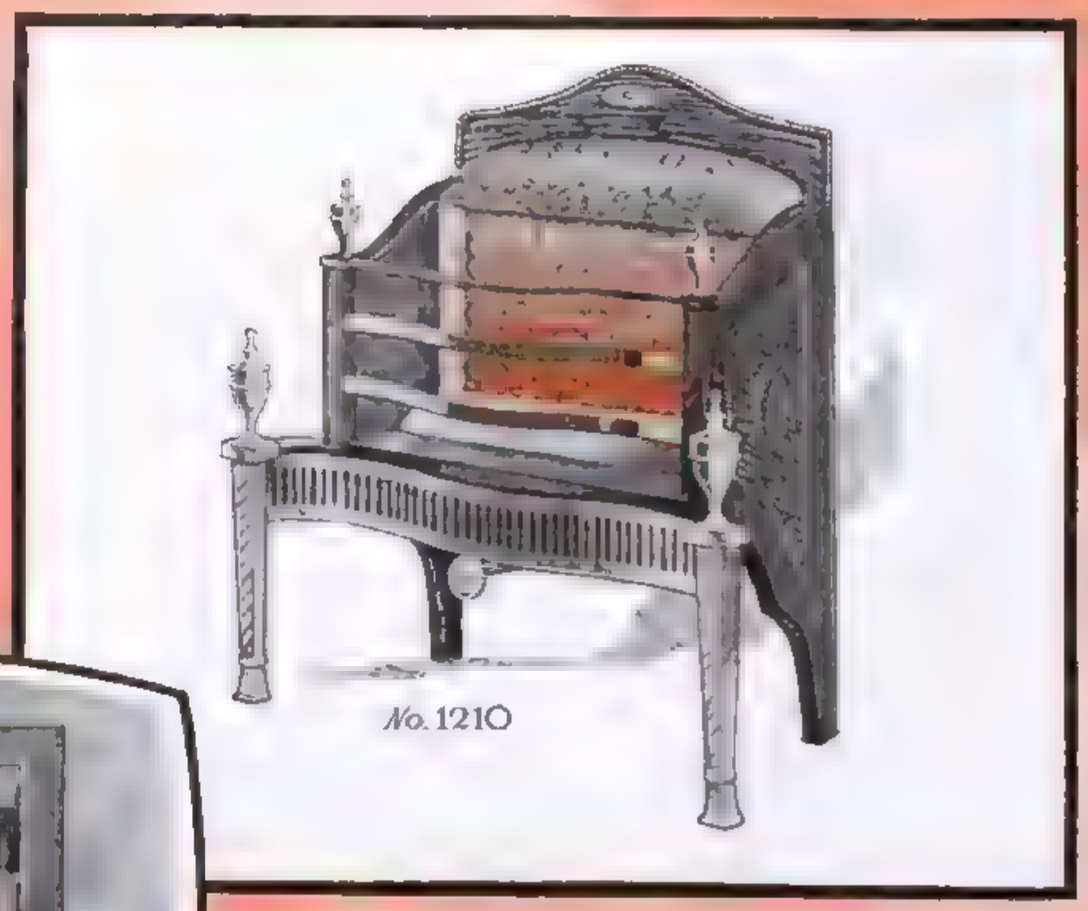
There are heating power, comfort, beauty, and delightful companionship—complete, built into every Reznor Orthoray. A Reznor gas heating appliance for every requirement. See this line on display at your dealer's, or write for illustrated Reznor Orthoray folder.

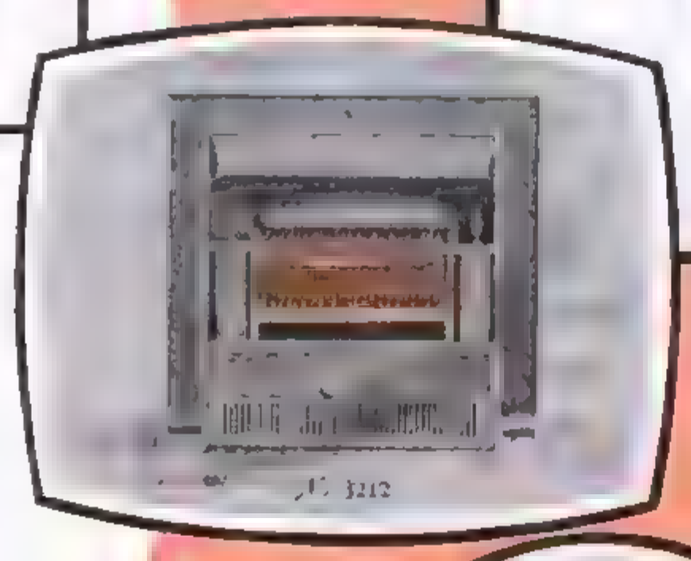
REZNOR MANUFACTURING

ORTHORAY

Gas Room Heaters

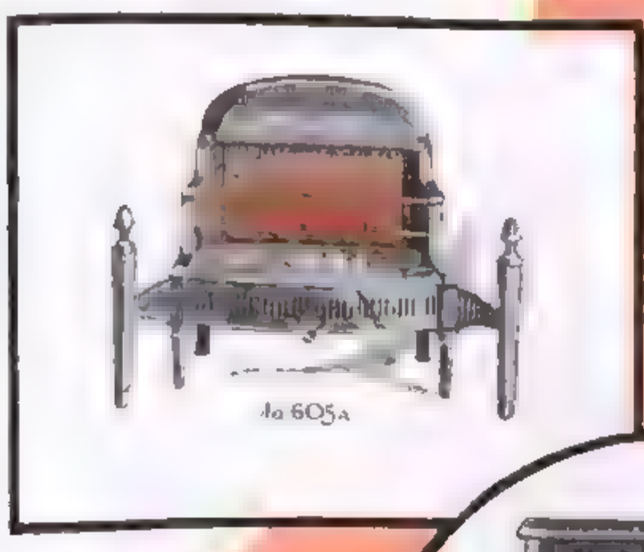


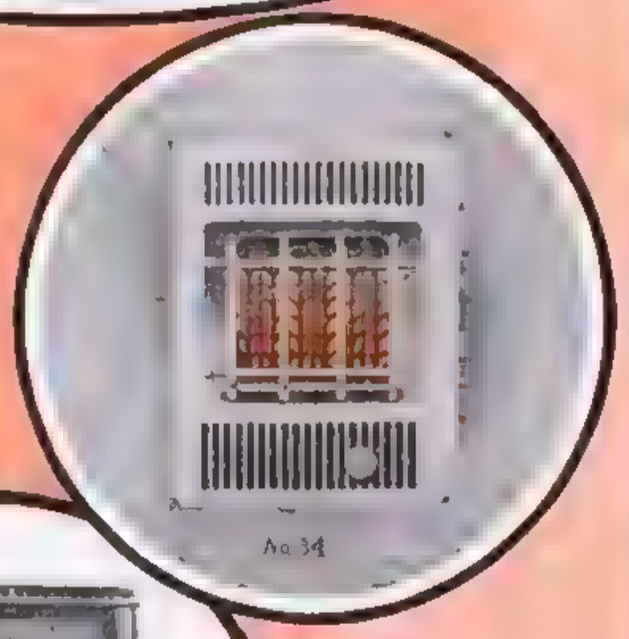


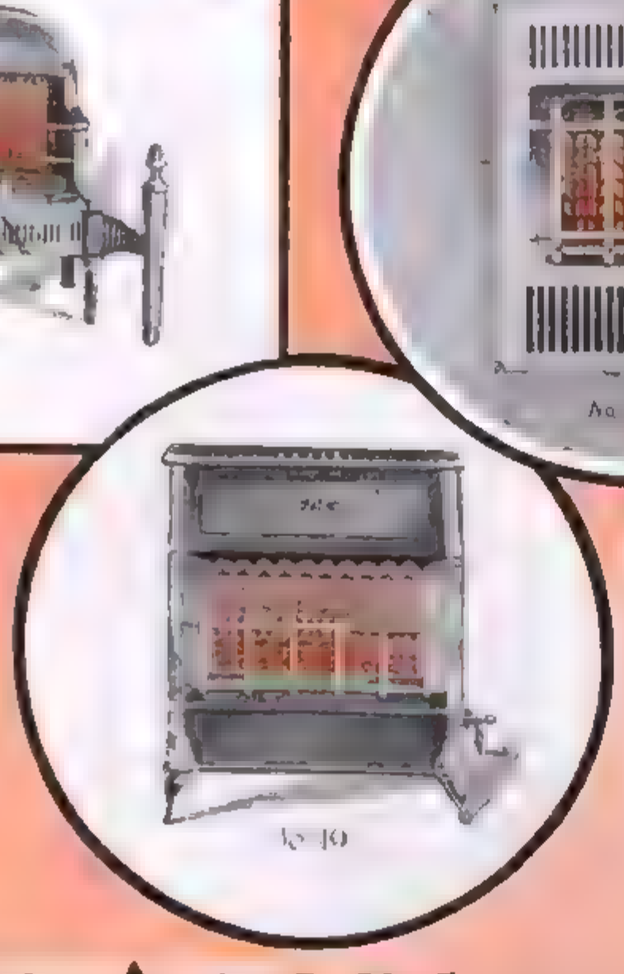


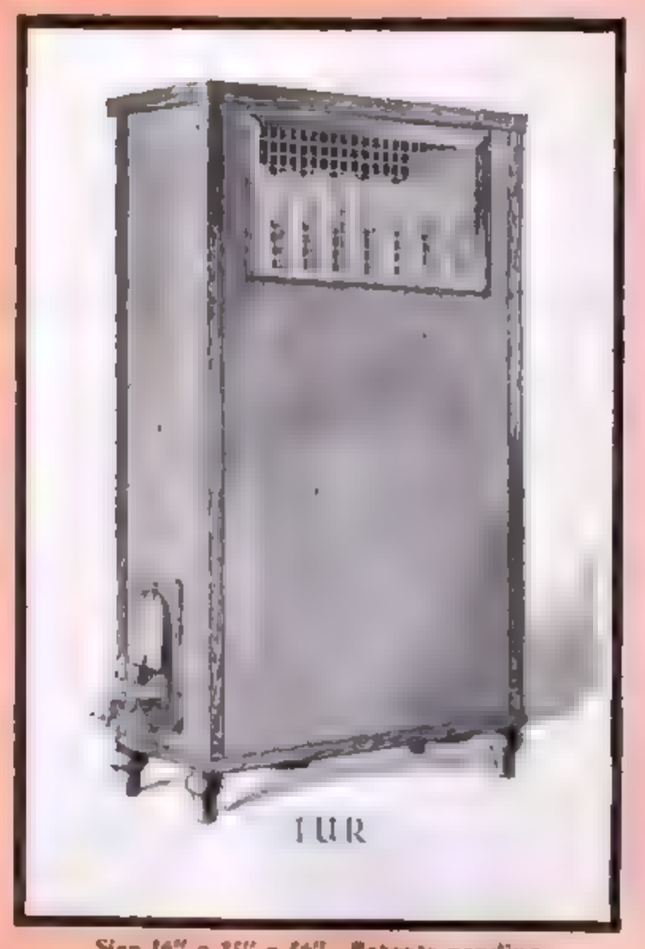
IN THE ordinary type burner but little air mixes with the gas, where the flame is formed, indicating "low secondary air injection," high gas consumption.

With "high secondary air injection," a large volume of air is mixed and burned with the gas. High efficiency, real economy in gas—a feature of Reznor Orthoray.









Size 16" x 35" x 56" Patents pending

Reznor Bath Room (Wall) Heaters and Reznor Garage Heaters are regular equipment in modern structures everywhere.

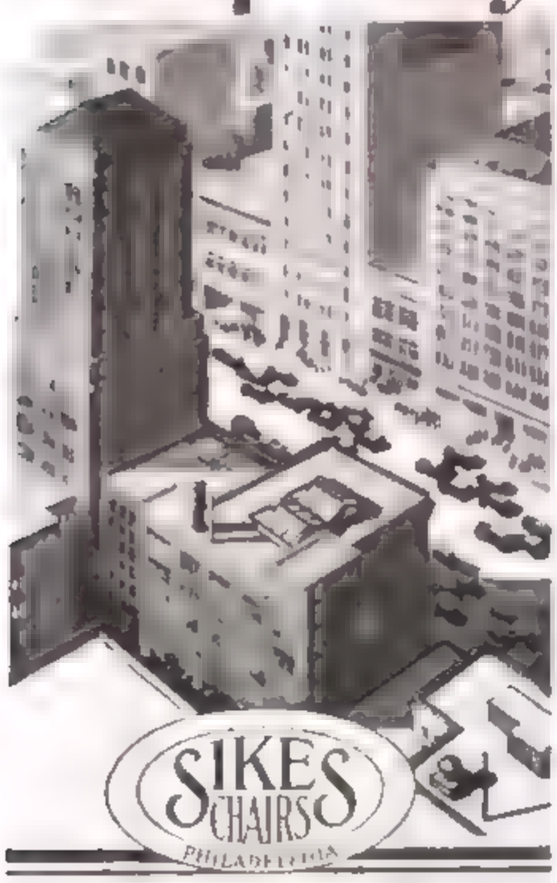
A 1928 Development in Warm Air Heating

For large offices, hotels, stores, halls, garages, schools, churches, this new Reznor Warm Air Gas Heater "T-U-R" combines distinct advantages.

Delivers 50,000 B. T. U. per hour; a modern engineering triumph. Provides high efficiency, absolute safety, quick heating capacity and uniform temperature and ventilation. A handsome heater, simple, no dirt, no labor. Free folder, "Heating by the Ultimate Method."

COMPANY ~~ Mercer, Pa.~

American Prosperity



Office Easy Chairs

"While industry dominates the thought of America, there need be no fears—a cataclysm aside—for the future of American business. Utilitarian is such a reading of the life-line of America. But it must be remembered that from her palm has come the greatest physical well-being that any nation has ever been able to accord to its people."—From American Prosperity by Paul Mazur, an eminent New York banker.

Are you getting your rightful share of American Prosperity? Are you holding your old markets and developing new ones to the full extent of your possibilities?

Never before have the rewards of business been greater. Yet at no time in the history of American industry and commerce has competition been keener. No business, today, no matter how great and influential, can afford to stand still Continued progress is the price of continued success.

Every member of your organization must contribute his or her share in making your business not only bigger but better. The executives who direct and the office workers who carry out directions must be continually at their best both mentally and physically. And this is where Sikes Office Easy Chairs enter into the American Prosperity picture. For the importance of providing chairs that *rest* instead of *tiring* the body cannot be too strongly emphasized. The nearest Sikes dealer will show you chairs for every business purpose. Chairs that are designed on scientifically correct principles of comfort, hygiene and efficiency. Chairs that have been (and are being daily) adopted by outstanding business organizations as very definite aids in the continued maintenance of American Prosperity.

Sikes

Special Chair designed for Buncombe County Court House Asheville, N. C.

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

When in Atlantic City visit the Sikes Permanent Exhibit in the Boardwalk National Arcade, Tennessee Ave. and the Boardwalk.

Continued from Page 65

putting on airs. "Expect to clean up a lot of money," he went on.

"Is it with the Standard Oil?" Sam asked. The last time Alec wrote he had made a connection with them.

"No; this is a new corporation," Alec explained. "I left the Standard. Wanted to branch out for myself. This new proposition is in real estate—called the Homeland Development. Wish I could take you in on it, Sam, but I only just got in myself."

"I just started a little real-estate deal myself, Alec," Sam said modestly.

"Zat so?" Alec asked politely.

"Yes; I just bought up that bottom land across the river. I hear they're planning to build a shingle mill over near there and I figured on putting up a few little shacks maybe turn over a little something on it."

"Well, I hope you make out, Sam," Alec said generously. "Let me know if I can do anything for you. I've been in on several big real-estate deals. Maybe I could give you some good advice."

"Yes, I will, Alec," Sam accepted gratefully.

By this time they were at the hotel. Alec just made his mother take a bunch of roses from the flower shop. He pinned them on her with a millionaire gesture while Sam paid for them, watching Alec admiringly as he did so.

Later they all went to dinner in the hotel dining room. And Alec certainly was at home with the waiters. He knew how to say the names on the menus and even dared to send his soup back because it wasn't hot.

"Check, please," he commanded, and signed his name with a flourish.

"Now we're going to take in a good show," he beamed afterward, and took them to a picture at the Strand.

"We have better pictures than this at the Ideal," Mrs. Thomas whispered to Sam, "but don't say anything to Alec."

They decided to go home the next afternoon. Alec pressed them to stay, but Sam had to get back to the store.

"No hurry, Sam," Alec laughed. "That store could run itself."

Sam laughed appreciatively, but said he thought maybe he'd better be getting back.

"Now don't let Alec pay our bills, Sam," Vina cautioned him. "This room is costing six dollars a day and Mother Thomas' is three-fifty."

So Sam went down ahead to settle up.

"Just give me my brother's bill too," he said good-naturedly, thinking of all the checks Alec had signed.

When the clerk gave him Alec's bill, it said "Bills rendered" and was more than two hundred dollars. Sam made out a check, concluding, almost admiringly, that Alec must be a pretty high liver.

They left on the afternoon train.

"I'm going to run down home, mother," Alec promised at the station, "the very first chance I get."

"Yes, Alec, I'm going to look for you," his mother answered, and Sam noticed that her voice trembled a little. She looked suddenly old as she held up her face for Alec's kiss. Maybe it was because she was tired out. After Sam had made her comfortable she sat looking out the window for quite a while, saying nothing. When she turned again, there was a far-away look in her eyes.

"Alec was such a puny little baby," she said gently, "I never thought I'd raise him."

"We've got to look after ma, Vina," Sam said later. "She's gettin' on, you know."

"She just will get herself all worn out playing with that baby," Vina said, "and she won't listen to me."

"Maybe we ought to take her down to Florida till the warm weather sets in. What do you think, Vina?" And Vina agreed that it might be a good idea.

But she never made the trip to Florida. For a few weeks later she complained of feeling "kinda weak" and sat down in the rocking-chair, while Vina, frightened at the gray color that was visibly creeping across her suddenly shrunken face, ran to the store for Sam. She leaned back peacefully when he came. She had been afraid he wouldn't get there in time.

"Take care of the children, Sam," she had just breath enough to whisper; "they'll be needing you." Then she sighed faintly and died, while Sam clutched at her old kitchen apron, afraid to look. After a little while Vina led him away.

Eva and Alec came home for their mother's funeral. When they were nearing Gloversville, Eva was almost overcome and leaned against Alec.

"Oh, Alec, to think of her dying in a place like this, without any of the things she should have had!" she sobbed.

Then she caught sight of Sam, waiting on the station platform.

"Poor old Sam!" she cried afresh; "I know he did the best he could!"

The neighbors stood around at the station as Number 5 pulled in, feeling very sorry for them as they got off the train together, Eva looking so thin and tired, and Alec so much older. They would have liked to speak a word of comfort to them, but were shy at intruding, so they only stood and watched them sympathetically as Sam led them to his big gray car.

The new home was quite a long drive from the station and Sam and Alec talked, with strained cheerfulness, hoping to keep Eva from taking it too hard.

"I see Gloversville has changed quite a lot, Sam," Alec volunteered.

"Oh, yes," Sam agreed, "quite a change since you've been here."

"Nice car, Sam." Alec said it questioningly, thinking some sympathetic neighbor had loaned it for the occasion.

"Yeh, it is a nice little car," Sam was saying. "Runs just as smooth as she did when I got her two years ago." So it belonged to Sam!

They passed the place where the old home used to stand. It was Eva who commented in astonishment this time.

"Why, our house is gone, Alec! Look!"

So it was! A brick building stood in its place, connected with a row of others whose plate-glass fronts stretched across the path they used to traverse in running over to the store

"That's all the store now," Sam was explaining. "I had to enlarge it when the boom came, so I built enough room for a barber shop and confectionery. The dry goods runs all the way across the back," he explained further. "I carry quite a line now. There's the entrance," he pointed out, slowing down a little.

The Bon Ton in huge gold letters, arched over the windows. In one window wax models of supercilious-looking ladies in affected poses displayed the latest spring models from Cincinnati, while in the other a rainbow of soft-hued silks and satins bespoke busy afternoons over fashion books and sewing machines.

"There's the Ideal, next door to the store," Sam said modestly. "I guess ma wrote you all about it."

The Ideal, with its mirrored arcade, its palms and gilded fixtures, bore no resemblance to the old Dreamland they remembered.

"We have real good shows sometimes," Sam boasted.

It might have been Sunday, it was so quiet in Gloversville. Across the gilded cage and the Bon Ton windows and the confectionery and the barber shop were stretched the same sign: CLOSED UNTIL MONDAY.

"I closed everything up today," Sam explained.

Later on they passed the new development, West Gloversville.

"There's the section I was telling you about, Alec," Sam said. "I'm putting up those houses for the new mill people."

Alec had nothing to say. The officials of the Homeland Development had made an abrupt and hurried departure, owing to some trouble which could not be settled out of court.

Soon Sam turned down a graveled driveway. They were approaching a green-and-gray stucco house, not at all the type one is apt to find in a small town like Gloversville With its deep veranda stretched across its entire front, the scalloped awning shading it, the cretonned swings and the sun parlor with its baskets of fern, the smooth lawn with its huge patches of bright, blossoming iris and tulips, it made a picture that eclipsed their grief for the moment.

"Whose home is that, Sam?" Eva asked admiringly.

Sam smiled, a little embarrassed.

"Why, Eva, that's ours," he said. "Didn't Vina send you a picture of it? She said she was going to."

Before either of them could say anything, Sam spoke again.

"There's Vina," he said gently. "She's waiting for us."

And he led them up the flowered pathway to where Vina stood waiting, the baby in her arms, fresh tears springing from her own overful heart at the sight of them. To think of them coming home like this! Poor Mother Thomas had planned their homecoming so often!

She put the baby down and ran a little way to meet them, quite suddenly having the courage to put her arms around Eva, of whom she had been so in awe.

"She spoke of you and Alec the very last thing, Eva," she comforted, as she led them in to where their mother lay.

The Contortionists' Tragedy

THE artist sits alone upon a pinnacle
Whereto the vulgar world may not attain.
The artist often gets extremely cynical
Regarding human passion, human pain;
Or so, at least, would frequently insist
The winsome artist, Angela Tremaine,
Who, at the age of twenty, was unkissed,
For to her art her life was dedicated.
She was an eminent contortionist.

But on a day above all others fated
She met a youth with burning eyes aglow.
"So pleased to meet you!" he politely stated,
And swiftly took his hat off with his toe.
'Twas the contortionist, McDowell Biddle.
Angela's pulses hammered; bowing low,
She wound herself into a human riddle;
Her head passed 'twixt her legs and then appeared,
Smiling self-consciously, behind her middle.
Their hands clasped, winding in a manner weird.
"You are the girl I've sought since babyhood!"
He cried; and suddenly their lips adhered
(As well as, in their tanglement, they could)
And life and art for them were reconciled,
Both understanding and both understood.

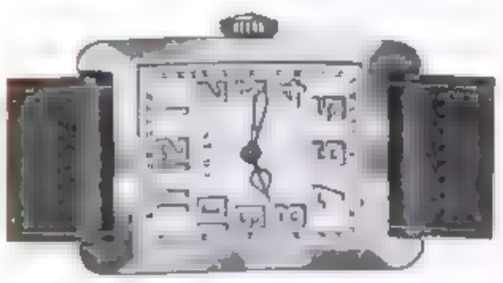
So they were wedded and the heavens smiled.
And for a space they lived in fairyland.
With many a frolic was their life beguiled;
Coquettishly she'd flee his pelpful hand
And twine herself about the chandelier,
While he would jackknife in th' umbrella stand,
Or from the ice box would he quaintly peer.
Ah, fleeting happiness, too fond, too fleeting!
Angela, insufficiently austere,
Listened too calmly to the soft entreating
Of virtuosos on the melodious saw,
Or to the amorous piccolo player's bleating.

And jealousy in Biddle's heart did gnaw,
Suspecting, reconciled, again suspicious;
And Angela would fleck him on the raw,
Salting his wounds with mockery malicious,
Until his smold'ring heart could brook no more.
He sprang upon her and his snarl was vicious!
She struck at him; they struggled on the floor,
Twined like the famed Laocoön of stone.
He seized a dagger and he poised it o'er
Her bosom, and he cried in horrid tone:
"Now drink of death, thy final loving cup!"
He plunged the blade, by error, in his own
Bosom! Contortionists get so mixed up.

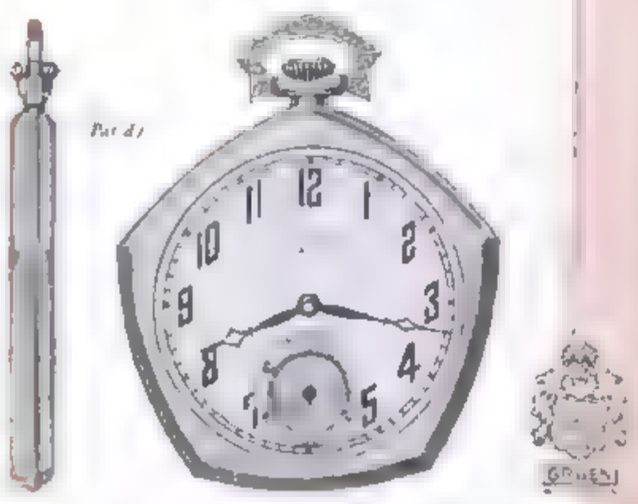
—Morris Bishop.

For that finest gift—this dainty new Cartouche. In a solid gold case, of course. The smallest watch ever produced by the Guild at so moderate a price as $42.50. Plain or engraved

Other Gruen wrist watches $100 to $27.50. Diamond-set designs $2500 to $60



Imperial Tank 15-jewel, solid gold case $80 Other Gruen strap watches $1[illegible]5 to $2[illegible]50



Gruen Pentagon VeriThin 17-jewel PRECISION movement, solid gold case $100 Other pocket watches $500 to $2[illegible]50

This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild

Think now about the finest Christmas gift of all

When you make up your Christmas list this year one name will stand out among the rest.

For this person you will want a gift especially fine, carefully considered. The kind of gift you would be very sorry to leave to a last-minute choice.

Why not think about it now? And permit us to help you with this suggestion.

You will rarely find anything more exactly appropriate for a gift of this kind than a Gruen Guild Watch.

It will be worn day in and day out for many years and consulted many times a day. An ever-present reminder of the sentiment which prompted its giving.

And it will meet with ready appreciation. For the Gruen name on the dial of a watch carries with it a recognized prestige. It is an accepted assurance of time-keeping accuracy.

It is the mark of a modern guild of watchmakers—men whose fathers and grandfathers were watchmakers before them. These Gruen Guildsmen bring to their work an inherited skill which they combine with the most advanced of modern methods and equipment.

A few examples of the many exquisite Gruen Guild Watch creations are pictured here

The Gruen jeweler nearest you—one of the very best in your community—can show them to you, together with many other Guild Watches to suit the taste of every member of the family. Prices $3500 to $27.50

His store is marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown below.

PRECISION
Trade Mark Reg.

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of higher accuracy, finer quality and finish Made only in the Precision Workshop

Look for the mark PRECISION on the dial

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.
Branches in various parts of the world

Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

Gruen Guild Watches

REALISM IN RADIO

"Fourth Down—One to Go!"

All-Electric A. C. Combination

(105 to 130 volts; 25 to 40 or 50 to 60 cycles)
7 receiving tubes, with push-pull power stage

This combination of Model 801-A Series B receiver, with Model 435-A reproducer attached to the cover, is a completely self-contained radio. Built-in light-socket aerial. FOUR tuned circuits. ONE tuning control. Gold-plated illuminated dial, calibrated in wave-lengths. Price of set, $96, without tubes. Attachable reproducer, $16. Price of combination, without tubes . $112

STEWART-WARNER

THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY IN RADIO

All-Electric A. C. Radio

Fourth down! One yard to go! Thirty seconds to play! What a world of drama surges around those pale goal posts in the gathering twilight!

You can hear it, feel it—almost *see* it, though you're miles away. The new Stewart-Warner Radio brings it to you, play by play—the blare of the band, the stamp of thousands of feet, the cheers, the spirit!

You'll marvel at the absolute Realism of reproduction made possible only by Stewart-Warner's exclusive Electric Ear test. Fidelity of re-creation close to perfection.

This set has pick-up receptacles for playing records through the new reproducer with results equal to a new-type phonograph. Alone the reproducer will work wonders on any set.

Stewart-Warner dealers will demonstrate the set and explain the accurate tone test. Through our Nation-Wide Acceptance Plan you can buy from any Stewart-Warner dealer on easy monthly payments.

REALISM *in* RADIO

THE TRUE

Electric Ear

TRUE TONE BY TEST

All-Electric A. C. Receiver, Model 801 Series B

Same as Model 801 A Series B, but not equipped for attachable reproducer. Without tubes,

$96

The same style in battery operated set, $69, without tubes.

Stewart-Warner Reproducer, Model 435

A new magnetic cone speaker, revealing a new depth and magnificence of tone.

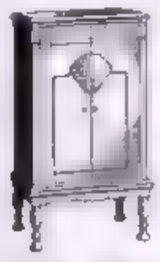
$16.50

The reproducer will improve the reception of your old set in a surprising manner.

All prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

No. 1—$42.50

No. 2—$52.50



No. 3—$62.50

No. 4—$72.50

No. 5—$87.50

Complete line of approved Console Cabinets for all sets at dealers'. Console prices include built-in Stewart-Warner Reproducers, but do not include receiving sets.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION, Chicago

22 years in business—world-wide service—50 million dollars in resources—4th successful radio year

POST OFFICE AT DRY FORK

(Continued from Page 7)

"That you're going to Dry Fork," he says. "That's where I'm living at now. I've went into business at Dry Fork. This little trip into Ten Sleep was merely by way of a visit. But my permanent home is at Dry Fork."

"What business?" she inquired icily. "I didn't know there was any business there."

"There wasn't till I came along looking for opportunities," he explained. "You remarked to me once yourself that opportunity never knocked at no man's door but once. So at the first faint tap on my tepee I bounced right out, roped and hog-tied the only opportunity extant to open up a business in Dry Fork. You know the old saying, 'Take time by the forelock.' You told me that one, too, pet."

Pet didn't seem to be any too highly pleased at the reminder. "You're one of the visionary kind of men that are always pursuing a rainbow," says she.

"Ain't it the living truth!" Bud agreed fervent. "One time I cut the trail of a vision and I been working out its tracks ever since."

"You're not any closer to the end of the trail," she says coldly.

"Not any to speak of," Bud admitted. "That's the chief fault with those ready-made little masterpieces of thought—that they sometimes back-fire. I'm a-hoping ardent to find one that will work. Now there's that other little helpful hint that you hand out to the little folks bright and early every Monday morning. You know—that one about 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again.' Ain't that the medicine you make Monday mornings for tiny tots, honey?"

Honey was some flustered and irritated by this time. It's one thing to go through life dispensing canned ideas for other folks to regulate their lives by, quite another to have them same ready-made sayings put in operation to jump back at you when they don't quite fit what you want to happen in your own case.

"Leave me pass, please," says Abby, which she realizes is a mistake almost before it's out of her mouth, since she's on the side nearest Mrs. Bell's. And when Bud grinned, she stamped her little hoof and struck off hotfoot for home. Bud strolled casually alongside and the widow met 'em at the door, her usual bright and sunny self.

"Suppose you're lookin' for a room. Well, they're all rented for this week and next," she announced.

"One for next month will do me just as well, ma'am," Bud smiles. "I'm all fixed up for the present, my tarp and bed roll still being serviceable. It was the future I was thinking of—looking to'rds a permanent residence, sort of."

"What's a drifting cow-prod got any need to think of a permanent home?" she asked. "He wouldn't stay in it if he had one."

"But a man without a home gets thinkin' at times," Bud says kind of reflective, and the widow sniffs as if she don't believe him capable of that brand of exercise at no time—"and realizes that he's got nothing to tie to, nowheres to lay his head when he's weary. Supposin' I was to come down sick, where could I go to?"

Widow Bell starts to tell him, but refrains on account of Miss Abby being present.

"How do I know?" she barked. "One thing emphatic—you couldn't come here. A well man is bad enough and a sick man is p'ison. This here's a boarding house, not no hospital. And when your head is weary you can go lay it down in the same licker emporium where you picked up the headache."

Crandall laughed right out and put out his hand. "Shake on that," he says admiringly. "You're one woman with a deep and fundamental knowledge of male humanity, ma'am."

"I'd ort to have," she says, mollified by his friendliness. "Land knows, I've had plenty of experience—what with Mr. Bell and all. My views on menfolks is that they're onreliable as spring rains in Wyoming, deceitful of tongue as mockingbirds and low-down as a snake's stomick in a wagon track."

"You're my sort of folks," Bud declared. "I like to hear people speak right out what's on their minds, then you always know where they stand. Them what speak ambiguous-like, in parables, is harder to place. I can take my meals here, then?"

"You sure can," says Widow Bell, as nearly friendly as she ever gets, "if you'll agree not to sing your war song under my front windows no more of nights."

"Nary a yip," Bud agreed. "I've been cold-trailing a rainbow, sort of, and once each year I get to believing that I've maybe overtook it and put it up a tree, so I put on a celebration. I'm done celebrating for this year, same as the Fourth of July is over till next summer."

"You don't surmise, then, that you'll be able to dab your noose on that there rainbow this year?" the widow inquires.

"To be candid, ma'am, it don't look promising," he confessed. "But I always try to keep in mind that cheerful little sayin' to the effect that every cloud has a silver linin'. I heard that one somewheres."

Miss Abby looks so outraged and indignant that Bud breaks out chuckling.

"Just what are you laughing at?" Abby demands, real frigid

"I was just recallin' that when you laugh the world laughs with you," Bud chortled. Widow Bell commenced chuckling, too, but Abby turns on her heel as if this laughing with the world is a mighty senseless and ondignified proceeding and bolts inside.

Bud strolled down to convene with some of the boys. "How's things progressing at Dry Fork?" he inquires casual.

"Backwards," says Bill Barnes. "How else could they be?"

Dry Fork is a creek bed thirty mile or so out, so named from the fact that it is drier than the Sahara about eight months in the year. Along about the time of the melt-off, if the snows have been moderate heavy, it runs a good head for two months in the spring, then sort of perishes gradual through the summer. Every so often some nester outfit comes driving along in the spring a-prospecting for a place to squat and observes Dry Fork running bank-full, so they make camp, put up some sort of a hut, file on a quarter of land and settle down to dry farming.

So far as anyone could ever find out, no squatters thereabouts had ever got their seed back by dry farming. After trying it out one season they're so impoverished they can't even move out of the country, so they bog down, sort of, and hope for the best, instead of which things get worse. Every spring new arrivals come surging in. Seeing a sprinkling of cabins there, they'd inquire of the earlier settlers how things was thereabouts. The tales of hardship enumerated by those earlier ones was so harrowing that the newcomers—squatters always being suspicious-minded that-away—straight off decides that the settlers are trying to scare 'em off so's to keep a good thing for themselves. Not to be deluded, they proceed to settle there and find out for themselves.

In that way there's maybe twenty cabins scattered round for two miles in the little valley where Dry Fork runs out of the hills. All their efforts accomplished was to break up good range land where the wind could get at the soil and blow it all away. Any day when there's a stiff wind a-blowing you could look off Dry Fork way and see the whole landscape migrating. Once the surface vegetation had been disturbed and it warn't many years before every spoonful of dirt had blowed off, leaving nothing but bare rock or hardpan. It ain't likely that there's been any dry farming done thereabouts in the past dozen years, but there was quite a settlement sprung up there them days.

"It does look as if there's a right enterprising group of people over at Dry Fork," Bud Crandall observes.

"Enterprising!" exclaimed Bill Barnes. "How do you make that out?"

"Well, they've stuck on in face of difficulties," Bud points out.

"They have for a fact—stuck there because they can't get away," says Bill.

"Well, they've sat in a tough game and are playing their hand through to the last white chip," says Bud. "And they ain't got many of the comforts of civilization over there. Looks like they ought to have a better break. Why, they haven't got as much as a post office over there yet!"

"Post office!" Bill chuckled. "Whatever would they need a post office for? It ain't likely one of them squatters gets a letter once in six months. And as to sending one, it's blues to whites that there ain't one in ten of them Dry Fork woodchucks could write a letter, much less afford a stamp to mail it with. Besides, there's no place closer than here where they can purchase as much as a can of tomatters; so whenever the Dry Forkers feel flush enough to chip in and buy a bag of flour, whoever they send over here after it can take back six months' accumulation of Dry Fork mail in his vest pocket."

"True enough," Bud admitted. "But think what a sense of civic pride it would give those poor pilgrims to have a post office there. Why, they ain't even on the map, the way it is!"

"Well, they don't know it," Bill says philosophically. "Thar's none amongst 'em could decipher a map, anyhow. A post office there would be a rushing business and no mistake. These yere little back-country post offices don't pay a salary. The postmaster gets the price of whatever stamps is canceled on outgoing mail for the year—which in Dry Fork would anyway amount to ten-twelve cents. At that, I guess his annual income would stack up favorable with the average stipend of the settlers thereabouts."

"Well, that's mighty encouraging," says Bud. "I've got to find some sort of light but steady employment to fill in my spare time between looking after my cows. Guess I'll take your advice and open up a post office in Dry Fork."

Which was what he did, securing the signatures of the settlers to an application for a post office, with himself as postmaster on a cancellation basis. He preëmpted a two-room log cabin deserted by a squatter and he settled there the day before Abby Howard—the regular teacher at Ten Sleep having returned—came over and opened up school in a one-room log house half a mile down the road.

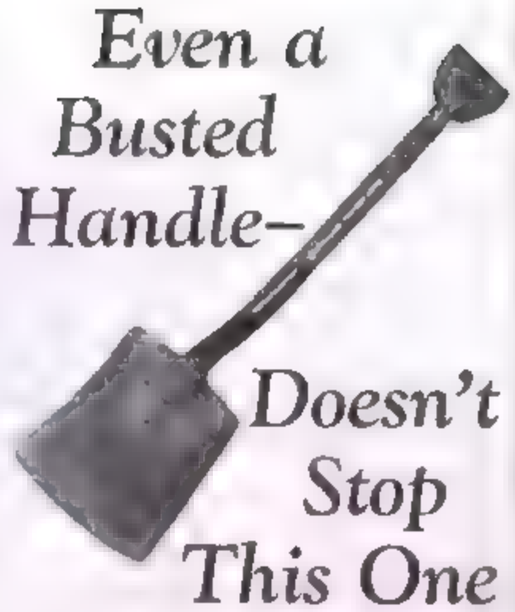
She was right surprised to see by the sign over the door that they had a post office there, and about the second night after school she tripped down there to purchase a brace of stamps and send off a couple of letters. She was somewhat took aback when she ambled in and discovered Bud Crandall installed there as postmaster.

Bud had fixed the front room up with a few homemade chairs and a table that served for a desk. His living quarters was in the rear room, the front one being post office exclusive.

When Abby trooped in Bud was engaged in perusing a catalogue and frowning as if in concentration, jotting down a note every so often on a memorandum pad. Then he gets up and moves swiftly to the front window to dust it off with a rag, sprints from there to the door and begins fixing a sagging hinge. During all this the color begins to creep up into Abby's cheeks and those pansy-blue eyes begins to snap.

"How long do you intend to keep me waiting?" she demanded at last.

Even a Busted Handle— Doesn't Stop This One



GOODNESS knows we believe in Red Edge. We are perfectly willing to state in black and white, "One Red Edge will outlast two to three ordinary shovels." We have even been known to bet on it. But—when it comes to backing a three-year-old Red Edge against a whole dozen ordinary shovels—let Mr. J. J. Paye tell that one.

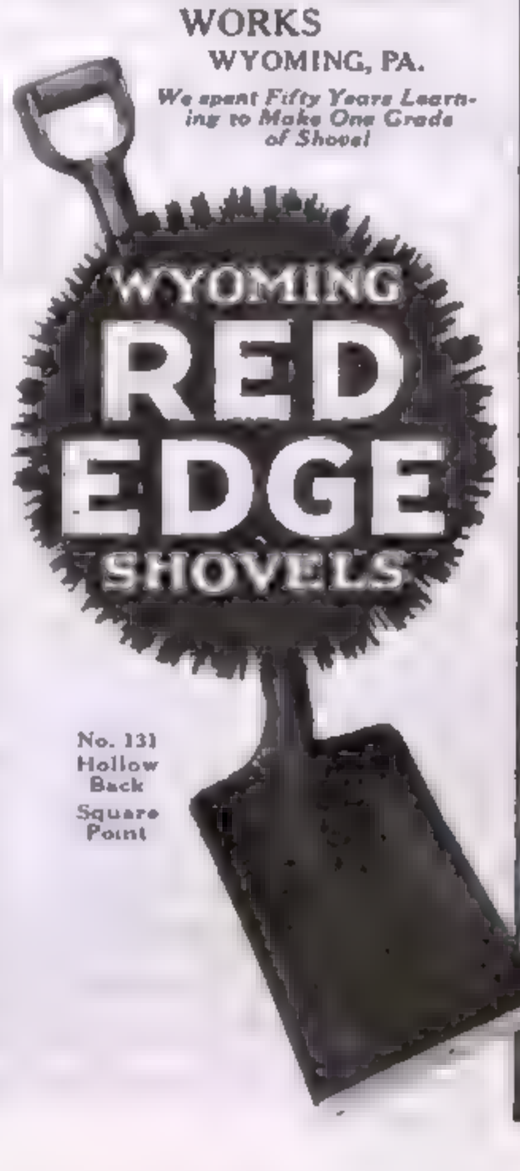
Mr. Paye is General Manager of the Forest City Blue Stone and Contracting Company, Forest City, Pennsylvania. Says Mr. Paye, says he: "I have a Red Edge, three years old, with the handle broken off. Never in my 30 years' experience have I seen anything like it. Always sharp, never any turning of the edge. If you draw your hand across it, it will cut you. Even with the broken handle, it is in use every day.

"I bought a dozen cheap shovels on a small job last year, and when I got through they were all used up. I won't exaggerate. You put a handle on my old Red Edge now, and use it against one or two dozen of those cheap shovels—and when they are used up, the old Red Edge will still be O. K."

We won't spoil a good story by adding anything to it, except to say: "If you want to know who sells Red Edge in your city, drop us a line."

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PA.

We spent Fifty Years Learning to Make One Grade of Shovel



No. 131 Hollow Back Square Point

RED EDGE

"Oh, pardon me. Didn't notice you come in," says Bud, turning to greet her with a welcoming smile. "What can we do for you today, Miss Howard?"

"You weren't busy at all," she says icily—"just pretending to be busy to aggravate me."

"Aggravate!" Bud exclaims in astonishment. "Actually now I figgered you'd be the very first one to applaud, after what you told Ben Wilkins about keeping his two clerks in the Ten Sleep Trading Company hustling about to make it appear that business was rushing. Now I was just trying to impress you with how brisk my trade was this evening."

"That," declared Abby, "is positively absurd."

"Well, maybe so," he conceded. "I was merely emulating the example instituted by Ben Wilkins since your little chat with him. I've seen a stallion so restless that he'd walk forty miles a day in a box stall, but he'd stack up as an immobile piece of statuary compared to the activity displayed recent by them two clerks of Ben's. They simulate briak business to the point where a red ant on a hot brick is sluggish beside 'em." All of which was maybe a mite exaggerated, since Ten Sleep had lapsed back to normal long prior to Miss Abby's departure therefrom.

"And what," Bud goes on real enthusiastic, "do you think of my library?" And he points to that stack of forward-ho periodicals which he had borrowed in turn from Ben Wilkins. He thumbed the pages of one expertly. "Now here's some extracts from a speech that a fellow made before a big gathering in your own home state a few months back. He points out that the average office man, after punching the time clock, opens his desk, then trails to the window and looks out of it for two minutes. Then he moves over to an associate and inquires, 'Have you heard this one?' and proceeds to tell him the latest, consuming some six minutes. His stenographer's time is wasted meanwhile. After twenty-nine minutes of work, his stenographer takes four minutes off to powder her nose and tidy her hair, thereby wasting her time and hisn.

"After an exhaustive study, this lecturer proves by actual computation that in the average working day of eight hours every office employe from the executives down to the office swipe loses fifty-seven minutes. In a concern with a thousand employes, that means practically one thousand hours a day that the company pays for and gets no return but telling funny stories, powdering noses and looking out the window. The audience cheered him to the rafters for eleven and two-tenths minutes after he'd finished. If only every man would take to heart what that sharp advocates in the respect of not a-wasting his time, all of us would soon learn to live life to the full. What do you think, little one?"

"I think," says little one, "that you're a-wasting my time. I want two two-cent stamps."

"Right," says Bud, rueful-like. "I'd forgot. A minute saved is a minute earned, so to speak, now since we've come to know that time is money."

Abby glared at him and trips out and down the road without a backward glance. Bud was pretty well occupied with looking after his cows and spent mighty little time in his cabin between dawn and nightfall. Things wasn't so dull in Dry Fork as might be supposed. A parcel of the boys would ride over from Ten Sleep to buzz Miss Abby for the evening, then put up overnight with Bud. Riders for adjacent outfits took to dropping in whenever possible, so there was scarcely an evening when there wasn't a few ponies standing round whatever settler's cabin Abby happened to be stopping at. Likewise, every other Saturday night there was a dance promoted in Ten Sleep Abby, despite her strong views on early to bed and early to rise, arranged to ride over with some of the older girls of the Dry Fork settlement and attend each of these shindigs until dawn.

On the first such occasion, Bud informed her that he had taken to heart what she said, even if she didn't practice it herself, and had stayed home so's to get to bed at sundown and be up prior to dawn. Also, he stated that he liked a nice quiet place to reside in and he'd been told that those dances in Ten Sleep were downright riotous as to sound. A rider from the Cross T had told him, he says, that the sounds of those midnight revelries had reached his ears five miles out on the range at three o'clock in the morning.

Abby merely elevates her nose an eighth inch higher and scorns to answer, departing from the post office and not darkening its doors for two weeks thereafter. Then one evening Bud came riding in to find a buggy hitched in front of his shack and a spruce-looking shorthorn, rigged out in the best brand of store clothes, a-sitting in the post office, chatting with Abby.

"Are you the postmaster?" the man asked.

"The same—and at your service," Bud confessed.

"I've been waiting two hours and twenty-three minutes," the stranger declared, consulting his watch, "to buy some stamps."

"That's real unfortunate," Bud says regretfully. "You being a stranger, thataway, and unfamiliar with the habits of this particular post office. Otherwise you wouldn't have waited. Our office hours are from six of an evening to six in the morning. The interim of daylight between we're closed."

"Closed during the whole day!" the man snorted in horror. "I never heard of such a thing! It's outrageous!"

"Well, it's thisaway," Bud explained pacifically: "It ain't once in a blue moon that a stranger comes through Dry Fork—and strangers that want to buy stamps even farther apart than that. The regular residents work from six A.M. to six P.M. and haven't got time to buy stamps between them hours. I could stay here all day and never sell a two-cent stamp in six weeks. So I accommodate my habits to them of my customers."

"But it's compulsory that a post office be kept open to serve the public during the day," the man insisted.

"Not if the public prefers to be served at night," Bud disagreed. "And besides, my own business is laid out thataway. My chief occupations is poker and cows. The cows keep me away all day and mostly there's a bunch here to play poker all night, which keeps me home, so me and the customers are both satisfied. All the same, I'm sorry you was discommoded."

"You're an employe of the Government and Uncle Sam's business comes first!" the man says decisively.

"Not with me," Bud denied. "It comes last. Running a post office is just a side line to both of my regular occupations, like maybe hatching a litter of ducks in connection with my cow business or betting a red chip on high spade during the course of a stud hand, both of which is mighty picayune diversions, as you can see for yourself. I just went into the post-office business as a sort of guaranty of intentions to settle down," he says, with a side glance at Abby.

"I'm wondering," said the stranger, "if a post office run like this one actually has any stamps."

"That's our one stock in trade," Bud said cheerfully. "How many'll you have?"

"Let's see your stock of stamps," the man ordered.

Bud brought out a starch box and spread quite an array of stamps on the table. By now, although amused at how serious this shorthorn takes his stamps, he's also a mite nettled at his high-handedness

"Now we have some of this light-green variety at a penny apiece, and good value for the money," says Bud. "These pink fellows we ask two cents each for, and they're a bargain, if I do say it myself. We have to get a nickel each for this nice pastel shade of blue. That may seem a little steep on the face of it, but to one accustomed to high-class merchandise as you are, you realize the advantage of fast colors that won't run when moistened. They'll wear longer and go farther ——"

"Enough of this!" the stranger interrupted. "Do you know who I am?"

"No," Bud confessed. "But I'm fair breathless with curiosity."

"I'm a post-office inspector," the stranger announced in a stern voice.

"Oh!" says Bud, beaming on him. "So that's the way it is. Well, what do you think of our little plant? A daisy, eh?"

"Terrible," the young inspector declared.

"It's better run than any post office was ever run in Dry Fork before," Bud states aggrievedly. "But anyway, you being a specialist and me an amateur at the business, I'm agreeable to listen while you recite the chief items that needs remedying."

"Everything needs remedying. It is absolutely essential that there should be a plainly marked receptacle for outgoing mail, a system of distributing incoming mail, and, at all hazards, some means by which all persons may be served at any hour of the day. Those are just a few of the rudimentary necessities."

"Well, that all sounds reasonable enough," Bud agreed. "Fact is I've been figuring to inaugurate improvements similar to them, but I hadn't got round to it yet."

"Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today," says the inspector weightily, with the air of one delivering in the original package all the wisdom of the ages.

"Seems like I've run across you before somewheres," says Bud, chuckling. "Don't you hail from a little backwash town of two-three thousand people in Ohio?"

"Why, yes, I do," the stranger conceded.

"Your accent, sentiments and your way of expressing yourself is familiar, sort of," Bud said, with a sidelong glance at Abby.

Abby pressed her lower lip with a pearl-white tooth, and the pink in her cheeks deepened a mite.

"There's wisdom in your words and I can see you're a deep thinker," Bud resumed. "But the same party that sprung that same sentiment on me previous also sprung another on me to the effect that haste makes waste. Them two sentiments may seem diametrically opposed to each other on the surface, and possibly a mite inconsistent, but maybe only in the deeper sense that every little snake bite has its antidote. My only reason for delay was because I also have it from the same sound authority that one should first make sure you're right, then go ahead."

By that time Abby's cheeks was afire and her eyes aflame with anger.

"Yes, it's quite true," says the inspector, "that all things come to him that waits, but ——"

"Well, I was just a-setting here waiting for an idea to come to me," says Bud, "about how to install those improvements."

"And now since I've supplied the idea, we can proceed to go ahead," the inspector declared, rising to take his departure.

He gives his name as Brown and bows gracefully to Abby, with whom he has become acquainted during his waiting in line for the post office to open.

"May I drive you home?" he inquired.

"Yes, please," says Abby, and in leaving she favors Bud with a withering glance.

The inspector arranges to stay the night with a Dry Fork settler and spends the evening with Abby. Then, on his homeward way in the morning, he takes occasion to drive her to school. 'Tain't but the following Saturday that he turns up again before noon and takes Abby riding round the countryside in his buggy while waiting for the post office to open in the evening. About an hour before Bud is due, they repair to the post office and wait. The inspector sizes things up critical. Bud has hung two gasoline boxes against the wall. On one is painted the legend Incoming Mail. Help Yourself, and over the other a label that says, Outgoing Mail. On the table is a starch box in which there's a mixture of stamps and odd coins.

"Careless," says the inspector, frowning over this last item. "Criminal carelessness."

Just then the Chinese cook who has just been fired from the Cross T comes clattering in, goes to the starch box, sorts out five two-cent stamps, drops a dime in the box and departs.

Young Brown takes an angry stride round the room and resumes his chair as if the seat's hot. On the heels of that an urchin romps in, paws through the income mail, sorts out a missive, selects two stamps from the starch box and puts in no coins whatever.

"Where you going without paying for those stamps?" the inspector roared.

"Charge it to pop," says the kid, and scuttled off down the road.

Just then Bill Barnes, Rang Jones and several others cantered over from Ten Sleep. Bill produced a packet of letters and tossed 'em into the income mail box.

"Who are you?" Brown inquired, noting this informal delivery.

"Me?" echoed Bill, grinning, him having heard about the inspector from Bud. "I'm the postman."

"How often do you bring the mail here from Ten Sleep?"

"Once a week regular," Bill informed him, winking at Abby.

"Saturdays, eh?" says the inspector.

"Some weeks," Bill agreed. "Other weeks on Wednesdays or Fridays—whatever day it comes up handy."

"What?" the inspector exploded. "Do you mean there's no regular day for delivery?"

"Not in my contract," says Bill.

"I must look into that," the inspector promised. He thereupon proceeded to go into exhaustive detail as to how this was the most unheard-of brand of post office he'd ever set eyes on. "If I should tell other postmasters about how things are run here, they simply would not believe it, but would think I was joking."

"I got a better post-office joke than that," says Bill. "A fond mother sends her boy down with two cents and a letter, the latter to be mailed. When the infant turns up home again he hands her the two cents and says he has saved her money because he had dropped the letter in when the postman wasn't looking. That ain't new," says Bill. "I heard it first when there warn't but three-four rings on my horns, but it's still a good story."

The boys all laughed like they'd never heard it before, and the inspector could see that he wasn't able to impress upon them just what a serious business the post-office racket was, so he settled back to wait for Bud, who soon rolled in.

"What's this?" he demanded, pointing at the starch box.

"That there's my automatic stamp window," says Bud proudly. "I'm going to put in for a patent on that."

Well, the inspector takes to coming over to Dry Fork to suggest improvements pretty regular, and he makes out to come of a Saturday when Abby can ride round with him. He's primed to the ears with cut-and-dried formulas which he hands out to Bud under the guise of personal wisdom.

"I see what he's up to," Bud says to Abby one day. "He's tired of roaming and intends to settle down. He's going to settle down to inspecting this one post office."

The inspector has to figure out something to correct Bud about on each trip as an excuse for dropping in at Dry Fork.

"See here," he says on one occasion, "I've learned that there's no regular delivery here at all—no regular mail route—that the mail is just brought over by any chance rider. How does that come?"

"Which is out of my jurisdiction, as you know," says Bud. "So you'd better take the matter up direct with Washington. It'll cause an upheaval in the capital when it's discovered that all this time the mail has been getting into Dry Fork free."

"I realize that is no affair of yours, and of course I myself have no direct connection

(Continued on Page 77)

CHRYSLER

PLYMOUTH

Roadster (with rumble seat), $675

$675 AND UPWARDS

Roadster *(with rumble seat)* . . .	$675
Coupe	685
Touring	695
2-Door Sedan	700
De Luxe Coupe *(with rumble seat)*	735
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No dollar buys as much as a Plymouth dollar

That car which gives the greatest value for the dollar expended is actually the lowest-priced.

The new Chrysler-built Plymouth stands out precisely in this way above any other in the lowest-priced field.

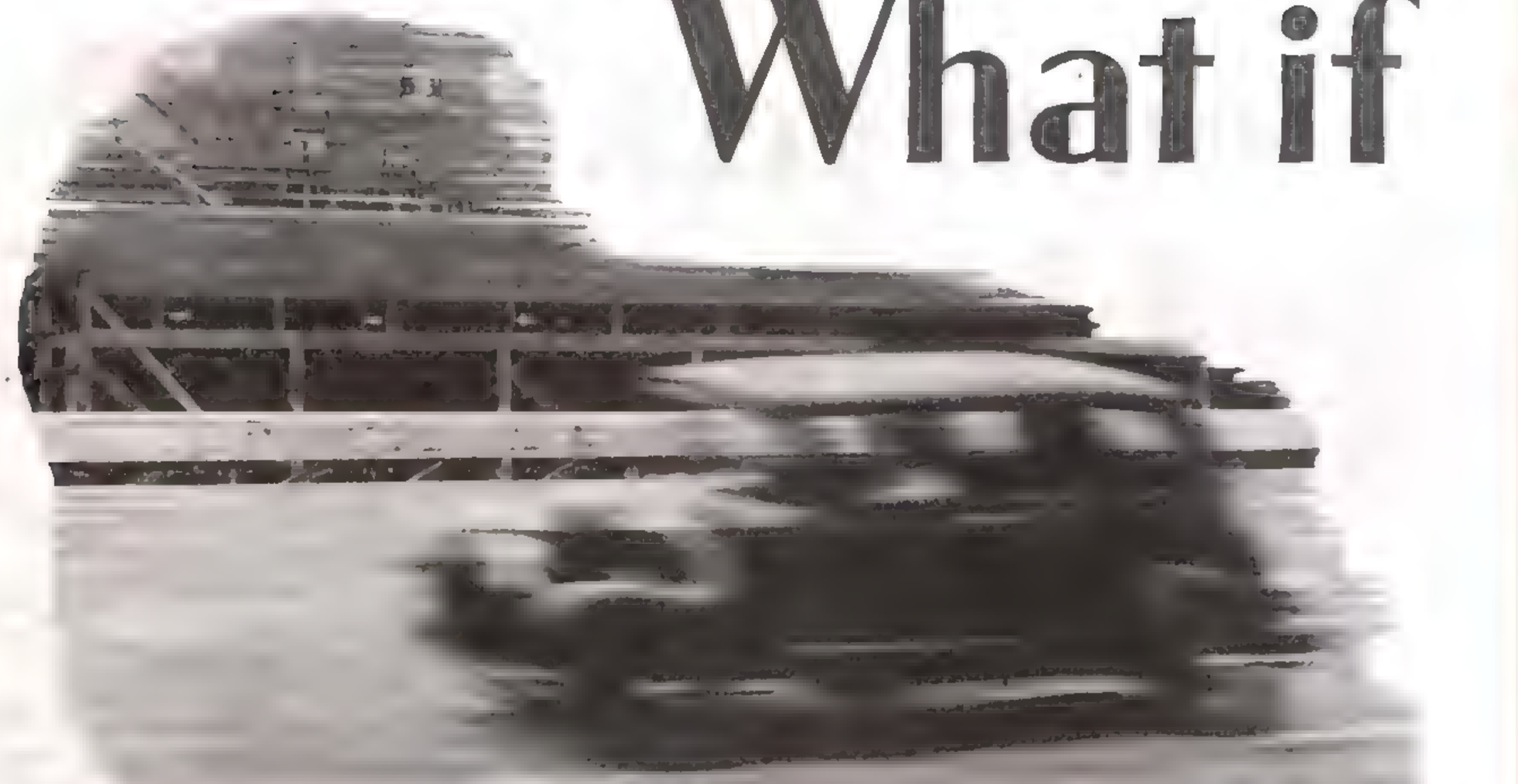
Nowhere else in this price-class can you get the distinctive new Chrysler style and beauty which all the world is admiring.

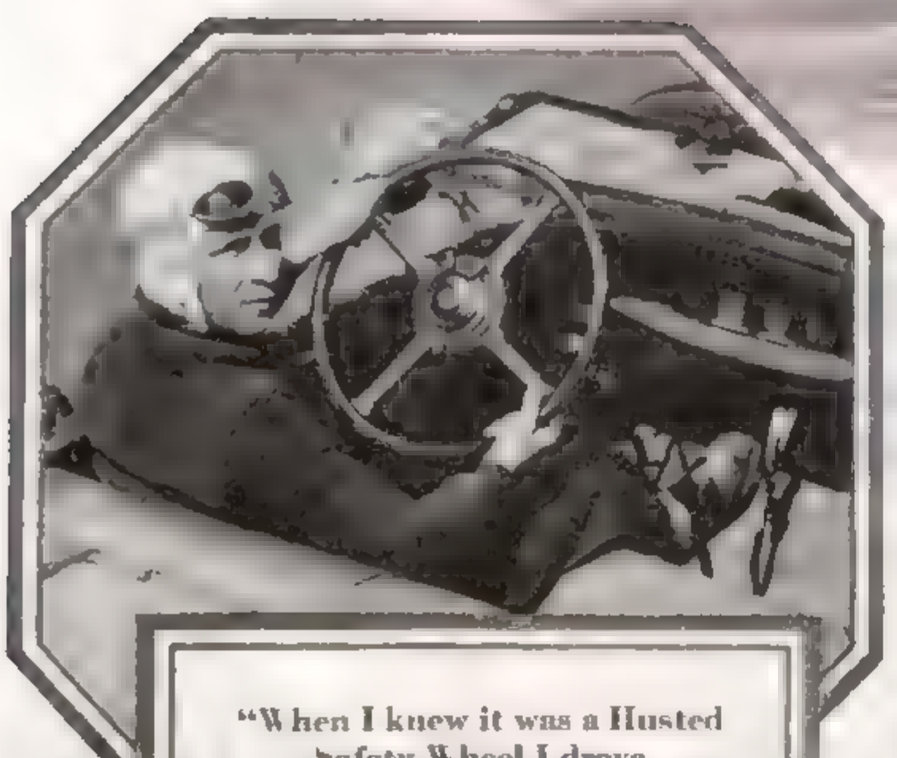
Nowhere else in this price-class can you get a full-sized car, with ample room for adult passengers. Fine quality upholstery. Specially patterned metalware.

And, above and beyond such beauty and luxury, you get—for the first time in the lowest-priced field—smooth power and speed of true high-compression performance with new "Silver-Dome" engine, using any gasoline; safety of internal-expanding hydraulic four-wheel brakes, unaffected by weather conditions; and riding comfort unequalled for such money, because of Chrysler-design spring compensators.

It is no wonder that the millions who count the cost of motoring are using the Plymouth, to its very evident advantage, as the measuring stick of dollar-for-dollar value in the lowest-priced field.

What if





"When I knew it was a Husted Safety Wheel I drove still faster!"

It was comforting to me to know that each of the 4 Studebaker President Eights, which traveled 30,000 miles in less than 30,000 minutes at the Atlantic City Speedway, was equipped with Husted One-Piece Steel-Core Safety Steering Wheel. When I learned that I drove still faster! The turns on this track are bent at 48-degree angles, and it was on these turns that the greatest strains came to steering wheels. The pull was terrific.

The A. A. A. laws, for the past five years, have compelled all racing cars to be equipped with steel-core safety wheels, because they cannot shatter or splinter

Yours very truly,

Ralph Hepburn

At this terrific speed—
30,000 miles in 26,326 minutes!

THINK of the strain upon the steering mechanisms and steering wheels of these 4 Studebaker President Eights, as they rocketed through blistering heat and rain-drenched darkness, with never a let-up for 19 days and 18 nights!

Tilted to a 48-degree angle on the rough board surface of the Atlantic City Speedway, a moment's relaxation in the tension of iron muscles meant instant disaster.

Fate waited gloatingly—but in vain—for a single weakness of man or mechanism. The greatest test of speed and stamina in the history of transportation was faced and passed with flying colors by the greatest motor cars in history—Studebaker's new President Straight Eights!

STUDE

the *steering wheel* had broken?

THE mere thought is terrifying! Yet the threat of disaster, swift and sickening, would have lurked at each driver's shoulder during this history-making grind—except for Studebaker's prudent forethought.

The steering wheels *could* not break. These were *stock* Studebaker President Eights, picked at random by A. A. A. officials. And all Studebaker cars are equipped with Husted Steering Wheels—the only one-piece steel core safety wheel.

Substituting safety, at far higher cost, for the menace of flimsy steering wheels which can so easily cause hideous accidents, is but one of Studebaker's wise provisions for your safety and comfort. Full-vision steel bodies, brakes that stop you in half the prescribed distance, ball bearing spring shackles for matchless riding ease—these are typical Studebaker advantages.

The Husted Safety Steering Wheel is but one striking evidence of the thorough-going quality construction that in less than a year has now made The President *the largest selling eight in the world!*

The President Eight is priced at $1685 to $2485. Commander, Dictator and Erskine Sixes, $835 to $1665. All prices f. o. b. factory.

THE LAW

American Automobile Association Racing Board Insists on Steel-Core Steering Wheels!

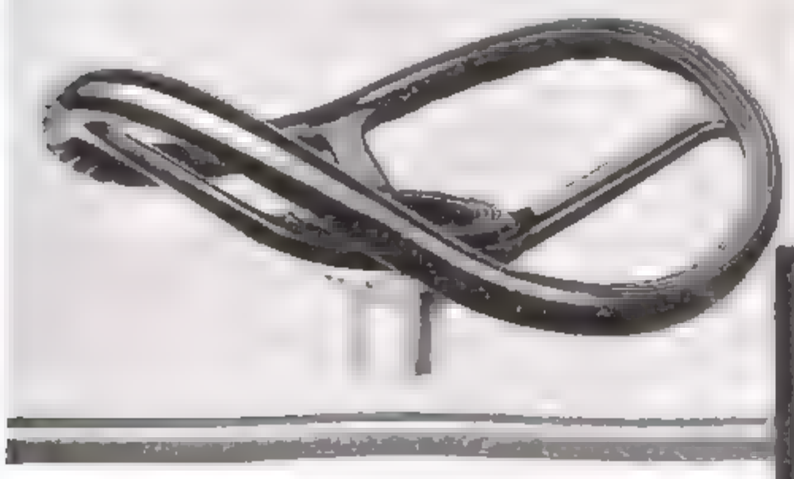
Read this excerpt from their Racing Car Requirements:

"All racing cars must have a steel or bronze steering wheel."

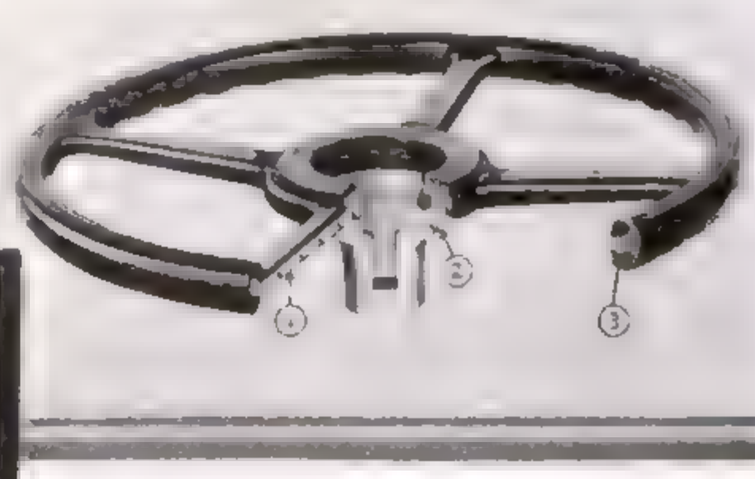
THE HUSTED SAFETY STEERING WHEEL

meets this requirement

The steel core of the Husted Safety Steering Wheel with which all Studebaker and Erskine cars are equipped, is cold rolled and formed from one piece of toughest steel. Its strength may some day save your life.



Laboratory tests under thousands of pounds pressure merely succeed in twisting the rim and spokes of the Husted Steel Core Safety Steering Wheel. It positively will not fracture or shatter, under the severest strains. Think what this means—positive control of your car's direction at all times to insure your safety.



Hard rubber, which will never soil hands or gloves, is vulcanized over the steel channel inner core (see 3), bonding perfectly through the perforations (see 1). Graceful lines and a remarkably comfortable grip are provided. Sturdy driving lugs, instead of mere screws, take all strain of steering (see 2).

BAKER

When you rode on air

THOSE were the days when your car stood out, in the traffic and the parking line. Those were the days when you rode just for the pleasure of riding—when your car was new.

When the new cars begin to roll out on the Avenue, when the traffic is a moving band of color, when this year's models take the spotlight and last year's become old-fashioned overnight . . . then is the time to see the Duco Authorized Refinisher in your community

Make your car look like one of the latest models. Your Duco Authorized Refinisher can give you all the most recent color combinations. He can give your car a Duco application by the du Pont Process that will make it look like new

The du Pont Process was worked out by du Pont chemists, in collaboration with leading automobile and body makers. It prescribes the proper succession of "anchored" coats, controls the time, and standardizes the quality of the materials from the priming coat that is applied to the bare metal to the final color coat. And the product which he applies is genuine, unrivalled Duco—the same remarkable finish the leading manufacturers have chosen for their new car finish.

Outside every shop which is equipped to use the du Pont Process there hangs this sign: Du Pont Duco Authorized Refinishing Station. Wherever you see it you can be sure that the work done at that shop is of outstanding quality. And the men who work in Duco Authorized Refinishing Stations have been trained in the du Pont Process. Look up the Authorized Refinisher in your community Let him make your car look like new again with Duco—properly applied. *The du Pont Process is your assurance of satisfactory results.*

If your car does not need a complete refinishing job, if the original finish is still in good condition, you can make it look like one of the latest models by a Duco recoloring job. A recoloring job with Duco can be done quickly and at a moderate price.

How to get your car refinished by the du Pont Process

The du Pont Duco Authorized Refinishing Station sign is now displayed by more than 2000 shops throughout the country. Only at these shops can you be sure that your job will be done by the du Pont Process.

DUCO—*made only by du Pont*

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOKLET

E. I DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC
Dept. R-5, Advertising Department, Wilmington, Del

Gentlemen: Without obligation please send me your booklet, "Modernizing the Automobile with Duco Colors," which will explain how to select color combinations best suited to my particular requirements.

Name._____

Address _____

DUCO Authorized Auto Refinishers

(Continued from Page 72)

with the letting or regulation of mail-route contracts," Brown says stiffly. "I was merely asking your opinion."

"Well, as matters stand," Bud said, "the mail used to get into Dry Fork every two or three months regular. Now, for some unknown reason," he says with a glance at Abby, "there's someone or other just rearing to bring the mail here from Ten Sleep every day. We sometimes have as many as five deliveries a day now—more'n they do in New York. I'd say that from once in three months to five times a day was a creditable performance as far as delivery goes. And business has increased eighteen thousand per cent in five months. If there's no Dry Fork mail in Ten Sleep at the moment, there's always someone eager and willing to write Old Man Akers or old Mrs. Larson a letter, mail it in Ten Sleep and then volunteer to ride out here with it. I'll bet blues agin whites to the last ounce of my dust that there ain't a post office in the United States can equal that record. If they was giving out prizes, I'd be plastered with blue ribbons. What with post-office inspectors and volunteer pony-express riders, it's a safe bet that this is the liveliest little post office in all North America."

Bill Barnes derives a lively interest from the goings-on of Brown and Abby.

"Real entertaining span, them youngsters," he says to Bud. "Infants in them backwater villages like they hail from is raised on canned sayings the same as cow-country infants is raised on canned milk. They ain't long enough out of the shell yet to have any experience of their own to draw on, so they recite them quaint banalities as if they was etarnal verities; but directly they'll get weaned off of 'em and begin to experiment with ideas of their own, same as cow-country youngsters is soon weaned of canned milk and begins to wrastle with steak and potatoes. We all has been grazing so long on the open range of experience that it's refreshing to listen to this pair of colts whose ideas has been pasture-raised onder fence."

It's getting along towards spring when school will let out and Abby will be headed back for Ohio. Also, it won't be long now before Bud will be throwing his cows up on the forest for the summer. And despite the fact that he has irritated her a considerable by bouncing them little parables back at her on occasion, he's in dead earnest in wanting to stake out his claim on Abby.

Ever since he first set out on her track he hasn't been able to see any other girl for the dust. All this time at Dry Fork she has treated him pleasant and friendly only maybe a mite less friendly than she has treated the others—but she hasn't hardly let him get her off alone for ten minutes. Then comes a day when she takes a lone *pasear* out across the range and Bud canters up to join her.

"Abby, our trails fork again before many moons," he says. "And you know, honey, that I love you plumb distracted. I'd like right well, pet, to file my first papers on you right off. Then you can wait as long as you like before I prove up and apply for final patent."

"No, I have never believed in long engagements," she stated.

"Nor me," Bud agreed. "But sometimes the longest way round is the shortest way there, angel face, as you've told me yourself, and I'd rather trek to paradise by way of Mexico City and Moscow than to take the cut-off to the south. Which it's surely going to consign me to that latter direction if you turn me down. Can't I convince you that two can live as cheap as one, even if not so care-free?"

"No," she said, "never."

"Do you mean that's final?" he asked.

"Yes—absolutely, Bud. I do mean it," she says. "I like you, same as I do all the boys here, but I could never love a rover."

Bud sees that she means it, and though it's a body blow and a tough one, right there he decides to take his medicine with a grin.

"Well, Abby," he chuckled, "you've sure left a trail of settled-down hopefuls behind you. When you breezed into Three Roads and remarked broadcast that you disapproved of rovers, right away the whole community leaves off its roving and settles right down. Tod Smiley started clerking in the store and he's there yet. Pete Lennox took up a homestead and is still residing on it. After you got all Three Roads settled down, you moved right out and left it to settle down by itself. Next you performed similar rites in Pine Leaf, then moved over here. Now there's a few score of the boys hereabouts that's a-pining to settle down and roam no more. Yet it's a safe gamble that you're planning to leave them to settle alone, because I hear it rumored about that you're not a-going to teach the youth of Dry Fork next year."

"No, Bud, I'm not," she said. "It's not even certain that they will hold school here next year." Then, because she's too tender-hearted to be callous about dealing out hurts—or at least she thinks that's what she feels—she says, "I'm sorry, Bud."

"Sure, you would be—that's like you," he said. "But don't fret about me, honey. Let's see, it's three seasons I've been on your trail now, ain't it?—where settled-down folks stayed behind. Some people asserts that the third time's the charm. But for every cute little canned saying there's another one equally apt that offsets it. Other folks claim that when you go down the third time you stay down. Looks like the latter was my case. . . . And you don't know where you'll teach next year?"

"No, I don't know yet," she told him.

"Well, wherever it is, good luck, girl," he says. He leaned over real quick and kissed her. Then, before she has a chance to chide him, he's a-cantering off across the range.

Next day is Saturday and the inspector turns up to make a few more suggestions to Bud. But Bud didn't turn up that night, nor the next, and the inspector is in quite a stew about it. Quite a jolly group of riders make free of the premises meanwhile and they're mighty optimistic about how Bud will turn up sooner or later, so why worry? They played poker most all of Sunday night and used Bud's automatic stamp window for the kitty, thus further outraging the inspector's ideas as to how a post office ort to be run. Bud turned up Monday evening and the inspector lit into him.

"I'm going to take this post office away from you," he declared.

Bud smiles at him kind of quizzical, unhooks the incoming and outgoing boxes off the wall, includes the starch box with the stamps still in it, adds a few books of forms which ain't ever been scratched yet there being no money orders or registered mail ever sent out of Dry Fork since the camp started—and hands the lot to the inspector.

"Here's the Dry Fork cancellation stamp too," says Bud, real genial. "And to show there ain't no hard feelings, I'm throwing in what stamps I got left."

Without quite knowing just how it all come to pass, the inspector finds himself standing outside a-holding all the tangible assets of the Dry Fork post office in his arms and feeling sort of dazed, while a half dozen grinning riders are surveying him from the doorway.

He collects his dignity and states: "I'll appoint another postmaster at once."

"Didn't you tell me once that all things come to him that waits?" Bud remarks pleasant.

"Certainly," the inspector agreed.

"Well, if you wait long enough, you'll find another postmaster for Dry Fork," Bud predicted. "But I prophesy without hesitation that you'll grow many an added ring on your horns before one comes to you."

Old Man Larkin says no, he's expecting to move out next season and leave Dry Fork flat on its back, so he can't be bothered to take the post office. Tom Runkle allows that the detail work would be too confining, so he can't accept the responsibility. One after another, every last settler declines the honor. So along the next evening Brown comes riding back to Bud's place with all the paraphernalia. He says that Bud will have to take the post office back, that a man can't shoulder Uncle Sam's business and then just lay his responsibilities down in the road, until after other arrangements are made. Bud agrees, just to please him, but states that he can't stay there and run it.

"I was needing those two boxes for side panniers, anyway," Bud said to the boys after the inspector had left. "And that brace of little blank books and that rubber stamp won't take up much room nohow."

Next morning he packed up early. The incoming and outgoing mail boxes was toggled on either side of his pack horse with sling ropes to serve as side panniers and packed full of Bud's grub and cooking utensils. He flopped his war sack and bed roll on top, put a hitch on the pack, mounted his horse and bid the boys *adiós*. They stood there watching him move off across the range, leading his pack horse, on which was traveling all that was left of the Dry Fork post office, his cows plodding on ahead of him, p'inted by a rider he's engaged to help trail 'em to his destination in the high country.

Two weeks later the inspector comes romping in from up Sheridan way and peers into Bud's dismantled shack. Bill Barnes was up at Tom Runkle's gassing with Abby when Brown charged in.

"Where's the post office?" he demanded, somewhat breathless.

"It's moved," Bill informed him.

"Where to?" asked the inspector.

"Couple o' hundred miles from here, more or less," Bill estimated. "Bud had to take his cows up on the mountain for the summer, so he took the post office with him."

"But you can't move a post office!" Brown expostulated.

"Well, this was a mighty small post office," says Bill, "and it wasn't any kind of a chore for Bud to pack it off with him."

"But I mean," Brown explained, sort of frantic, "that it's against the law to move a post office."

"Maybe, where you hail from, inspector," conceded Bill, who loves to debate. "But not out here, it ain't. It was his own post office, so what's to hinder him moving it?"

The inspector mutters to himself and stalks round in circles, like he's maybe dazed. "He'll have to keep on running it," he says.

"Well, send him word," Bill advised. "He's a mighty obliging lad, Bud is, and likely he'll open up shop wherever his tepee's pitched at."

"But he'll have to come back here and open up," Brown chafed. "Don't you see?"

"No," Bill disagreed, "not the way I look at it. Besides, he won't. Him and Dry Fork is quits. He may open up Dry Fork post office just to please you, wherever he's roosting, but it won't be at Dry Fork. I'll bet a hundred head o' yearlings against a brindle pup that it won't. In fact, I'd lay small odds that Dry Fork don't ever have another post office."

"I'll have him brought back!" Brown threatened.

"If postmasters was eels," says Bill, "I might p'int out—in a phrase that's likely familiar to you, since you deal in high-sounding formulas—that it's best to always catch your postmaster before you skin him."

"I'll go after him and bring him back!" Brown declared.

"I wouldn't do it, son," Bill counseled. "Bud is a bad man to go after. Puts me in mind of the time Meteetse decided to be a law-and-order camp. They appointed Old Mike Arnold town marshal, mainly because he didn't have anything else to do. Mike carved a sizable star out'n a tin plate and wore it about mighty proud. After about a week, Old Man Kidder rode in from

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The R. M. Hollingshead Co.

CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.

Meteetse Rims and went on a spraddle, singing his war song up and down the street and cutting loose with his gun now and then. He's usually harmless, but venomous as all outdoors when he's a mind to be, Kidder is. Mike and him has been on many a wild bust together.

"Mike struts into the saloon and taps Kidder on the shoulder. 'You come with me,' he instructs.

"'Whar to?' Kidder inquired.

"'To jail,' says Mike.

"'They got a jail here? How long since?' Kidder asks.

"'Not exactly a jail, but you come with me and I'll show you the spot where the jail's to be built at so's you'll know where I'm a-going to put you next time you come in rampaging around.'

"'And who gave you any license to put me in jail?' Kidder demands.

"Mike points to his star. 'I'm the marshal,' he proclaims.

"'I won't even go to look at whar the jail's to be built,' Kidder announces.

"'You come along with me now,' Mike orders real stern.

"'Not one foot,' Kidder declines stubbornly. Mike thrusts out his head, looking mighty truculent.

"'Do you mean to stand there and flat-footedly refuse to go to jail with me—defy me, knowing that I'm the marshal of this camp?'

"'Nary an inch,' says Kidder.

"Mike took off his star and throwed it down on the floor. 'Well, I'm dashed if I'll be marshal then, so thar!' he says.

"Thereafter, son," Bill explained to the inspector, "Meteetse didn't have no marshal, and got along just as well, because it didn't need one."

"But what am I going to do?" Brown wants to know.

"Well, son, if bein' inspector includes goin' after Bud Crandall and coercin' him back to be postmaster at Dry Fork," says Bill, "I'd do like Mike Arnold done that time at Meteetse. I'd just naturally quit bein' an inspector."

"But we've got to have a postmaster at Dry Fork!" Brown states desperately.

"Not necessarily," Bill soothed him. "Dry Fork don't need a postmaster any more than Meteetse needed a marshal. So ca'm yourself and quit acting up long-haired and frantic. Besides, you never was pleased with the post office while it was here, so why be all burnt up about getting it back now since you've got rid of it? I might p'int out to you, son, that it is sometimes best to let sleeping dogs lie."

Brown was forced at last to take Bill's advice for the present. Abby was leaving next day and he drove her and her traps over to Ten Sleep. All day, as folks was a-bidding her good-by, she kept looking round as if something was missing. When she finally pulled out in the stage she was still looking back, sort of wide-eyed and startled, as if she'd just remembered something important that she'd forgot. The inspector drove out of town in the opposite direction.

"Not a bad pair to draw to," said Bill. "Only neither of 'em has waked up yet as to what life's all about. It's a safe bet that neither of 'em is sold on the quiet little home towns to the extent that they think they are. Otherwise, they'd 'a' stayed on there contented without browsing out onto strange range.

"Whenever a stranger turns up in a new community where folks and ways is different, it always strikes him that the community is strange, not himself. So, instead of conforming himself to fit in with the community, he sets right out trying to shape the community over and pattern it after himself. That's how it's been with them. But they're scarcely more than weanlings yet, and later they'll larn when they're in Rome to live as the Romanngs do."

It turned out just as Bill Barnes predicted. When Abby returned to her home village she wasn't quite so sold on its being the fountainhead of all perfection after which all camps should be modeled as she'd thought she was. She caught herself being critical and making comparisons. After a spell she waxed restless and began to feel real depressed, though without knowing just why. When fall rolled around she was right glad to be heading westward again to take her new school. Her heart is all bubbling and happy as the train carries her on.

This little town of Turnville, Nebraska, where she lands at, is merely a wide place in the road with maybe a hundred-odd inhabitants. Now Nebraska is somewhat of a cow state itself, but this Turnville was well removed from all such activities, a granger community pure and simple, which mightn't have been so bad, at that, except that every last soul in it had emanated from home towns similar to Abby's. They'd imported with 'em exactly the same ways, views of life and manner of expressing them that Abby had lived with and listened to all her life. Except that the faces was different and the camp's a mite smaller, she couldn't tell but what she was staying right on at home.

She didn't have any fault to find with that, for it all seemed as it should be, but directly she found that old restlessness creeping back on her again. There was never a sound in Turnville after round nine o'clock of a night, and after a few months she found the quiet growing oppressive. She kept waking up nights with a wild hope that something would happen, but it never did. These were just the kind of fine, steady, dependable people that she had always liked, and she couldn't decide what ailed her, because she liked the Turnville folks too. Finally she waked up one night with that old breathless feeling that something—she didn't know what—was about to happen. Whatever it was, it didn't occur, and the elation died out of her, leaving her sort of lonesome and slack.

"Why, I might just as well have stayed home!" she said out loud in the darkness.

Then, all of a sudden, it began to dawn on her what the trouble was. She had left her home town, not because there was anything wrong with it but for the reason that, being young, she had wanted to see something different. Then when she'd got to places where things were somewhat different, the strangeness had made her a mite homesick, even though she was unconscious of it, and she had set out forthwith to make the people in those places over into the pattern of those she knowed at home. The trouble hadn't been with the home folks or with those in the places she'd taught at—Three Roads, Pine Leaf, Ten Sleep and Dry Fork. They were all good folks, but different. The trouble had been with her. She'd wanted something different and then tried to make it over after she'd found it.

She read that it was a savage winter in Wyoming and that the stock was dying by hundreds out on the range. She pictured the boys she'd known riding across the sage with their handkerchiefs pulled up under their eyes, their hats pulled low, and their horses' tails streaming down wind from the screech of a norther as they tended their cows. She woke up once or twice with tears on her lashes. And it came to her that the home folks was just right for their jobs at home and the boys out on the ranges just right for theirs.

The people she lived among conversed in set phrases like those she'd been raised on. She began to feel a mild irritation at hearing the selfsame expressions she had been busy dispensing herself as the sum total of all human knowledge. As the months went by, this impatience increased. She came home one night exhausted after a session with a refractory pupil. She knew that she had been right, that the boy had lied out of it and that his meekly stubborn parents believed him an innocent angel. But she didn't know just how to rectify matters. The head of the family in which she was living listened while she explained and asked his advice. He nodded sagely and spoke up at last in a resigned sort of voice.

"Where there's a will there's a way," he proclaimed, as if he was presenting her with the very keystone of all wisdom, which would clear up all her troubles by just listening to him say it.

"Yes. Don't worry," said the motherly little housewife. "Right will always prevail."

"Truth will out," the man amplified.

This was all nice friendly counsel meant to be helpful, but it grated on Abby's frayed nerves and she fled to her room and flopped down on the bed.

"And I used to arrange all things for all people with that same placid patter—all the way from Three Roads to Dry Fork!" she said. "What a prime little chump they must have thought me!"

She suddenly had a picture of Bud Crandall having a heartfelt laugh in recollection of some of her prim little parables, and it made her so angry at Bud that she shed tears of rage.

She wore it out till along towards spring, but she was feeling seedy and needing a change. She was glad she was going to leave, but hadn't made up her mind yet whether to go straight home from school or to take a sashay out to California. The evening of the day before school closed she was explaining for the fourth time to the man of the house that she hadn't bought her tickets yet because she didn't know where she was going. And just then a loose hem which she'd been intending to fix but hadn't got round to it yet—caught on a chair and ripped most of her skirt off.

The man, speaking of her indecision in the matter of the tickets, remarked affably "He who hesitates is lost," and in the same breath the wife, speaking of the dress, says "A stitch in time saves nine."

Those remarks was aimed to assuage her difficulties, but someway they didn't. Abby didn't know whether she was about to faint or turn a back handspring. Before she had time to decide, the man heaves himself from his chair and observes that he must write a letter, late as it was, because procrastination was the thief of time. And he beamed on her as if in hope of receiving congratulations on his acumen. Abby staggered into the chair he'd just vacated and stared wild-eyed into space.

"You're upset tonight, but things will look brighter in the morning," says the little woman in a kindly tone. "Worry flies out the window when good cheer comes in at the door."

Abby let out a little scream before she could stop it. She knew then for certain that her reason was slipping. She could feel her grip on it letting go an inch at a time. And it's likely she would have let it slip, but just then something occurred to save it.

A horse came clattering through the street at a run and his rider let out a screech every jump. So did Abby. She headed right for the door, but couldn't just find it and gave the man time to grab her and keep her inside. For every soul in Turnville was trying to decide whether it was bandits or a maniac that was loose in the street and was busy locking their doors.

Abby pried herself loose and fled out the door just as the horseman came charging back, singing that he's a poor lonesome coyote with nowheres to howl. Just having come from the light, she couldn't see out in that dark roadway at first and was darting about sort of aimless, the song having ceased when she had slammed the front door behind her.

"What are you looking for, honey?" a voice hailed her from the dark.

"I'm a-looking for you, Bud," she called, running to him, and the next second she has her face buried against his shirt front and is hanging onto him as if she's afraid he'll evaporate. "And you didn't come a split second too soon," she cooed presently. "I had just about come to the end of my picket rope."

"Why, honey, you talk like as if you hailed from Wyoming!" Bud says.

"No—but that's where I'm headed for, Bud, if you'll take me back with you."

They had stood out there maybe three-four hours, without thinking of how the minutes flit past at such times, and had talked over almost everything they could think of, when along towards morning Abby let a little delighted laugh out of her and says she, "Oh, Bud, whatever did happen to that post office at Dry Fork?"

"Why, pet, I've still got it," he says. "Only I'm living down at the home place near Riverton now—anchored there permanent, looks like. They can have the post office any time they send after it. I expect by now the inspector has discovered that one postmaster in the hand is worth two postmasters in the bush."

Abby reared right back and drummed both little fists on his chest. "Bud Crandall," she says, "I won't live with you for one single minute unless you promise me solemn never to hurl one of those linguistic air-tights at me again!"

"And so far as can be ascertained, Bud Crandall never did," Pap Sanders concluded, "because she's living with him yet and they are grandparents now. So that's how it come up that Dry Fork had a post office once but lost it and never had one again."

"Which is all real entertaining," said the young horse wrangler, still working swiftly against time on his allotted task. "And it surely has helped me along wonderful in fashioning these panniers."

"Oh, yes—the reason for all this rush," said Pap, winking at the guide, "is because an unexpected pack party arrives to go out in the morning; and last night—likely you hadn't heard the news yet—the Cowboy Bazaar burnt to the ground and in it was them new panniers we'd ordered. Since you'd destroyed the old ones, we needed a set mighty pronty."

"Well, however was I to know that all them unexpected things was going to occur?" the wrangler demanded in a grieved tone of voice.

"You couldn't, Buddy," Pap said soothingly. "No man can foresee all such. Progress and forging ahead from old ways to new is all right, son. But merely scrapping old ways ain't progress—not without you're dead certain you have got the new remedy right where you can put your hand on it. And the same goes for equipment. No doubt that inspector, in his bout with Bud Crandall, found out about post offices what you have about pack panniers—namely, that there's times when the best little motto is to let well enough alone."

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A SON OF ANAK

(Continued from Page 37)

horizon there lay the dark smudge of an approaching tug. The breeze, still westerly, was dying, and Whitten said under his breath: "Hot on shore this afternoon."

Bram nodded inattentively. He said after a moment: "That speed boat was in Rockland while we were there. Or one like it."

"It was?" Whitten asked, and after a moment: "Well, there's quite a few of them around here. Mightn't be the same one."

"Maybe not," Bram agreed. The matter seemed unimportant. He asked the time, and Whitten told him; and Bram said, "We'll be early."

"I'll stop in at Bottle Harbor—get some gas," Whit suggested. "Might hear something."

They had word, in fact, that the sheriff had been there on his way to Spectacle. "We're looking for him," Whit explained. "I figure he'd head for Isle au Haut after he left Spectacle. We're going over there." He caught Bram's eye suggestively, and Bram confirmed this deception.

"I want to look around over there," he said lamely. He was glad when they were once more on their way. He was tired and sick for sleep, but he scarce recognized this need. His aching eyes merged with the other torments which harassed him. He was in a fever for movement, for action, for destructive violence. He drove forward, not toward any goal, since no sure goal was clear to him, but against the clouding obstacles that lay across his way. When at a little after six o'clock he stood on the shore of the cove on the south side of Split Apple, it was as though a great load was lifted from his shoulders.

He had been, by the loss of the Bargee, left scantily supplied with proper clothing, possessing only what he wore; but this day in Rockland he had remedied this lack, making some small purchases—a dark shirt, fresh overalls, canvas shoes with rubber soles. He sat down now and replaced his socks and shoes—for he had waded ashore—and watched the Patsy out of sight. He and Whit had rigged a dummy to sit as he had been sitting, just behind the spray hood. To any watching eye ashore it might well seem that Bram was still aboard her there with Whitten. Bram was satisfied; he swung along the cove and into the thick cover of the wood.

He had the flash light, his pocketknife, matches, some chocolate, cigarettes. He was zealous on this quest, and he went swiftly and boldly to a proper vantage from which he could look down—as he had looked that morning—across the decks of the moored steamers. The sun was near its setting and the cove lay in shadow; only the funnels and the masts of the ships were touched with the sun's bright rays. The evening was very still, and overhead a gull winged by and saw Bram and swerved upward with a sweep of its strong wings.

Bram had meant to wait till dark, but he was impatient now. Before him the ships lay lifeless and deserted. If he meant to look about the decks this was his proper time. He would not dare, in darkness, show a light there; his flash lamp was to serve when he had made his way below. In the end he moved down to the gangplank, advancing cautiously, pausing at each step to listen and to look around. The way lay open; he stepped along the plank and went aboard.

Upon the open deck he stood for a moment uncertainly, half expecting a shot or a summons from the trees that cloaked the shore; and he began to understand the desperate temerity of what he did. If Lee Wing found him here the Chinaman might shoot and justify the deed. If Lee Wing or those unknown others who had destroyed Thad were still about, his case was a fearful one.

He crouched instinctively somewhat below the bulwarks, and he wished with a keen longing that he had brought Lee Wing's pistol, as Whit advised. His ears were ringing, as though they were already stunned by the impact of the shot that he expected.

But the dusk lay still as pale wine in the cove, and there came no sound. Bram's resolution returned, and after a while he moved across the first vessel's deck, and that of the second, till he came to the third. Here Lee Wing had been painting; here, Bram told himself, Thad must have died. Here then he must seek for that which he had come to find.

XV

BRAM knew the sea in only one of its many aspects. He had sailed back and forth along the coast of Maine since he was a boy, sometimes with his father, sometimes with the old fisherman who was his father's sailing master, sometimes alone. But except for an occasional trip between Boston and Rockland on the Belfast or the Camden, he had never stepped upon a steamship's deck. He was familiar with the outward aspect of such vessels; had seen the cargo boats as they passed up and down the coast, their silhouettes against the sky line. Sometimes, when they were heavy-laden, they rode low in the water; sometimes they floated high like empty barges. He knew their characteristic outlines—a high bow and stern, a low waist amidships, a stumpy funnel and a pair of stubby masts. But so far as their internal arrangements were concerned he was, save in the most general fashion, completely ignorant; and now, when he somewhat forgot his first fears and began to survey the scene around him, it was with faintly puzzled eyes.

He thought vaguely that this ship upon which he stood must have been built at Bath during the war, and under rush orders, when the only essential was speed—when quality was sacrificed to quantity. Hence now its low estate, anchored here to rust away, judged worthless for the business of peace. He scanned it with some curiosity. He was standing on one of the planks which had been laid on the decks to protect the paint from marring. The plank ran along the rail nearest the shore, and other planks carried a footway aft to the deck house and forward to the forecastle companion. The single funnel rose above his head, and forward and aft the masts pointed like fat prodding forefingers toward the sky. Around the foot of each mast, at the deck level or just above it, there were affixed booms which now slanted upward at an angle. They were designed, he guessed, to serve as cargo hoists. The main hatch, its cover sealed with heavy canvas, rose a little above the deck just in front of where he stood, and there was a smaller hatch just aft of it. This might, he thought, give access to a companion ladder that led downward into the hold.

A ventilator like the head of a fat and sluggish serpent with an open mouth curved above him. The davits, empty of boats, stood like gallows trees along the rail. Around the base of the funnel and toward the stern there were deck houses of one sort and another, their doors shut fast, their windows smeared with white paint to render them opaque. As he looked about him more and more attentively, he marked that all small, movable things had been removed. There were no blocks where blocks should have been; there were no lines or falls except the wire rigging that stayed the masts and funnels and the cargo hits, and here and there above the level of the deck the naked heads of bolts protruded, where some piece of machinery had once been secured. The vessel wore abandonment like a garment. It was like an empty house upon a lonely hill.

The decks and the rail and all the metal work, Bram saw, were painted with that hideous red. The deck houses and the bridge were painted white, but the paint had begun to flake away. Masts and cargo hoists and funnel wore a dull yellow. He thought grimly that black would have been a more fitting color for them all to wear.

The atmosphere of abandonment which hung about this rusting ship laid for a moment some spell on the young man, but after a little he shook it aside, reminded himself of his errand here. He had not come to appraise the value of this hulk but to discover, if he might, what dark scenes had been staged upon it. And with this in mind he turned his survey along other channels. On the other side of the main hatch from where he stood he could see spots of fresher paint along the deck. There were many of them, some large, some small; in some places Lee Wing had used a stroke, in others he had merely touched the deck with the tip of the brush. These spots ran, Bram could see, forward along that farther rail, and he was about to step across the deck to examine them more closely when it occurred to him that if he left this plank his feet must leave a print that would betray his visit here. He bent to touch the paint with his finger and found that it was in fact still sticky, and he remembered the captain's complaint that it had been slow to dry.

Yet he wished to discover, if he might, what marks Lee Wing had sought here to conceal; and with this in mind he moved quickly along the plank that led forward, and so came to the forecastle companion. The spots of fresh paint were thicker here; the whole deck had, in one small space beside the farther rail, been painted anew. And Bram thought he began to understand. Men—more than one man, or one man more than once—had walked along the deck, their feet marring the paint; they had stood by the farther rail. They had even mounted upon it, for there was fresh paint there, gleaming faintly in the failing light.

Bram could not come near that spot on the opposite rail without setting his foot upon the freshly painted deck; yet he wished to see it more closely, and in this dilemma he discovered an expedient. The paint along the rail nearer the shore was dry enough, he thought, so that it might sustain his weight without sticking to his shoes. He wished to believe this, and so did believe; and with the thought he climbed upon that rail and walked forward to the bow, balancing precariously. Below him on his right hand lay the water, a narrow strip of it between this and the next steamer; the scrip widened as he drew near the bow, and he could look down along the anchor chains. He passed the bow and swung back, still walking on the rail toward that spot where were the marks he wished to scan more closely.

He remembered that, thus high above the decks, he must be easily seen by anyone on shore, and his hair prickled at the back of his neck. It occurred to him that if a shot came and missed, he might dive to safety in the water far below; but when he looked down he could see bottom through the depths there, vaguely in the dim light. The tide was ebbing; it must be too shallow for a safe dive.

"Jump if I have to—take a chance," he decided grimly, and put his fears finally away from him while he attended to the matter now in hand.

Whitten, he thought grimly, would say he was a fool to take this chance; to attempt this tight-rope walking along the vessel's rail, which exposed him not only to a shot from shore but to the danger of a fall into the water far below. But Bram was to make two or three small discoveries which justified the risk he took. Thus when he came directly above the anchor chain that slanted downward toward the water, he paused to scan it curiously; and he saw, well below him, a place where the paint which covered it was marred and scraped away. Something had rubbed there—a rope, perhaps, tied around the chain, or the rail of a smaller craft. And he remembered that Whitten had found a trace of red paint on the Bargee's mooring line, a smear of it along her rubbing rail. The discovery seemed to Bram to prove that Thad had brought the Bargee in here, made her fast alongside the steamer's bow.

But it would have been difficult to climb the anchor chain and reach the deck; there must have been, Bram thought, some other manner of ascent. After a moment he found what might be the answer to this puzzle. On the level of the deck below and outside the steamer's rail there was a jut of metal protruding a little from the ship's side. Here, too, the paint was marred, rubbed into a wrinkle. The spot had been touched with fresh paint, but the wrinkle showed that a rope must have hung there, chafed there; hung with a heavy weight depending from it, to rub the film of paint aside as it had done.

He scanned the flank of the vessel below him as well as he could from his doubtful vantage on the rail. The steamer's side was painted black, but rust had flaked the paint and spotted it with brown. Yet Bram, looking down, thought he saw in one place and another certain marks; thought he saw Thad, climbing a dangling rope like a monkey, his bare feet braced against the steamer's side. Thad could ascend a rope hand over hand as easily as any sailor; Bram had seen him do it in the gymnasium. The thing assumed to the big man now the aspect of a certainty. He was convinced that this way Thad had come aboard.

There was—or there might have been, for he could not wholly trust his eyes—another mark on the vessel's side—a brown spot like the spots of rust, yet of a color faintly different. Somehow sinister! But in this light Bram could not be sure of it; he shook his head at last and turned back and retraced his steps. His feet had left, he saw, faint marks here and there upon the rail; some flakes of paint clung to the soles of his shoes. When he was back upon the plank walk which ran along the deck, he rubbed his shoes clean with the palm of his hand. There was no way he could obliterate those traces along the rail; he left them, trusted fortune to conceal them or make them harmless still.

He meant, if he could, to go below, to pursue some scrutiny of the dark interior of the steamer, and he expected in this enterprise some difficulty. The doors would probably be locked or bolted shut. He found that the forecastle companion was in fact secured with a padlock through a hasp; and Bram decided he might wrench it off, if he could find a bit of iron for a lever. But he went aft first to try other ways. The plank gave him footing, but the doors in the deck house also were secured, and another at the head of the companion there. He turned back toward the waist of the ship, seeking now not so much a way of entrance as something that might serve to break the locks.

But when he came amidships his eye fell upon that small hatch just aft the main hatch. It had no visible fastening.

"Probably bolted underneath," he thought, but tried it with his hands. The hatch cover lifted easily. Below, a steep ladder descended into the black depths of the hold, and Bram knew the way was open to him.

Darkness was by this time almost come, shrouding his movements. Yet he meant to have a light below; so when, having flashed the beam of his lamp down the ladder, he began to descend, he paused to lift the hatch cover and slide it into place above his head. Unless there were portholes, no one ashore would be able to see the winking of his light within the vessel, once the hatch was closed. Lee Wing might even come

(Continued on Page 84)

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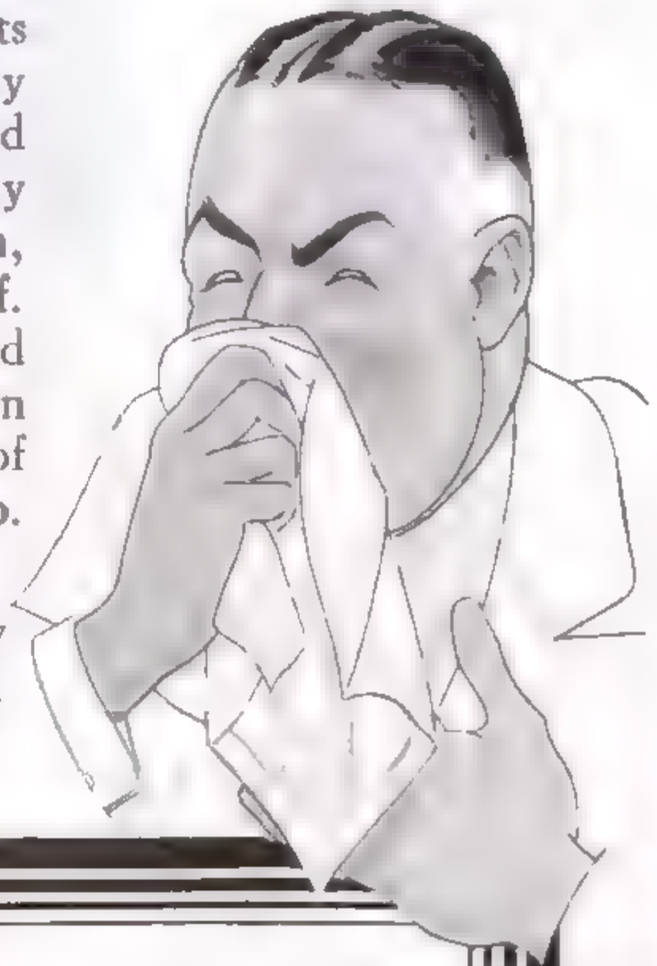

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Beauty you will find in several makes of desk fountain pen sets, as in Parker—but only in Parker will you find the Duofold Pen! Remember this and you'll have no regrets.

For Desk Sets equipped with this imperial pen cost no more than ordinary kinds.

Another exclusive advantage is the interchangeability of the Parker Duofold Pocket Pen with the Duofold Desk Pen. You are not obliged to take whatever pen comes with the set. Simply select the point that mates your hand, color of barrel that charms your eye, and presto!—the dealer will off with the cap and on with a taper in a jiffy, transforming the Pocket Duofold into a Desk Set Duofold. Here are two pens in one.

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Parker Duofold Desk Sets

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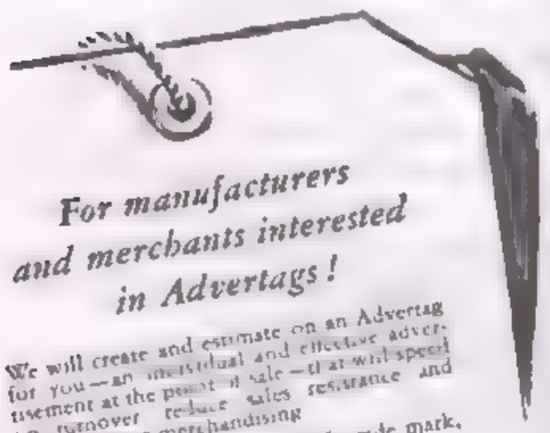

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Check the ones you can use and we will send you full information on

Shipping tags
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Furniture tags
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Dress tags
Garage tags
Fur coat tags
Plain tags

THE DENNEY TAG COMPANY
WEST CHESTER, PA.

Name

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(Continued from Page 80)

aboard the steamer without guessing Bram's presence there. Bram, in the black dark below the hatch, clinging to the ladder, felt a sense of security, as though the darkness were his friend; and he descended slowly, his feet groping for each rung, till he came to more substantial footing; stopped then and clung to the ladder with one hand while with the other he flashed the light around.

He stood by the well below the main hatch. His light plunged into that pit beside him, down and down to the lower holds; he saw the deck levels on either side below him. When he threw the light forward it revealed a steel door through the bulkhead. That way must lead into the forecastle; and he followed the light's beam, careful to avoid a misstep that might precipitate him into the hold, and so came into the triangular compartment designed to accommodate the crew. There were portholes here, and he used his light cautiously; but it was clear enough that this angle in the bows was as the builders had left it. The bare bunks wore paint unmarred by the friction of bedding or of other use; there was only a cigarette stub on the floor at the foot of the companion ladder. Bram, shrouding his light in the folds of a blue bandanna handkerchief so that its beam illumined only a square foot or so of surface at a time, examined every corner of the place. When he turned away at last he was satisfied that there was nothing in the forecastle.

When he stepped back through the bulkhead door he stood still for a moment, listening to the silence within the empty ship. He was not at any time an imaginative man, and he was dull just now with sleeplessness and with grief, and with a furious passion too. Yet it seemed to him the blackness which surrounded him was stirring, seething slowly; the very air, palpable as inky velvet, brushed his cheek with moldy fingers. There was the smell of oily bilge in the place; and when something stirred with a faint scratching sound in the pit of darkness where the hold lay, Bram started and felt his pulses leap. He decided rats might dwell here. Shook his head. There would be no rats where there was no food. Yet there had been a movement and a sound.

But he waited, and the sound did not occur again, and Bram was impatient of delay. He moved aft through the pregnant darkness and his flash light's beam showed his feet the way. On his right lay now the well that led down into the hold, and he saw a ladder descending there. He groped to and fro unhurriedly. The steel skin of the vessel shut him in. The stillness all around him oppressed his senses, burdened him. There was too much of it; it seemed to be compressed within the steamer's hull.

It stifled him, and he thought grimly: "If there was a noise here, no one would hear ashore." And he thought: "Nobody'd come down here unless they had to." And amended that: "Or unless they wanted to hide—not be seen or heard."

He was suddenly conscious of his isolation, and acutely so. Here, within the hull of the dismantled steamer, he seemed remote from all the world. Nor was this only seeming; he was remote enough, surely, he remembered. There would be no one nearer than Captain Goodell's house, a long quarter of a mile away; and beyond that the village, with a dozen people, or twenty at the most. Beyond that again four or five miles of open water, and then the scantily inhabited islands, each isolate and lonely, in the great reaches of the bay. He fought to fix his attention upon the matter here at hand.

He came to the foot of the ladder by which he had descended from the deck, and a current of air flowed past him, so that he thought for a startled moment the hatch must have been raised. But his light showed it still in place. He flashed the beam on the floor at the ladder's foot and saw then what he had not remarked before—faint red traces where feet had tracked the deck paint down into the hold. Not his own feet—his shoes were clean. Yet tracks certainly. They led, he thought, toward the stern, and though they disappeared after a step or two, he went that way. But the bulkhead door astern appeared to be fast on the other side; he could not open it. That must lead, he decided, into the cabins; there would be a bolt fastening on the farther side. He came back, baffled, to the ladder again.

He had completed his scrutiny of this deck level; there remained only to descend to that below. And as he moved to do this Bram saw, or thought he saw, that those others whose feet had passed this way had likewise turned to the descending ladder. With no hesitation at all he set his feet upon it, and in the darkness thus descended. The ladder seemed endless. He went down, he thought, interminably, and when his feet found level deck once more and he flashed the light around upon the steel sides of the ship, he saw that the plates were faintly beaded with moisture; and he thougnt he must be at the water line—perhaps below.

Here the hold lay open toward the bows, and bulkheads divided it in cells, so that it wore the aspect of the catacombs. Toward the stern he found himself confronted by another bulkhead and a door, and he moved along the deck toward this door and discovered that it admitted into the upper part of the engine room. His light played over the engines in a swift survey. All their small fittings had been removed; the gauges and the brass work were gone; there was nothing here to tempt the petty pilferer. His unskilled eye surveyed the jumble of machinery, trying to discover its sequence and its order fruitlessly, and he thought the boiler room must be out of his sight below. The coal, he decided, would have been carried in bunkers under the hold. Ladders like spider webs went downward at angles here and there; they attained sometimes the dignity of steep stairs with treads of steel grating. Ahead of him a horizontal ladder with a rail on either side led astern. He followed this horizontal way, the engines dim below him; it was like looking down upon the buildings of a darkened city. The air was heavy with the smell of grease and oil and moldy bilge.

He had chosen this spider's pathway aft for no particular reason except an instinctive repugnance to descend more deeply into the empty hull, but he found that the frail steel bridge led him unexpectedly to a semicircular compartment of no great proportions in the stern. When he stepped across the threshold and turned his eye about the place, he was at first bewildered by the aspect it presented. The bulkhead cut it square across one side; for the rest its walls were a half circle of steel which sloped outward from the bottom upward. There was gear here—heavy chains that led to right and left, something like a drum of the sort used for hoisting with steam, steam pipes in asbestos covering, and a cylinder. Bram understood that this must be the steam steering gear, doubtless disconnected now. There were parts missing—gaping wounds—and pipes which led nowhere presented toward him their round open ends like the muzzles of leveled guns.

The smell of oil was here even stronger than it had been above the engines—a stifling, sickening odor, as of stale oil that is burning, or that is hot enough to burn. Bram, just within the place, stood grimacing. His first reaction was repugnance, sick distaste, an impulse to withdraw. But abruptly he stiffened with memory and recognition. This was an odor he had smelled before, and it was stronger here, the more certainly unmistakable. It had filled that room in the abandoned house on Spectacle Island; it hung here in a noisome murk that made him sick. But he was triumphant, too, in this recognition.

He began to search the more keenly. He stood at first upright, throwing his light this way and that; then went down on his hands and knees to examine the floor. The floor was clean. It occurred to Bram abruptly that it was too clean; and with this thought he looked more closely, ran his finger nail along the angle of the steel plates here and there. Soap! The floor had been scrubbed, and recently. It was not yet wholly dry. Elsewhere the moisture condensing on the plates had run down in little drops and pools upon the decks, but here the deck itself was damp to the touch of his hand. The floor had been scrubbed.

One scrubbed a floor to clean it, Bram reminded himself. He had no doubt, even in that first moment, who had done this scrubbing. Lee Wing, certainly; Lee Wing, who had painted out those spots upon the deck, must have taken here his measures of concealment too. And Bram knew what it was Lee must have striven to conceal. He knew, even before he discovered that which the Chinaman had failed to find.

What he discovered was a stain. The steam pipes were swaddled in asbestos, dingy white. On the back side of one of these pipes, and hence not readily visible, Bram found the stain. It was pear shaped, smaller at the top than at the bottom, and it slanted a little to one side. The stain was reddish brown; and Bram, when he found it, had no need to look more closely to know its character.

At his first sight of this stain Bram stayed a little motionless; the blood in his cheeks congested till his face was purple; the corners of his jaws stood out like white knots against this dark hue. His brows knitted into a bunch between his eyes and his muscles tightened till they ached. This ache was like the pain a swimmer feels when a cramp attacks him. Sometimes a man is roused at night by such an aching cramp in the calf of his leg, and writhes there till it eases and is gone.

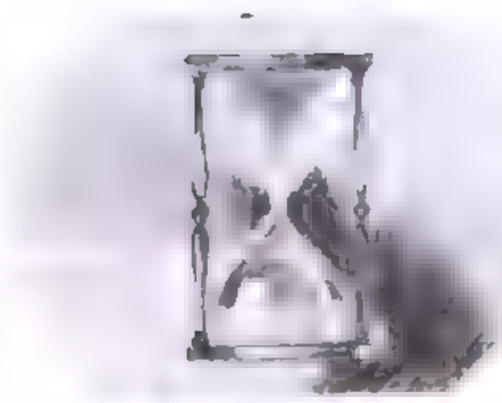
Bram found his ease, presently, in action. He did not reason, did not think. That which he had found no more than confirmed what already he believed, but it did confirm it, and it served, too, as a spark to detonate all the compressed flame of rage that burned in him. He came to his feet and he went stalking back by the way he had come—back across that spidery bridge and to the ascending ladders and upward. The flash lamp in his hand was dark, but it was as though he saw in the blackness. He did not even grope; when he put out his hand it fell upon one of the ladder rungs as surely as though his eyes could see. He began to climb, and when he came to the hatch which covered the upper ladder, and it opposed his lift, he flung it upward with his shoulders so that it fell back with a clatter on the deck. He left it there regardlessly, took the plank way across the other two vessels to the shore; swung there and went stalking toward the house where Captain Goodell dwelled. He moved as inexorably as does time.

Darkness had by this time fully come, but the moon was risen and its pale light already cut through the thick wood sufficiently to show the path Bram followed. He made now no haste; there was time and to spare. But his thoughts—if the word may be applied to those fleeting and phantasmic pictures which passed through his mind—were churning. In the first moment when he saw that pear-shaped stain his mood was all destruction, and the grip of his fingers as his fists clenched would have cut flesh and shattered bones. He would have said that death was still his purpose now; yet insensibly, as he drew nearer the house, his destructive rage was modified.

Bram trusted his own strength, yet he had learned sometimes to doubt it, too; he had in his time opposed a wise, elusive force which bettered all his fury. So now faint doubts assailed him; a cautious instinct whispered in his ear, warned him to move slowly, to take care. He remembered Whitten's incredulity. Not the captain. Not the girl. Others might be incredulous as Whitten was. Whitten might be wiser in this case than he.

He tried to fight down these misgivings. Surely there was proof aplenty that Thad had landed on the steamer, had come there

(Continued on Page 88)



SUNDAY
Plenty of time

MONDAY
Hurry up

TUESDAY
Feeling fine

WEDNESDAY
Out of sorts

THURSDAY
On the train

FRIDAY
Hot Water

SATURDAY
Cold Water

Every Day

you give your razor a different job to do

but your Gillette Blade will do every job smoothly and surely

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You never give your Gillette Blade the same job twice.

Yet you can always get a smooth, comfortable shave from your Gillette Blade; the blade, at least, doesn't change, and its swift, sure job is the same under any conditions.

Eight out of ten American men count on the Gillette Blade to start the day right —seven days a week. And Gillette takes extraordinary precautions not to disappoint them.

The steel is the finest in the world. It comes in long gleaming ribbons, and we test every ribbon with crucible and micrometer before we even pay the import duty.

During the last ten years Gillette has spent millions of dollars on steady blade improvements alone. Four out of every nine Gillette employees are inspectors and do nothing else. They get double pay for every blade they *discard*. They make certain that every package of Gillette Blades contains its full quota of smooth, comfortable shaves for you.

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To be sure of a smooth comfortable shave under any conditions slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor

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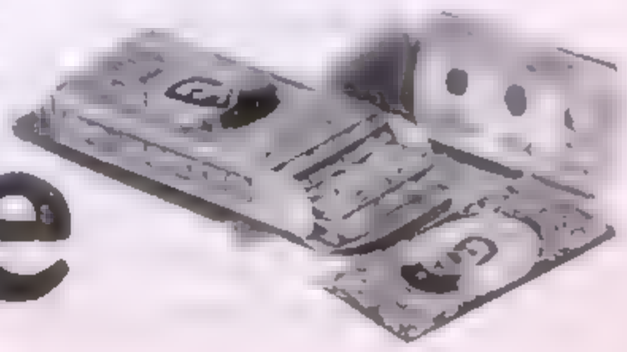

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Longer, larger, more luxurious—a real man's-size car with man's-size comfort and power in addition to the fleet, dashing beauty of line and color, and the unparalleled ease of operation, which men and women alike admire—this new Silver Anniversary Buick creation marks a new mode—a new trend in car design—infinitely superior to anything that has gone before!

Its brilliant new Valve-in-Head six-cylinder engine introduces performance beyond precedent; and its new Masterpiece Bodies by Fisher present treasures of style, beauty and luxury such as the world has never known.

SILVER ANNIVERSARY

BUICK

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 84)

to his end. But even if this much were true, he could not be certain of the guilt of the three in the house toward which he was tending now. It was true that the Chinaman seemed a figure evil and malevolent and capable of any ill. It was true that there had been at least a guilty knowledge, or a half knowledge, in the girl's affrighted eyes when he told her Thad was dead. Yet something fought for them within him; fought for her; warned him that he could not be sure

He thought himself convinced; it was in fact himself he wished still to satisfy. And he was angry at himself because he could not be content with so much as he already knew. He had loved Thad; these had slain him. His decent part must be to burst upon them, full of dark destruction. Yet his step faltered, and when he drove himself to hurry on, it faltered yet again. He went slowly and more slowly, baffled, by his own doubts betrayed.

Yet he did go on. When he came face to face with them, their opposition must lend him the resolution he could not muster now. He told himself—and the thought was like a cry—that if they denied he would wrench the truth from them by any means at all. Yet knew not just what those stern means should be.

It was thus minded that the young man came at last to the border of the wood beyond the barn. From this point he could see the house, and he paused for a moment to survey it. There was a light in the window of the front room on this side; the rest was darkness. And Bram, after a little, was about to go forward once more when he was struck motionless in the shadows by that which the increasing moonlight suddenly revealed.

From house to barn there ran the low structure of the shed. The shed roof was on a level with the windows on the second floor. Over the shed the moon was about to show itself, and the ridgepole was bright in silhouette against the eastern sky. Thus Bram could see quite clearly and without possibility of mistake a figure which emerged from a window on the second floor and descended quietly upon the roof of the shed. He knew instantly that this was the girl, and the discovery so amazed and startled him that he stood where he was, concealed among the shadows, to watch what she would do.

She came along the shed roof, walking easily upon its inclined surface as though she had taken this way before. Above the door of the shed there was a trellis at whose foot a rosebush was set. The bush would one day cover all the trellis but just now the latticework was bare; it offered a sufficient ladder for any active person. Emily came to it and paused and lowered herself till she got footing; she descended into the shadow of the shed. Her dark garments were a blur against the white flank of the house as she moved there, and Bram, watching, saw her advance toward the lighted window of the front room. Her head appeared in silhouette against that window. She stood thus, looking intently in.

Bram was by this new enigma stupefied; he was another Hamlet, at once convinced and seeking for conviction. He was like a baffled bull, opposed by enemies who recede before him, who present new confusions to confound. He was sick with weariness and grief and rage, and his thoughts were all bewilderment, baffle ment and mystery.

He was weary of it—of this long uncertainty; he was like the bull which, goaded past endurance, flings himself at last against the nearest enemy with never thought of caution. His wits had failed him, but his strength remained. He went forward presently, with long strides, as though he were bursting through entanglements. And as he advanced he took his handkerchief and stretched it tight between his hands.

She stood unconscious as he came behind her. Beyond her in the room he could hear Captain Goodell's great voice bellowing, and when he came close he saw the captain there. Lee Wing stood before him in a posture of respect, attending to his words. Bram might have listened as the girl was listening, but he was sick of craft and furtive spying. He came behind her. The handkerchief caught her across the mouth, knotted behind her head. His arm bound hers and his two arms lifted her. She was constricted in his grasp like a fawn that is seized by a python. Her very breath was driven out of her; she could no more than gasp and strain and strive.

He bore her across his breast, and he leaped back past the barn to the shelter of the wood.

XVI

BRAM had seized Emily as much on impulse as from any steady plan. He was weary of planning and contriving that led nowhere; his wit had always been a weapon second to his strength. That strength now was driven by a hot ferocity, a desperate resolve that somehow from this dark business the truth should be dragged into light of day for all to see. The girl knew where truth lay. She had defied him once and baffled him, held him in helpless fury outside the stone wall of her denials. He was sufficiently masculine to feel that but for the intervention of Lee Wing he must have had the truth from her before; he meant to have it now.

So it was as much opportunity as design which prompted what he did. He crept up behind her, silent footed, and he bound back her cries with the knotted handkerchief, and he held her helpless arms while he bore her swift away. There was a ruthless drive and force in him. When he had her in his arms, when he came striding back into the cover of the firs and walked among the shadows there where the pale moon laid a checkered pattern on the path, his heart was pounding with an exultant beat as though he were already triumphant. He scarce perceived the change when that pound of exultation gave way to a different note. His pulse did not ease its pace, rather it beat faster, but this time with intoxication, with a keen and dizzying delight. Bram did not define this emotion; he did not recognize it. Yet thus from old time strong men have walked in shoutings when a woman has opposed them and they have mastered her, to hold her in their arms.

He walked down the path toward the cove where the three steamers lay; and at first his pace was swift, but then it slowed insensibly. She had become quiet in his arms, and she was a burden for a man of meaner stature, but he was scarce conscious that she lay there. He was triumphant, and afire with that triumph, but he was startled, too, and confused—not sure what he had done or what he meant to do.

It was not enough that he should seize her thus and bear her off: her very passivity warned him that this was not enough. And by and by he hesitated, and as though to ease himself he stopped and stood for a minute, still holding her across his body. She was, he thought abstractedly, not so large as he had supposed: seemed, in fact, almost small. He told himself, with grim amusement:

"But anyone seems small to a man my size."

And he felt, for no particular reason, immense and awkward and unwieldy.

He walked on with her in his arms because there was nothing else to do; he could scarce set her down and say: "Here, this is all a mistake; go home'" He could not toss her beside the path and run away. She was at once his captive and the mistress of his movements, demanding that he deal with her, and he did not know how to begin those dealings. He groped back, trying to discover why it was that he had seized on her, and he could not remember. He could only be sure that, searching in the empty hulk below here in the cove, he had found a splash of reddish brown upon the cover of a steam pipe; the sight of it had turned him for the moment mad. He had given himself to violence rushing like a torrent. As fruit of that violence he found himself with a woman in his arms, and knew not what to do with her.

He was curiously embarrassed and uncertain; he left the path as though to hide, and took a winding way through the wood, brushing among the intervening boughs. Once when the trees were thick he remembered that the branches must scratch her face, and he lifted her shoulders somewhat, so that her head was pressed against his chest. Blast it! What would he do with her?

He paused in a patch of moonlight and looked down. She did not stir. Her face was turned aside, away, and he was glad of that. He saw, abruptly, that one of her shoes was gone. It must have fallen. Her stockinged foot swung below his arm. And the sight of it brought him memory of that tracing in his pocket—the tracing of the foot which had left its red imprint on the deck of the Bargee. His anger burned again, and he looked about and found a bit of level ground and laid her there. Her hands, he remembered, were free; he bound her wrists together with his second handkerchief. She made no least resistance, so that he was suddenly afraid that harm had come to her; and he turned the beam of his flash light on her face. But her eyes, above the bandanna which cut between the teeth, were wide; they fixed on him. He was glad to turn the light away.

He fumbled in his pocket and found the bit of waxed paper cut in the pattern of a foot, and he unfolded it. It had been, he remembered, a left foot which had pressed that imprint on the deck of the Bargee, but it was her right shoe she had lost, and this circumstance for a moment embarrassed him. In the end he nerved himself to catch her left ankle and loose the knotted strings of that shoe and draw it off, and he tried to fit the paper pattern to her sole. The task, in the darkness, was a clumsy one. He lighted the electric torch and laid it on the ground so that its level rays would illumine what he did, and a moment later he came stumbling to his feet, afire once more.

For the pattern fitted. That is to say, he warned himself in swift and doubtful memory, the general outline of the pattern was the same as that of her foot. Since she wore a stocking, he could not be sure of such matters as toes and heel. He wished to take her stocking off, so that he might make sure, but lacked audacity for that effrontery. He would have bidden her remove it but feared to free her hands. In the end he took his pocketknife and slit the stocking along the sole and turned it back around her ankle and tried the pattern then once more. The test confirmed his conviction. Beyond any remaining doubt, her foot had left that damning red imprint on the deck of the Bargee.

As he rose, thus satisfied, the girl stirred and with a twist of her body sat up to watch what he was about; and he cast the light upon her face again, emboldened now to meet her eyes.

"That's your track," he said harshly. "It fits exactly."

She sat like stone, and he reached out to loose the handkerchief that bound her lips so that she might reply. But if he did that she would be sure to scream, and others would hear her outcry, come swift-footed to her aid, so he held his hand.

"I've got to talk to you," he said grimly, and he looked this way and that, seeking the means, "somewhere."

Somewhere beyond any hearing, lest she scream. After a moment he remembered a place where she could not be heard; and the memory had a grim fitness about it which appealed to him. He got to his feet and jammed knife and flash light back into his pocket and stooped and picked her up again. He threaded his way back to the path and turned toward the cove; and so came presently to the end of the gangplank that led out to the deck of the nearest vessel.

He crossed swiftly, almost at a run, the decks of the first ship and the second. On the third, the hatch cover lay where he had thrown it aside; he held her with one arm as he descended the ladder in the dark, stepped cautiously aside there and laid her down and climbed to replace the cover, since he wished to smother any sound.

He had to have light now; and he held the flash lamp in one hand when he lifted her. She wore a dark sweater of firm weave, and a woolen skirt. There were no folds to fall across the light, obscuring it. He descended the second ladder and came to the bulkhead door above the engine room. He had thought to cross to that compartment in the stern, but changed here his intention. Instead, descended deeper still, stepping backward down the stairs as steep as ladders. When once he needed both hands he swung her without ceremony across his shoulders. Below, he flashed the light this way and that, and passed through another door. Here the fires had been; the boilers loomed black and tremendous in the darkness, revealed by the finger of light his lamp threw. About them the damp steel seemed to draw closer, pressing in. He let her go, set her upon her feet there and released her; and he wiped his brow. He was panting.

"They'll not hear you here," he said heavily, and turned her about so that he might reach the knot behind her head. When it was loosed and her mouth was free, she coughed a little, as though to clear her throat. She might have run, might even with bound hands have struck at him, but instead she stood serene.

Bram drew back, his shoulders against the door through which they had come. The light impaled her.

"You'll talk now," he promised. She might have been stone. "Blast it!" he cried bitterly. "Say something, can't you?"

She lifted her bound hands and wiped her mouth gravely with the sleeve of her sweater. It was as though she stood alone. She did not even look at him. Instead she moved a little aside, leaned almost indolently against the end of one of the boilers, remained there with head faintly bowed.

Bram found himself at a loss before her. She had that which he must have, which he meant to have, but the means were obscure. He had told Whitten and had assured himself that if he could get her beyond the reach of interference he could force the truth from her. But the forcing presented unsuspected difficulties now. He tried to flog his courage, said harshly:

"All right. Take your time. I can wait as long as you can. I'm not in any hurry any how."

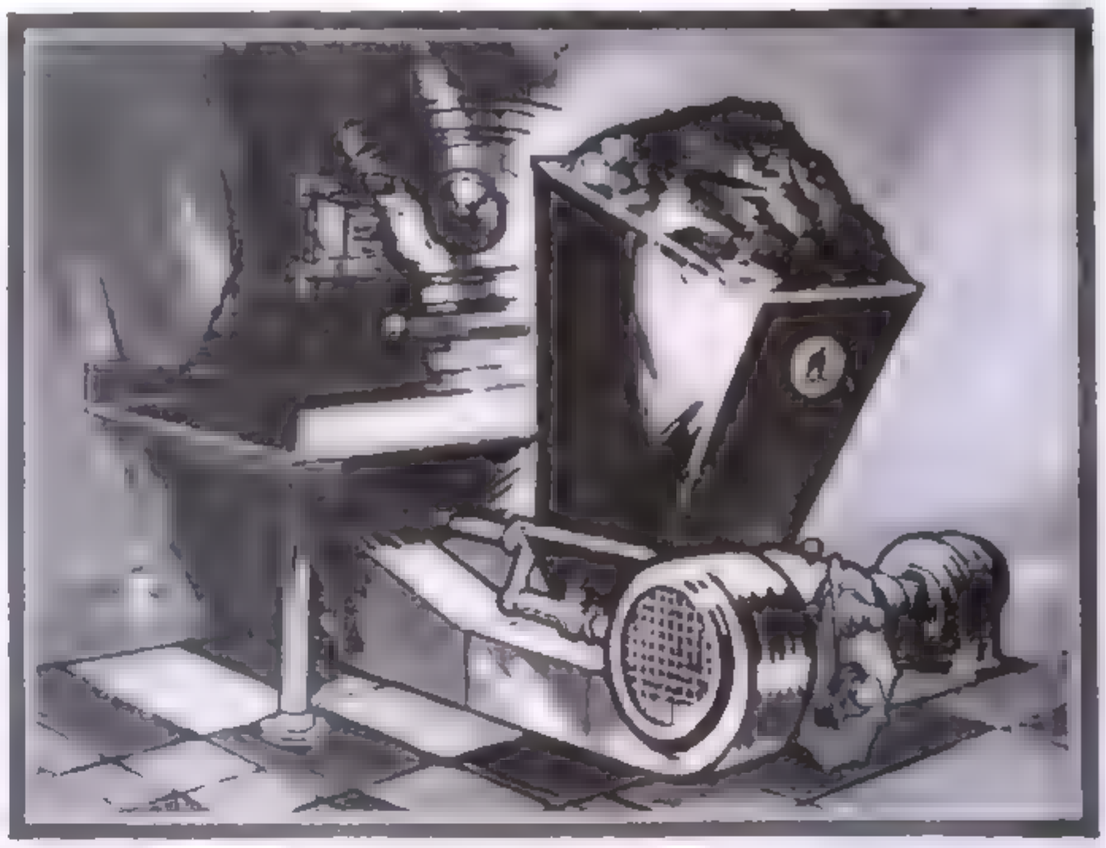
But it was as though she did not hear him. She leaned there so quietly in a posture utterly relaxed—and it was not the relaxation of fatigue, but of peaceful indolence, as though she were utterly at ease. Her very unconcern badgered him and goaded him, and he looked to right and left in a blind haste to find some device to move her. There in the depths of the ship it was very still, but somewhere there were little sounds. They were no more perhaps than water trickling down the plates, yet in that silence they seemed more.

He said suddenly, "Hear the rats!" She did not move, and he pretended to peer into the shadows by the boilers. The door through which they had come was behind him and he backed toward it. "I'm going to shut you in here," he said ominously, "with the rats. When you're ready to talk to me you call."

He thought she would, at this, bid him wait, offer him surrender; but she did not move, and he could find no way to evade the fulfillment of his threat. He stepped over the high sill and shut the steel door behind him; dropped the hinged bar home with a heavy clang. Inside where she was imprisoned there must lie a clotting dark. The moisture would be dripping from the plates, trickling down to the floor with little whispering sounds, dropping from above upon her head. Blackness bound her there as though in some dark sepulcher, and Bram shuddered at the thought of it and waited for her cry, her scream—waited for her to come pounding at the door.

Continued on Page 92

BETTER METHODS HAVE ARRIVED — WHY NOT ADOPT THEM?



IRON FIREMAN "forced UNDERFIRING" makes hand-firing obsolete and wasteful

HAND-FIRING IS EXTRAVAGANT, because it is so wasteful. Anyone can understand why. Just contrast it with "forced underfiring." In hand-firing, green coal is thrown in *on top of the fire,* and a considerable portion of the gases *which should give heat* pass up the stack immediately as thick smoke. Constant opening and closing fire doors admits cold air, which cools off the firebox. Unburned and partly burned coal sifts through grate bars into the ash pit.

In direct contrast to this, the Iron Fireman *automatically feeds the fire from below.* As gases are distilled off they must pass up through the fire. They are consumed and make heat. There is no smoke and no fuel waste. There is no need to open the fuel door and cool the fire. Automatic electric controls hold temperature and pressures exactly as you want them. The labor of hand-firing is eliminated.

The Iron Fireman burns the small sizes of coal, which cost less. Slack and screenings, or buckwheat, give excellent results. "Forced underfiring" gets more heat from this coal than hand-firing gets from the same grades in the form of more costly lump coal.

Iron Fireman "forced underfiring" produces firebox temperatures 500 to 1000 degrees hotter than hand-firing. Automatic feeding and automatic temperature regulation release the fireman for productive work. Thousands of users throughout the United States and Canada have proved that the Iron Fireman saves from 15% to 50% of fuel costs...saves labor, eliminates smoke, and produces uniform, clean, *automatic* heat and power.

For Buildings... Homes... Industries

The Iron Fireman is easily installed in any plant, old or new, from a home furnace up to 200 boiler h. p. If you are still firing coal by hand, investigate "forced underfiring," the economical, automatic, modern way. Send coupon for full details. Address: Iron Fireman Mfg. Co., Portland, Ore. Branches: Cleveland, St. Louis. Dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

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Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company
Portland, Oregon.

Send catalog about Iron Fireman *automatic "forced underfiring" for the type of furnace or boiler checked below*

☐ Industrial ... h. p. Type of building ....
☐ Residential: Hot Water ...., Warm Air ....
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Radically different, and stripped to the essentials, the Freshman Model Q ushers in a new era in all-electric radio—the day of Simplified Radio.

And what does simplified radio mean to you? That increased efficiency and dependability which follow the *intelligent* simplification of any piece of mechanism. This new Freshman simplicity, plus quality construction and workmanship throughout, offers a new power and clarity, a lower first cost, operating cost and upkeep—in fact all that can be truthfully promised for radio today.

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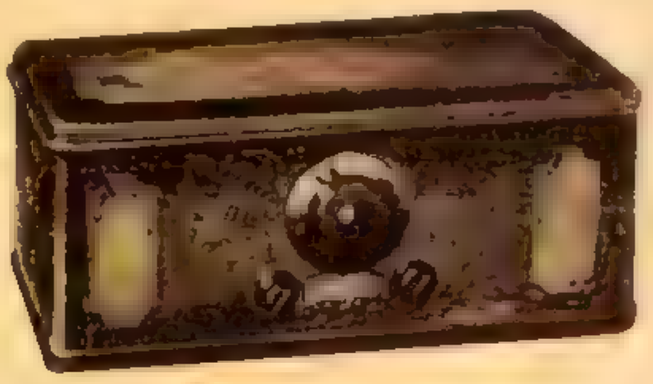

"The Little Giant of the Air"

MODEL Q-15 (ALL-ELECTRIC) $69.00 less tubes

Using the New UX222 Shielded Grid Tube—a Freshman exclusive feature

The fourth element, which gives this shielded grid tube its name, performs a dual function. It effectively controls "feed back", and it provides a 5 to 7 greater radio frequency amplification than the older and more familiar three-electrode type tube.

Also furnished in Model Q-16—with a beautifully finished walnut cabinet—priced at $129.00 (less tubes).

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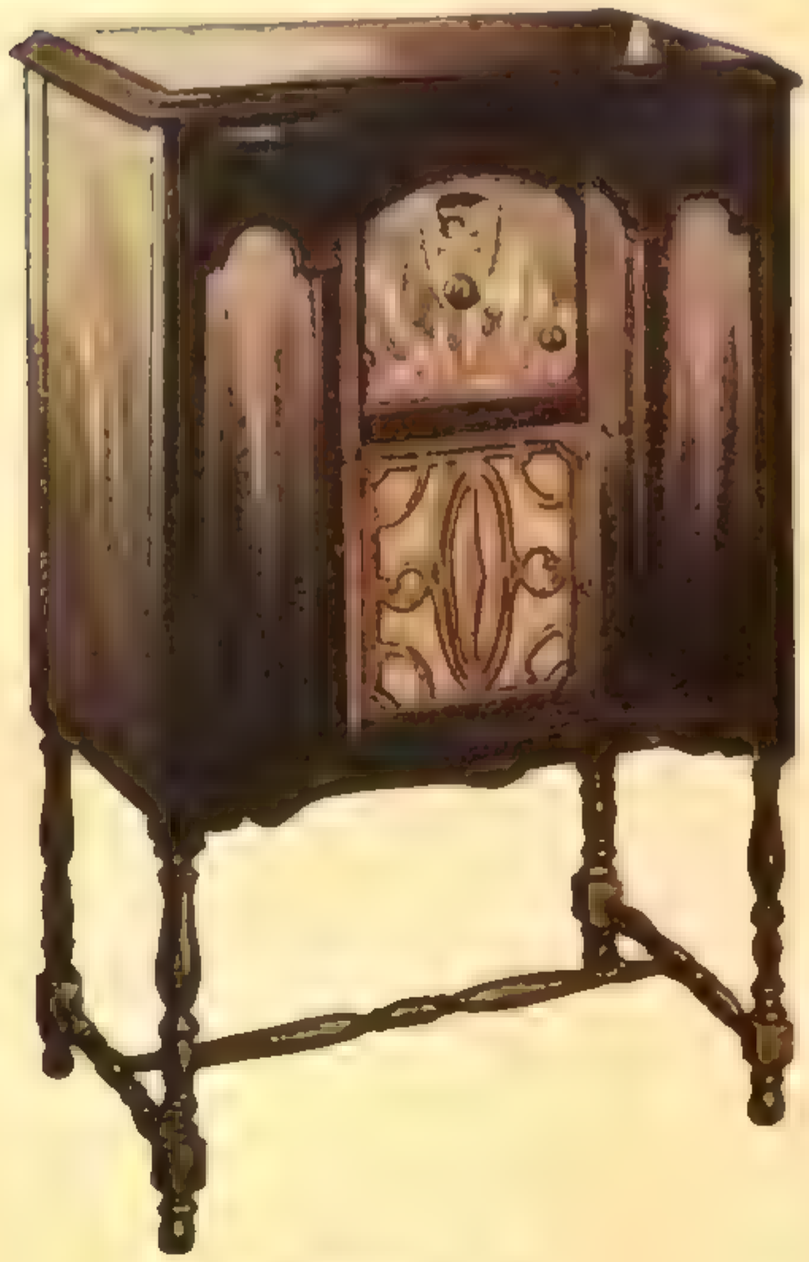

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(WALNUT CABINET)

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ALL-ELECTRIC

with Peerless Dynamic Speaker, using UX250 Power Tube.

$195.00 *(less tubes)*

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Bury the . . .

New Blade Fallacy

and get good shaves

It's time a lot of men had a first-class funeral and buried the time-worn idea that a new blade is ready for shaving when it comes out of the wrapper. That fallacy is depriving them of really fine shaves which they might have.

When the old-style razor passed away, the scientific reasons for keeping the edge of a razor keen by stropping did not pass out, too. Today a new wafer blade needs stropping immediately before it is used far more than the thicker, heavier old-style razor ever did.

This is interesting

Fine razors have edges of tiny invisible teeth. Temperature changes, jolts and handling get these teeth out of alignment. That's why a blade pulls. Stropping smoothes them into line and restores a keen cutting edge.

A few turns on Twinplex puts an edge on a NEW blade that is a marvel for smooth shaving. And it's so easy to strop with Twinplex. No fussing—no reversing blade. Just slip blade in and turn—strops both edges at once and reverses blade at every turn, just as a barber does. You can't fail.

30 seconds a day will keep one blade marvelously keen, for weeks of the smoothest shaves you've ever known. Shaving is also easier and quicker with Twinplex, for a keen blade is a quick, safe shaver. Twinplex soon pays for itself.

You will be proud to own the new Twinplex Aristocrat at $4.00 or De Luxe at $5.00. Either will be a classy and serviceable Christmas present for your particular friends. Other attractive models at $2.50 and $3.50 at your dealer's.

Send for the DULL HOUSE and FREE NEW blade stropped

Clever little Dan Beard shows the process of stropping a dull blade safely. Send for this booklet and we will send you FREE one brand NEW blade stropped in Twinplex and specially packed to protect it. You will get from it a new idea of what a real shave is. Name your razor

TWINPLEX SALES CO.
1007 Locust Street, Saint Louis
(Makers of Twinplex Razors)

Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

(Continued from Page 88)

But he heard no sound, and he could not bear the silence. She might have fainted from sheer fright; might have died from it! He jerked the door open and the beam of his light found her.

She stood as he had left her, relaxed as though she rested there; and he hated her. Because she had beaten him he was full of a rising rage. He stepped in across the high sill toward where she stood.

"All right," he said ominously. "If that's not enough!" But she did not move, and he groped for a word and said at last, almost appealingly: "Listen, Miss Goodell, you've got to tell me what happened to him. If you don't, I'll think you did it, or something."

Her dark imprisonment must have shaken her more than she was willing to confess, for after a moment then she spoke to him. She looked up and across at him, and though the glare of the light between them must have screened him from her sight, he felt as though her eyes searched him deeply. When she first tried to speak she was a little hoarse; she cleared her throat and tried again.

"Was he—much like you?" she asked, and the words were like a blow. It was as though she said: "If he were, good riddance then!" He winced, fought back at her.

"You've got nothing to kick about!" he cried bitterly. "See the way it looks to me! I tell you, he was all cut to bits with knives, and the boat run ashore on that desolate island. It might have broken up there. I might never have found him. And you'd been on her—your footprint was there. You know what happened—who did it. You know something, anyway—I can see it in your face—you, or your father."

She interrupted sharply, "No." He thought she meant to deny the whole, and the thought inflamed him.

"Don't," he protested. "What's the use lying? The Bargee had been alongside here. There were paint marks on her rail and on her painter. There were tracks in the paint on deck. Lee Wing smeared them out."

His eyes blazed. "I can show you where it happened up there, twenty feet above you—less than that—in that cubby in the stern where the steering gear is. There's a splash of blood on the asbestos. The floor's been scrubbed. Who did it, Miss Goodell?" She was motionless, and he moved a stride toward her. "By Gad, you've got to tell."

A change came over her, so that she faced him now with smiling eyes. But her cheek was pale.

"Why?" she challenged.

"Why?" he echoed stupidly.

"Yes," she repeated with a faint nod, "why? If I knew anything—what you're talking about ——"

"You do!" he shouted at her.

"Suppose I do," she insisted. "You haven't gone about it in a way to make me want to help you—spying, shouting at my father, striking Lee Wing—now—this."

There was a bright defiance in her eyes and her head was high; and Bram, challenged, moved yet nearer her.

"Why not?" he countered brutally. "You're in it—all of you! That Chinaman—he, probably ——" He choked with his own heat. "All of you," he repeated, "or some of you, or one of you! But you know—you know, and I've got you, and I'm going to make you tell."

She smiled, shook her head at him almost chidingly. "You can't do more than deafen me with shoutings," she said gravely.

He checked at that, and his thoughts drifted helplessly to another field than this, to another antagonist an end on an opposing football team, Winkle of Penn, who weighed a hundred and forty pounds no more a wise, cheerful, good-humored little fellow, quick and clever. When Bram charged to box him in Winkle was not there he had danced aside to make the tackle. When Bram would have brought through, Winkle lay somehow high across his knees so that he could not pass. When Bram did slice through, it was to find himself outside the play, which swirled past behind him. He could have broken Winkle in two pieces in his hands, but he could not get the little man in his hands, could not bring his strength to bear. Winkle did not seem to know that Bram was strong and to be feared, and Bram had been reduced in the end to a condition like that of a bear baited by a terrier which nips and runs away.

He moved angrily. This girl was like Winkle, and the very persistence with which she held her own against him fired him but the more.

"Listen!" he said heavily. "This isn't a game with me. And as far as I'm concerned you're not a woman at all."

She made a baffling little mouth at him, and he was so disconcerted that his thumb slipped on the slide of the lamp and the light vanished. The darkness was grateful to him and he was slow to press the slide again.

"I mean it," he told her stubbornly. "Maybe this is funny to you. But it's a murder, Miss Goodell, and it comes pretty close home to me. If I thought you did it yourself I'd break you in two before I flung what was left of you to the police. When I know who did do it—one man or twenty—I'll ——"

He hesitated. "Well," he said simply, "I want to know, and I mean to know."

He was silent for a moment. "I tell you this," he offered at last, almost eagerly: "If you'll say you don't know how Thad was killed, or who killed him, I'll let you go."

She smiled. "Apologize and let me go," she commented, as though repeating his words.

"I didn't say I'd apologize," he told her honestly. "I'm—I wouldn't mean it if I did. Anything I've done I've had to do. Will you tell me that much?"

She did not move or speak.

"Was it Lee Wing?" he challenged. She did not stir. "Or your father?"

She flung a glance at him. "Oh, you fool," she whispered.

He shook his great head. "All right," he confessed. "I guess I am. I've usually had to do things by brute force, more or less. I ranked well at college, but I did it by sweat; and I played football, but I did it with my legs and my arms. They used to bawl me out—said I didn't think fast on the field." He flamed at her. "But I played the game and we won a lot of games. By Gad, I won a lot of games, and I'll win this one, too, if I am a fool."

He struck fire from her. "You are!" she cried. She strode toward him. "You're an idiot," she told him to his teeth. "You haven't the sense—you haven't any sense. And if you were my—my—my brother, and I saw you drowning I'd step on your head and push you under. I'm sick of the sight of you. Sneaking around like a great clumsy elephant, trying to hide behind a clump of juniper half your size, peeking into windows, yelling at old men, hitting men old enough to be your father, mauling me. I wish it was you that they ——"

She checked herself at that, sought for some word softer than the black reality; and he spoke before she found it.

"God knows, I wish so too," he told her gravely; and she was struck still. The light was in his hand and she touched his hand so as to turn its beam up till it fell upon his face, and she searched his eyes.

"I believe you do," she said in slow astonishment.

He was ashamed of his own tenderness, and because she had provoked it he was the more enraged at her. "Never mind that," he ejaculated harshly. "You'd like to see me dead, but I can't help that. I'm not, and I'm not going to be." He leaned toward her. "Listen!" he demanded at a hazard. "Were there any more Chinamen around here?"

For the first time, for a reason he could not surmise, there was a hint of weakness in her. She moved backward, away from him, her hands across her mouth. He could see the handkerchief that still bound her wrists together.

He had forgotten it, yet made no move to free her now, for her weakness quickened his zeal. As she retreated he moved after her; he reached out as though to catch her arms. But when he did this she stood still, would not retreat from him, so that his hands fell again.

Yet he pressed her hard. "Were there?" he insisted. "I can't waste any time." He heard vaguely, or thought he heard, a distant sound, infinitely remote—a low humming, a vibration. Some motorboat outside in the bay, he decided, and forgot it; yet the sound reminded him that the hours drew on, that time was not eternity.

"I've got to know," he said, "quickly. So I can get hold of them." He made, in the face of her silence, a furious gesture. "For God's sake!" he cried. "I'd like to shake it out of you!"

She whispered scornfully, "Why don't you?"

He drew back discomfited and desperate, and without knowing that he did so, he fumbled in his pockets for the solace of a cigarette, found one and drew it out and lighted it. He drew upon it deeply and its red end glowed.

"Or perhaps you'll burn me with that cigarette," she suggested icily; and his cheeks flamed, but he cried, defying her defiance.

"If I have to!" He clamored at her, "If you're stubborn!"

"You needn't shout," she told him pleasantly. "I can hear."

"Well, what are you going to do then?"

"What can I do?" she countered. "You're so big and strong." Her slow tone was like a lash across his cheek.

He stood like a somber shadow and the flash light fell from his hand and rolled across the steel plates beneath their feet with a metallic sound. It rolled to one side, came to rest against the end of the nearest boiler, its ray smothered there as though it wished to hide. Bram watched it sullenly, and the end of his cigarette glowed. He drew deeply without knowing what he did.

"It's burning well," she told him in the half dark. He could see the spark of it reflected in her eyes.

"Strong enough," he muttered under his breath, helplessly.

"Shall I roll up my sleeve?" she asked. "Perhaps you'd better. My hands are tied."

The cigarette burned his lips and he spat it out, to one side, quickly. She laughed in the darkness, scornfully, as he set his foot upon the stub; and he wiped his hand across his brow, helpless and defeated.

"All right," he said miserably.

"I'm quite ready," she insisted, goading him. "Haven't you another?" And at that a last rage flamed in Bram, so that he caught her arms and gripped them tight and his face came close to hers. There was no light save the half-smothered gleam of the electric torch hiding in the corner by the boilers; yet he thought he could see the deep flame in her eyes. His fingers tightened more than he knew, yet she did not wince from the pain. He tried to speak, tried to find a word.

But before the helpless fury in the man found utterance that happened which effectually checked his tongue. A sound came echoing through the great steel vault of the empty hull, and Bram knew what it was. Someone had lifted the hatch that covered the ladder, high above their heads. He heard the hatch slide aside and drop with a grating sound upon the level of the deck.

And while the two far below stood breathless other murmurs reached their ears. Someone was coming down the ladder into the ship.

Bram dropped the girl's arms; he crossed to pick up the flash light, killed its gleam. The protecting dark enveloped them. It did not occur to him to stop Emily's mouth again; not till it was too late for such precautions to avail.

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The Odorless Gas Heater

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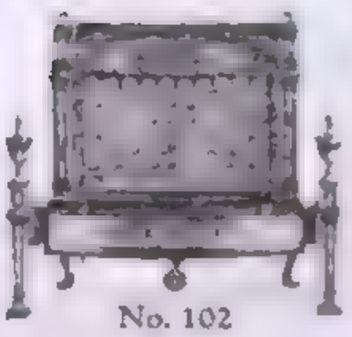
No. 34



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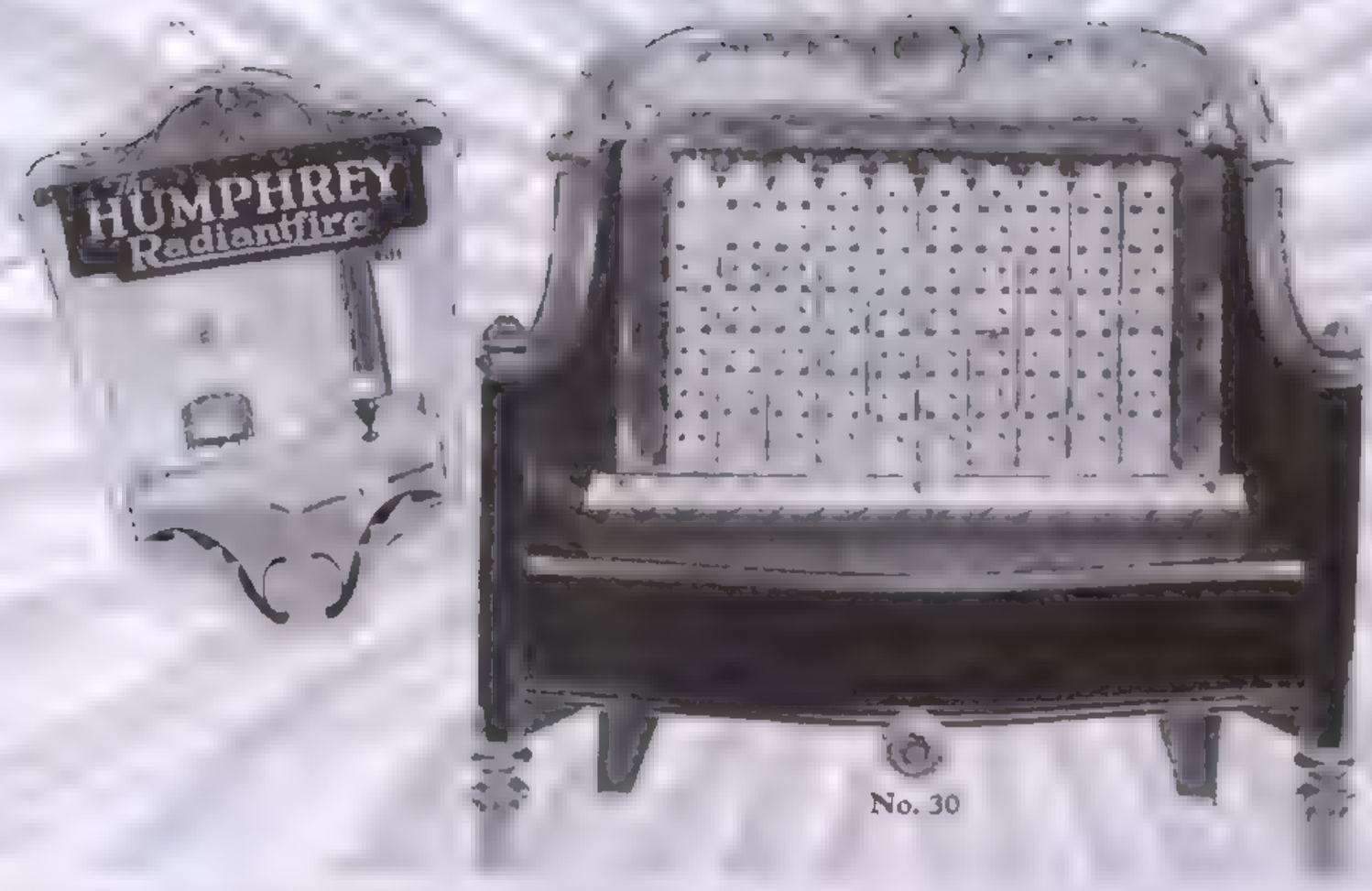

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THE Humphrey Radiantfire burns gas as it has never burned before. It brings you a degree of comfort, convenience and heating economy that you have never enjoyed before.

Here is a new opportunity to show originality in redecorating your home. See the Humphrey Radiantfire in new finishes at your gas company or dealer's. The several carefully chosen colors—maroon, green, brown and Flemish brass—offer wide possibilities for harmony or fascinating contrast with the other decorative elements in the room.

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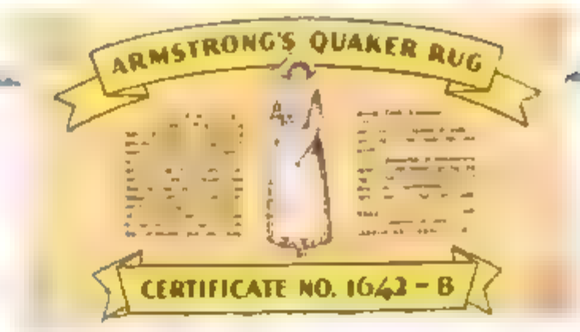

Your money's worth—or a brand-new rug free is the guarantee of this Quaker Girl Certificate. On the face of every rug. Look for it.

Dirt and stains cannot harm these beautiful low-priced rugs—the glass-smooth Accolac Process surface protects them

DUST, dirt, spilled milk, tracked-in mud, greasy liquids, cannot harm Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. The reason: They are finished by the famous *Accolac Process*. Dust and dirt remain *on top* until flicked away. Spots and stains are removed quickly with a damp mop. The result — cleaner-looking rooms — and more time for leisure. Armstrong's Quaker Rugs wear long, too, because they are built over a strong felt base to give them "body."

In every home, there are rooms where Armstrong's Quaker Rugs save money and save work — the kitchen where careless, heedless feet track in and out all day, dining-room, bedrooms, living-room, sun porch, nursery, sewing-room—wherever you want beauty and color.

You'll see at once just how Armstrong's Quaker Rugs brighten your home, and lighten your work, when you see them at local department, furniture, and linoleum stores. You'll know, too, when you hear the low price, what real economy means.

But to make sure that you get full value for the few dollars you do pay, each rug bears a Quaker Girl Numbered Certificate right in sight on the face. It reads, "If the purchaser feels he has not received his money's worth, the rug may be returned to the merchant . . . and the Armstrong Cork Company will authorize the merchant to replace it with a new rug of the same size and grade."

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This is Armstrong's Quaker Rug Pattern No. 4580. Nearly all leading stores show this and many other beautiful patterns.

To cover your entire floor, Quaker floor covering is offered by-the-yard in 6-foot and 9-foot widths, all with *Accolac Process* surface.

Armstrong's Quaker

RUGS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

THE HOODLUM

(Continued from Page 19

Mrs. Mayspread was practically prostrated.

"If it wasn't for the dressmaker," she said finally, "I could stand this better. You go up to your room and you stay there, do you understand? You'll get no supper tonight."

Percivalia marched up the stairs disdainfully.

After supper, when Mr. Mayspread had adjusted himself to his easy-chair, his cigar and his newspaper, the subject of Perky came to the fore.

"She's been a pretty good kid lately," said the male parent. "Better give her something to eat."

"Do you know why she's been good?" came back the female head of the firm.

"Probably exhausted," hazarded Mr. Mayspread.

"She thinks she's in love," declared Mrs. Mayspread with deadly emphasis.

Mr. Mayspread considered.

"Is there anything we can do to keep her that way?" he finally asked.

"I'm worried," declared his spouse, womanlike, "a child her age. You've got to do something about it, John."

"Yeah," quoth John.

"You certainly should," said Mrs. Mayspread firmly for want of something else to say.

"Aw, be sensible, Henrietta," expostulated the father. "What the heck can I do about it?"

"That's just like a man," said the mother. "For all the trouble you'd take she'd grow up wild."

"For the love of Pete," announced Mr. Mayspread, sitting upright the better to assert himself. "Now listen to me, woman. The present state of affairs is my idea of peace and security. For fully two weeks I haven't lost a pound a day making peace with the neighbors. My new hat hasn't been used as a target for a BB. gun. My lodge plume is up in the closet where it belongs and not hanging on an alley cat. I have not"—here he knocked some ashes surreptitiously on the rug—"taken you to a party and discovered that the back of your dress had been cut out to make a pirate flag. Last night when I was bowling with the bunch, Mike told me he hadn't seen our pride and joy in nearly a month and wondered if she was sick. I've been at peace with the world. I haven't even had a row with a truant officer. My home has been so quiet I've started to mention it several times. I only hope it'll last, and I'm open to any suggestion to maintain the present status. Believe the old man, if love caused this, I'm willing to play Cupid. That's the way I feel about it." He settled back in his chair.

"You're such a big help," said Mrs. Mayspread bitingly, and departed to feed her daughter.

The next morning after breakfast Mrs. Mayspread detained Perky.

"Where are you going, dear?" she asked.

"Out," said Perky.

"Come here to mother."

"I ain't done nothin'," said Perky suspiciously.

"I just want to talk to you a moment," said Mrs. Mayspread reasonably. Perky approached warily. "Who is this boy you're in love with?" asked the mother.

Percivalia lifted her eyes and vacuum dawned.

"My child," exclaimed Mrs. Mayspread, "is it really necessary for you to look like that?" Percivalia made no answer. "Is it this little Detrick boy you like so well?"

Perky further enhanced appearances by shoving a forefinger in her mouth.

"I presume he's the one," said Mrs. Mayspread. "Now listen, dear. You mustn't be gone more than an hour. The dressmaker will be here in an hour. She'll make you lots of pretty clothes and this boy will like you more. You be back in an hour and don't you get all dirty."

Perky caught up with Dan and walked proudly to school with him. When he had disappeared within, Perky started homeward obediently, despite a swell opportunity for getting a free ride on a garbage wagon. She took up the business of being made beautiful for Dan's sake, and behaved so admirably that the dressmaker accomplished in one hour what ordinarily took fully half a day. Perky was freed from bondage in time to get to school for morning recess.

She ensconced her person on the fence and mothered a skinned elbow. Dan came slipping out of the schoolhouse well in advance of the hoi polloi, and upon seeing Perky made a dash for her. This was so unlike him that Perky all but fell off on her ear.

"Got any money, Perky?"

"Nope," said Perky cheerfully.

His face fell.

"I got to have twenty cents," he declared moodily. "It's"—he glanced cautiously over his shoulder—"a matter of life and death."

Perky was much impressed. "What you got to have it for?" she wanted to know.

Dan considered. "It'd be hard for a woman to understand," he explained. "It's got a lot to do with investments."

"You got to have it?" asked Perky.

"Without it," declared Dan dramatically, "I'm ruined."

Perky became grave.

"Maybe," she said, "I kin get it for you. It'll take time, though. Maybe I kin get it by the time school's out."

"Can you, Perky?" exclaimed Dan excitedly.

"I ain't never failed yet," retorted Perky with hauteur.

"Say," said Dan admiringly, "you're the best little old kid in the world."

Perky was dizzy with delight. Would she get twenty cents for her hero? Would she? She considered a railroad train. She decided the railroad was too far away. She considered a bank. In order properly to rob a bank, one needed a gang. She checked the bank off her list. She thought of a number of things in a very short space of time; none of them appealed financially. She finally thought of Mike's pool room and bowling alley. There, undoubtedly, lay opportunity!

"I'll get it for you," she promised.

Dan thanked her, nearly overdid it. They were to meet by the fence after school.

Perky tumbled down and proceeded on her mission. The first step in the campaign for twenty cents was to acquire some boy's clothes. She made her first stop at the Mills residence. Mrs. Mills had her doubts about Percivalia, but then, Mrs. Mills was a busy housewife. If Percivalia wanted to play in the sand pile, why object? Why, indeed!

Perky made sure Mrs. Mills was in the front part of the house and then she mounted to the second story via an elm tree and the back sleeping porch. It really wasn't much of a feat; she and Billy had done it before. She knew the whereabouts of the closet where Billy kept his clothes, and it was the work of next to no time to extract a pair of pants, a shirt and a cap. The fact that the pants belonged to Master Mills' Sunday uniform made no impression on Perky. She took what came first to the hand. She made a bundle of the clothes, tossed them out the window, and descended as she had risen. She then threw the clothes over the back fence, went around to the front, thanked Mrs. Mills for letting her play in the sand pile, went around the block, collected the swag, and headed for Mike's place.

She changed clothes in a convenient alley, tucked her blond curls under the cap, hid her own clothes under an ash can, and made for the back entrance to Mike's emporium.

The back entrance to the bowling alley was not for the use of customers, but for the use of the pin boys. A pin boy is one who sets up tenpins for cash customers to try to knock over. Perky had never set up pins, but she'd heard tell of it. She knew the boys got paid for it. She marched in as though she owned the place, found a comfortable resting place and waited for developments.

Three tough youngsters, sneaking a smoke in a dark corner, looked her over, but said nothing loud enough for her to hear. The lights flashed up on one alley, a gruff voice shouted from up in front:

"Pin boy Number 8!"

One of the boys in the corner walked over to Pit Number 8, swung his legs over leisurely. There was a rumble as a heavy bowling ball came flying down the polished alley, there was a crash as all the pins went down. The pin boy dropped into the pit, grabbed the ball up, set it on the return runway and shoved it. Then he bent to pick up the pins. He'd pick up two, three or four pins at a time and throw them in the automatic pin setter above the alley. When he got them all picked up and laid, he pulled a lever. The automatic pin setter dropped, the pins stood up, each in its proper place, the triangular machine rose and the pins stood unsupported. The pin boy jumped back to the top of the pit and a moment later another ball came rolling down on the pins. Sometimes all of them went down, sometimes they didn't. Sometimes the bowler used two balls, but if he got all the pins down on the first roll, he only used the one ball. The procedure of setting up the pins and returning the balls went on with little variation. Perky watched with interest.

Another alley lit up, again came the gruff voice. Perky watched the boys in the two pits for better than an hour. At the end of that time there was very little about the art of pin setting that Perky didn't know.

A flash of lights on another alley.

"Pin boy Number 4!"

Perky got there first. The pin boys in Mike's place went in rotation, but Perky knew nothing about rotation and cared less. She swung herself atop the back of the pit just ahead of a young ragamuffin.

"This is my pit, kid," said the boy.

"I got here first," retorted Perky.

"We take turns around here," replied the boy angrily. "You get outta there an' wait for your turn."

A ball came hurtling down the alley as though flung from a catapult. Wher-r-ram! The pins showered down. Perky jumped nervously; then realized what she was there for and dropped into the pit. She picked the heavy ball up and started it back; she turned to begin picking up the pins. There were two left standing. The boy dropped into the pit beside her.

"You get outta here!" he snarled.

Perky was bending over and she had a fallen pin in her right hand. Her competitor's foot was within perfect whacking distance. Perky whacked. The boy let out a startled and anguished howl, and at the same moment a second ball came rocketing down the alley. Perky heard it coming and leaped frantically for safety. The boy whose foot she had caressed leaped to make it unanimous. They both won, but Perky got in some good licks on the side and shoved the boy over the back wall of the pit, where he lay on his back and howled like a wolf. Even a stoic will howl like a wolf upon being whacked over the toes with a heavy tenpin.

"What's going on down there?" bawled a voice from the head of the alley.

"Nothin'!" shouted Perky.

"Well, cut out that racket and get those pins up!" ordered the voice.

Perky did her best. She was in love and her lord and master required twenty cents or something awful would happen. She did right well. She heard a conversation going on behind her back, one pin boy telling another to wait and settle the misunderstanding when Perky came out of the pit. To start a row now would mean that all concerned would get fired.

There were four men knocking down the pins Perky set up. For every game they

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bowled Perky got two and a half cents. Perky didn't have the slightest idea how much she was making. She intended to work until she made twenty cents and then she was going to quit. How long she'd have to work, or how she'd know when she was ahead the necessary nickels, had not yet entered into the problem.

It so happened that the four men bowling on Perky's alley were betting and playing partners, and they rolled seven games apiece. It's hard work to set up pins on a hot day. The balls are heavy, the pins are heavy, the pin setter isn't a toy. The sweat ran off Perky in streams, the state of exhaustion drew nigher and nigher. If the men hadn't quit when they did, Perky would have lain down in the pit and let the balls roll over her. Finally the lights went out and a gruff voice called:

"That's all, Number 4!"

Perky crawled out of the pit, the thought that possibly she'd made twenty cents buoying her up. The boy she had crowned on the pedal extremity was waiting for her. He walked up belligerently.

"Listen, smart guy," he said; "come on outside. I got a present for you."

"Aw, what're you crabbin' about?" said Perky wearily. "You can have your old pins now if you want 'em."

"I'll give you somethin' to remember me by," threatened the boy. "Come on outside."

There were three or four boys gathered around by now. Perky saw no friendly faces. So outside they went.

Perky had as much chance as a celluloid titmouse in an electric chair. The warlike pin boy was bigger and Perky was somewhat worn from picking up things. The boy bloodied her nose, almost without effort. Perky sat down, almost without effort. She put her hand up to her nose and noted the crimson stream decorating Master Mills' shirt and Sunday pants.

"These ain't my clothes," she announced indignantly.

"Aw, get up an' fight," said the boy scornfully.

Most of the pin boys were good-sized, ranging in age from twelve to sixteen.

"Leave him be," advised one of the older boys. "He ain't nothin' but a baby."

"He swiped my pit," retorted Perky's opponent. "He's got it comin'. Let him get up."

So Perky got up. And the belligerent pin boy discovered what Master Mills had also discovered—that it's possible to get hold of something and not be able to let go. Perky had no ideals of fair play—biting, scratching, kicking and hitting, not to mention hair pulling, all came under her idea of a fight.

They rolled around on the ground, and taking everything into consideration, the worst deal of all was handed out to the property of Billy Mills. Next in order came the person of the pin boy. Perky didn't escape unscathed; she looked very much like she'd been put through a cotton compress. Fortunately for Perky, whose nervous energy was about to run dry, the other boys stopped the fight, because Perky's cap got lost in the shuffle and they could see she was a girl.

"I know you," said one of the older boys, when order had been restored and the echoes ceased to resound; "you're that Perky Mayspread what used to hang around out in front all the time. What the heck are you doin' back here?"

"I come down here," announced Perky defiantly, "to make twenty cents. I want twenty cents!"

"You're a holy show," observed the boy. "You got twenty cents comin' all right. It's worth twenty cents of any guy's money just to get one look at you."

"She's got better'n twenty cents comin'," declared one of the others. "She set up on Number 4 for them good bowlers."

"You come with me," said the first speaker. "We'll go up front an' see how much you made."

They went inside and up to the front to have words with the cashier.

"Did I make twenty cents?" demanded Perky before anyone could get a word in edgewise.

"Will you shut up," requested her companion, "an' give this guy a chance to find out?"

The cashier checked up and forked over seventy cents.

"You better take some of that an' go get a bath," he suggested.

Perky cheered raucously over the seventy seeds. She also crowed.

"What're you doin' up here in front this time of day?" demanded Mike, hearing the cheers and tracing them down. "Haven't I told you boys not to come up front? Haven't I? Get on back where you belong!"

"She wanted to get her money," explained the pin boy.

"She?" exploded Mike.

"Yeah," said the pin boy, "it's a she!"

Mike picked Perky up by the belt and inspected her.

"So you've come back," he observed in a pained voice.

"I had to have twenty cents," answered Perky defiantly.

"When I give you a chair an' let you sit under the awning," said Mike in an assumed hard voice, "didn't you promise to stay outta here?"

"I had to have twenty cents," protested Perky.

"What'd you have to have twenty cents for?" demanded Mike.

"I'm in love," declared Perky, glancing heavenward.

Mike, too, was practically prostrate. He set Perky carefully on a vacant pool table. He surveyed her with care.

"In a case like that," he observed at last, "the first thing you better do is wash. Where are your regular clothes?"

"Up near Pine Street," answered Perky, "under a ash can."

"You've got me licked," acknowledged Mike, after a pause. "Haven't you got no modesty?"

"I got seventy cents," declared Perky proudly.

Mike quit. He led her to the wash room and told her to try and get some of the dirt and blood off. When she came out some ten minutes later he escorted her to the door. Perky promptly disappeared.

She changed clothes behind a telegraph pole and headed for the Mills residence. Mrs. Mills again generously permitted her to play in the sand pile. Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Collender were busy swapping questionable truths on the front porch when Perky climbed the elm and returned the clothing. Master Mills was later severely disciplined for something he knew nothing whatever about.

Perky climbed the Mills back fence and lit out for school in high. She'd missed her lunch, she was tired from brawling and working, but she'd brought home the bacon for her hero! School was just out; Dan was sitting on the fence, looking worried.

She gave him not twenty cents but seventy cents. He accepted all of it. He made deep and fervent, though somewhat hurried, expressions of gratitude.

"You wanta walk home with me?" said Perky, ogling up at him.

Dan hesitated. On several occasions he'd said he didn't want to walk home with her, yet, nevertheless, he had walked home with her.

"Why, sure," he said, employing craft. "But I gotta tend to this business first. You wait here. I'll be right back."

He vanished around a corner of the schoolhouse. Perky waited some thirty minutes. Then she went to look for him. She looked everywhere in the vicinity with no good results. She started toward his house and on the way passed the Mills residence. Billy was sitting on the front steps, disconsolate.

"You seen Dan?" inquired the hoodlum.

"No," said Billy, adding grimly: "But wait'll I do!"

Perky passed on. When Perky did a thing, she did a job. Later in the evening she was still looking for her mislaid love. She had drifted down toward the business section.

No kind spirit warned her. She was pensively kicking a tin can down the gutter when Dan came out of the Queen Movie Palace with Sylvia Minters on his arm. His head was bent over her adoringly; she was giggling over something he had said. Perky stood rooted, paralyzed! The sap ebbed out of her as compressed air departs from a blown-out tire. She slipped behind a light pole to hide her shame and hurt.

She followed them, shamed and sick. She saw them go into Sugarland, and through the window she watched Dan order with the confidence of a millionaire.

She slipped into the Mayspread back yard, climbed her favorite tree, and bawled. It was the first time she'd bawled in many moons. After a time she dried her eyes and nose, and considered ways and means.

When Mrs. Mayspread came home from a bridge soirée there was no sign of her offspring. By the time Mr. Mayspread arrived home she was ready to expire or blow up, with a preference shown for both.

"Now don't get all stewed up, honey," advised her husband. "She'll come home and there'll be a posse right behind her. I know it. This peaceful business couldn't last, that's all."

"She wasn't home to lunch," said Mrs. Mayspread nervously.

The phone rang.

"Probably the sheriff's office," said Mr. Mayspread resignedly as he went to answer it. He was back in a moment.

"It's some woman asking for you," he said. "She's excited. Probably news from the front."

Mrs. Mayspread rushed to the phone.

"Mrs. Mayspread," came a bitter female voice over the wire, "this is Mrs. Detrick. Would you mind making your daughter go home before I summon the police?"

"Why," said Mrs. Mayspread, a foreboding of disaster coming over her, "whatever is the matter?"

"Well," came the bitter voice, "she's spent some time collecting rocks. Our yard is covered with them—literally covered with them. And I want you to know she's sitting out on our terrace now, daring Daniel Henry to come out. She says she intends to stone him to death and spit on his lifeless body. The last time I told her to go away, Mrs. Mayspread, she threw a rock at me and defied me in language—such language! I don't understand how a child of her age and halfway decently brought up could possibly have learned such language. Mr. Detrick isn't at home, and I do think Daniel Henry and myself should be permitted to use our own front lawn without imperiling our lives. I intend to send for an officer if she doesn't leave within the next few moments!"

Mr. Mayspread brought Percivalia home under his arm. She was sent to her room. Mr. and Mrs. Mayspread talked the matter over.

"It won't do any good to punish her," said Mr. Mayspread finally. "You're right about that, Henrietta. Let's have her come down, give her something to eat, and see if she won't tell us what happened, and why. She wouldn't do a thing like that without some kind of reason."

Percivalia came downstairs sullenly and they gave her food. She was badly in need of food, it might be added. When she had finished eating, her father made her sit on his lap.

"I won't stand for you lying to me," he told her sternly. "I want you to tell me what made you conduct yourself so outrageously."

Percivalia told a very disconnected story. Mrs. Mayspread very nearly got the heaves when she learned her daughter had been employed in a bowling alley. Mr. Mayspread kept his mouth shut until the tale was more or less complete. What hadn't been told could be surmised.

(Continued on Page 98

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"Do you mean to tell me," demanded the male parent, "that you went out and earned seventy cents and gave this boy all of it, and that then he took the money you'd earned and took another girl out?"

Perky made sure there would be no misunderstanding. Such was indeed the case.

"Didn't you have any idea of what was going to happen?" demanded Mr. Mayspread

"No, sir," declared Perky vehemently.

"Well," said the head of the household, "I'll be darned. I certainly will, Henrietta. Listen, kid," he said to Perky, "here's a dollar. That's more than you made. Now you stay away from this Detrick boy. Any boy who'd do a thing like that isn't worth hanging. I don't want you to have anything more to do with him, understand?"

"I'm gonna get even with him," answered Perky stubbornly.

"I don't want any more trouble out of this," said the father sternly. "You leave him alone."

They packed Percivalia away to bed. She needed rest.

"I don't blame her a bit for wanting to get even," admitted Mr. Mayspread to his spouse, "and if she'll just confine herself to him personally, we won't punish her. But if she rings in the neighborhood I'm going to larrup her within an inch of her life."

The next day Perky slipped away from home with her mother's best scissors concealed about her person. She went to the paint store and spent her money with due regard to color and little to economy. She knew exactly what she wanted. Then she went to school and hunted up Billy Mills at recess. They put their heads together and discussed things.

Billy and Perky were really very slick in the matter of the social demolishment of one Daniel Henry. At noon hour Billy detained the victim by demanding a chance to talk over the matter of Sylvia's fickleness before a battle royal. Dan hoped, of course, to get out of a fight. Dan didn't care much for fighting unless the odds seemed to favor him very cordially.

Billy got the victim planted and Perky appeared on the scene. The two wolves got him down. They pommeled him. Perky kicked him a couple of times for Auld Lang Syne. They swore that if he yelled again they would dismember him. He didn't yell any more.

They tore his shirt off, ripped off his undershirt. Perky straddled him and clipped off his hair and painted the place where his hair had been a robin's-egg blue. They painted the place where his shirt and undershirt had been a brilliant and enduring green. They painted one side of his face chrome yellow and the other side a ghastly gray. He was really a terrible sight to behold.

"Now," said Perky, sitting astraddle and waving a paint brush violently, "you'll do what we tell you to, or you'll never live to talk about it!"

They marched him out to a prominent place, close to the entrance and alongside the fence. If anyone failed to see the hapless one, it would be on account of blindness. They tied him with many knots. And behind him, on the smooth plank fence, Master Mills painted in irregular letters:

THIS BELONGS TO SYLVIA MINTERS

That afternoon Mike, the proprietor of the bowling alley, chanced to look without his emporium. There had been a lack of pin boys. He beheld Perky holding down the long vacant pew beneath the awning, and around and about her were some five ragamuffin pin boys. Among them was Perky's erstwhile opponent. Also in evidence was the scion of the well-known Mills family, social leaders of the community.

"So," said Mike, "an' ye've come around to corrupt my hired hands again, have ye?" Perky grinned. "I thought," said Mike, "that ye were a woman in love?"

Perky and Billy exchanged grins.

"Love ain't all, Mr. Mike!" answered Perky.

THE SHARK

(Continued from Page 21)

dollars each to the good. Mr. Winton was three hundred dollars ahead. Mr. Jennings was out three hundred dollars.

The four other exhibits, in defiance of the unwritten law that gave used packs to Enrico to sell for his own profit, were four aces. With deft, exquisite fingers Mr. Weymuss turned them over and ran the tips of those fingers across their backs. In a different corner of each his sensitive flesh struck an infinitesimal obstruction on the pasteboard.

He smiled and got up. Carefully he unscrewed a lens from his binoculars and looked at the obstructions through it. Then, apparently satisfied, he dropped the cards from his porthole and climbed into bed. As he snapped the light out, he smiled again.

Casually, the next morning, he stopped at the purser's office and asked for a tourist's brochure on Madeira and Algiers. While there, he glanced carelessly through the passenger list. None of his four friends was leaving the liner until she reached Naples. He went up to the smoke room and called for the chessmen.

In the poker game that evening Mr. Jennings won back seventy-five of his three hundred from Mr. Winton. Mr. Weymuss lost twenty-five dollars more, and the next day everyone went ashore with his wife to climb the heights and slide down the corduroy toboggan run. They made Gibraltar the next evening and there was no game, for again everyone went ashore to stretch.

A sergeant who lit one cigarette with the butt of the last, and held four fresh ones in his hand ready to thrust in his mouth, showed Mr. Weymuss through the old galleries and told him how the heavy curtains were once drawn after firing, to keep the gun smoke out of the barbettes in years gone.

The Messrs. Garbick, Winton, Frolinger and Jennings, being honest husbands, went to Algeciras with their wives and bought them Spanish shawls.

From Gibraltar to Algiers, the game was resumed again. Perhaps it was a desire to recoup on the shawls—perhaps it was the somber dark smudge of Africa, with its eternal majesty and magic lying far off the starboard beam. Whatever it was, the scores that night were radically different from those on any other previous night. Mr. Weymuss wrote them in at two A.M. on his sheet of paper. Mr. Winton stood thirteen hundred fifty-two dollars and a half to the good, while the four other gentlemen shared the loss among them—Mr. Weymuss, light man, to the extent of two hundred and thirty dollars; Mr. Garbick, heavy, to the extent of seven hundred and eighty.

For a long time Mr. Weymuss stood before his mirror, squinting at himself and occasionally biting gently at the cuticle of his little finger. Then he shrugged, took four aces from his pocket, felt their microscopic obstructions, tore them across and dropped them from his port.

The next was the last night of the voyage. During the forenoon Mr. Weymuss, passing Mrs. Metcalf's chair on the port side, bowed and stopped for a moment to chat. The conversation became more interesting than expected, evidently, for he sat down presently on the extended footboard of the vacant chair next to hers and continued it for perhaps a quarter of an hour before going up to the smoke room to play chess with himself. There was a great deal of good-natured raillery presently when the other three victims came in, and shortly, when Mr. Winton entered, affecting

(Continued on Page 101)

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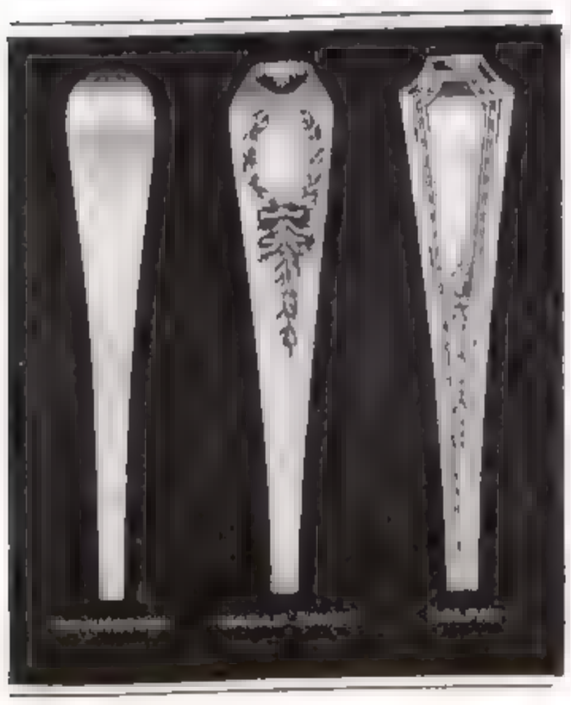

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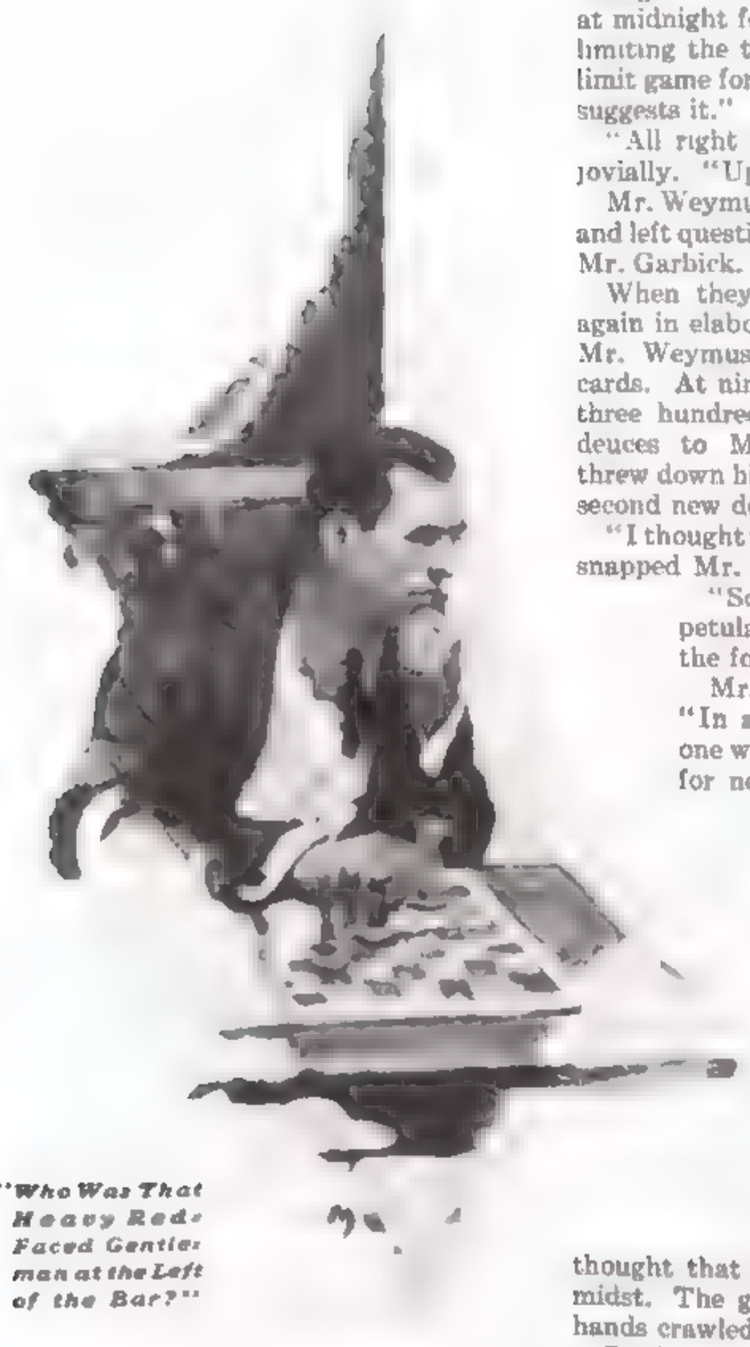

"Who Was That Heavy Red-Faced Gentleman at the Left of the Bar?"

(Continued from Page 98)

a pompous superiority in his florid boyish way, it was decided to proceed to the revenge at once.

It was eleven o'clock when the game started. The four wives involved had evidently had a conference and elected Mrs. Garbick as spokesman for them. At one, she tried to inveigle the players to go to luncheon, but they shook their heads and waved her away. Abbate, the room boy, brought trays of sandwiches and more of Josef's beer. All afternoon the five men played on in a mat of smoke that hung just above their heads like a foul scum on still waters. The purring fan wove it into fantastic whorls and arabesques. The faces below were set and lined, and the good nature of past days was gone from them. Slowly, very slowly, the hands of the clock crept onward toward dinner, and slowly, very slowly, the stacks of chips in front of Mr. Winton dwindled to nothing, were replenished from the bank and dwindled again—into Mr. Weymuss' stacks. Mr. Jennings had recouped somewhat, but was still well down by the head. At 5:30 Mr. Frolinger threw down his cards.

"I've had enough for a while."

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Jennings sharply. There was no mistaking what he implied. Mr. Frolinger was sixty-two dollars to the good.

"Steady," said Mr. Garbick. "I'm still out two-fifty flat, but I've had enough for a while. I want some air. Suppose we break off for dinner."

"Look here," Mr. Winton laughed, "you fellows are taking it away from me in fine shape, and that's only right, as it's the last night. Let's take an hour or so off."

"All right with me," said Mr. Weymuss. "It's been a great session and I hate to see the trip end so soon. That's a fact."

Mr. Jennings growled in disgust. "I don't want to be a piker," he said, "but I've had about enough. I'm heavy loser, so I can talk. I've played some poker in my life, but I guess there's no doubt in any of your minds that between us we've forced this into a fairly heavy game—too heavy to call pleasure. Personally I've had about enough. Let's meet here at eight and finish at midnight for good. And as long as I'm limiting the time, I won't object to a no-limit game for the last four hours if anyone suggests it."

"All right with me," said Mr. Winton jovially. "Up to you fellows."

Mr. Weymuss spread his slim hands right and left questioningly, to Mr. Frolinger and Mr. Garbick. They nodded.

When they sat down at eight o'clock again in elaborately assumed good nature, Mr. Weymuss called for a new deck of cards. At nine, Mr. Jennings, having lost three hundred and forty dollars on four deuces to Mr. Winton's smiling jacks, threw down his cards angrily and rang for a second new deck.

"I thought this was a gentlemen's game," snapped Mr. Garbick.

"So did I," said Mr. Winton petulantly. Mr. Jennings glared at the four men

Mr. Frolinger sat back suddenly. "In a moment, gentlemen, someone will have to apologize. I move for new cards too. These are all gummy. That's your reason, isn't it, Jennings?"

"Yes."

"Very well then, new cards it is."

At nine o'clock the parade of Mr. Winton's chips took up its march again toward Mr. Weymuss' rising stacks. Faces that had been set before were clamped viselike at the jaws now, and minds that had been annoyed probed the clicking, snapping silence with a dirty thought that stalked unwittingly in their midst. The game went on, and the clock hands crawled toward twelve.

During the last hour the five men forgot the time limit. In the middle of the last bidding, Mrs. Garbick knocked and opened the door.

"Midnight, boys," she smiled.

"Four hundred and fifty," said Mr. Winton.

"Five hundred," said Mr. Weymuss.

Mr. Jennings threw in his cards and stood up at the porthole, his face knotted in anger.

Mr. Winton looked doubtfully at the last of his chips and called Mr. Weymuss. Mr. Weymuss held four aces to Mr. Winton's king-jack house. Chairs pushed back and handkerchiefs flew out to sweat-greased foreheads.

"Well," said Mr. Garbick, "glad it's over anyway."

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Frolinger. Mr. Jennings glanced at the banker's sheet and jerked viciously at the cap of his fountain pen. He scrawled a check for twelve hundred dollars—to cash—put on his coat and left. Mr. Winton was very pale around the gills and drank continually of aërated water which he squirted from the siphon at his elbow.

When Mr. Garbick finished and totaled the banker's account sheet, he drew his own check for two hundred and put it on top of Mr. Jennings'. Mr. Frolinger took it and put five dollars in cash in its place—"One-ninety-five."

Mr. Winton looked at Mr. Weymuss with eyes that faltered in amazement.

"I suppose you'll take a check?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Weymuss, "of course—sorry if it inconveniences you."

"Oh, no." Slowly and carefully Mr. Winton drew in his blank for four thousand two hundred and ten dollars and handed it across with fingers that trembled slightly. He looked like a good-natured fat boy who had been hoaxed by his fellows and left sitting to his armpits in a mud puddle just after being carefully dressed and combed by his mother.

Mr. Arthur Weymuss was shaving in his cabin the next morning when there came a short sharp knock on the panels of his door. He opened it immediately and looked into

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Mr. Winton's face once more. It was tremendously changed from the night before. The mouth was drawn into a firm straight line and the thick good-natured lips were white from muscular pressure. The eyes glinted sternly above their dark underpouches that the barber had not been able to erase. Over Mr. Winton's left shoulder, Mr. Weymuss could see another stern face topped by a uniform cap the purser.

Mr Winton said, "I've come for my check"

Mr Weymuss said, "You've got a nerve — You've come for what?"

"My check."

The purser cleared his throat and stepped forward. "I'm sorry, but this gentleman has ——"

"This what?"

" – has led me to believe — "

"Never mind!" exploded Mr. Winton in sudden anger. "Are you going to give me that check or am I going to have you thrown off this ship?"

"Well, you are a skunk!" Mr. Weymuss put his hands on his hips. "A lousy, fat skunk! Of course I'll give you the check." He took out his pocketbook and handed the green slip across. "If that's the kind of a four-flushing buzzard you want me to think you are, there it is. What's the matter—wasn't it any good?"

"Gentlemen, please!" muttered the purser. "Not so loudly."

With trembling fingers, Mr. Winton tore up the check. He was about to cast the pieces on the floor, when Mr. Weymuss slammed the door in his fat face.

The ship docked at ten in a howling riot of car horns and the shouts of guides for Pompeii.

Two days later, as Mr. Winton came out of his bathroom in his hotel in Rome, there was a knock on his door.

"Dressed, Hattie?" he called to his wife from the passage. "Here's the guy with my pants."

Mrs. Winton pulled on a blue flowered dressing gown. Mr. Winton, holding his own crash robe about him, opened the door. Mr. Weymuss, with something sharp under the fabric of his right-hand jacket pocket pointing at Mr. Winton, pushed that florid gentleman down the passage, closed and locked the outer door behind him and came into the room.

"Sit down, fatty," he said. "You, too, mamma." His lip curled in a sneer. Mr. and Mrs. Winton looked at the bulge in Mr. Weymuss' right-hand pocket and sat down suddenly as if they had received bad news. The bulge under the impulse of a quick jerk of Mr. Weymuss' pocketed hand pointed from one to the other.

"Now then," he said, "no funny work and we'll all live happy ever after. One break and I'll smoke the guy who makes it. Got it?" His eyes roved round the room, then he got up and with his free left hand he took a sealed deck of cards from the top of Mr. Winton's half-packed suitcase. He smiled as he broke the thin wrapper with his teeth. "All present and correct. Now then a little exhibition, ladies and fatty. The maestro has to take his gun hand out of his pocket to do it, so don't get nervous and try to jump him, folks, or he'll get you both where the fat is soft. Now then, fat boy, what'll you have?"

"What d'ya mean—what'll I have?"

"I mean, call a poker hand before teacher gets impatient. Call it quick!"

Mr. Winton went pale: "A run to the five."

"A run, heh?" Mr. Weymuss mocked him. "Fat boy wants a run—well, well. Now then, this is a four-break shuffle—got it?" The cards cracked in his hands like blazing pine twigs. "Can't hardly tell it from the run of the cards, heh? Well, well, ought to train your ear so you can tell a shark when you first meet up with one, see?" He tossed five cards on the floor. The ace, two, three, four and five of spades. "Didn't want your run flushed by any chance, did you?" he sneered. "Two of 'em from the bottom that time didn't hear 'em come up, did you? No. Now then, mamma, what'll you have?"

"Four—tens."

"What? Mamma know poker too? Thought mamma played society bridge. There you are."

He tossed four tens on the floor and the joker beside them, then he threw the deck on the dresser top and sank his right hand in his pocket again. The sharp bulge pointed aggressively at them.

"The lesson costs eight hundred dollars," he said in a low, hard voice. "Dig into the sock and bring it out—traveler's checks or cash—quick!"

Mr. Winton's face flushed and perspiration beaded his fleshy forehead. "This is an outrage! It's a holdup—a stickup ——"

"Shut up and dig! You, mamma—you're safer looking. Fat boy's getting mad."

With knees that shook and hands that trembled, Mrs. Winton bent over a great yellow kit bag and brought forth the pebbled black folder of a letter of credit, a book of traveler's checks and a pocketbook. Between cash and checks which Mr. Winton angrily signed over while Mr. Weymuss stood above him, they made up the amount. With one hand Weymuss counted and pocketed the money. Then he walked to the door.

"Listen!" he said. "Back to the sticks, you two! Join a circus, fat boy, and grow a long finger nail for the shell game. I made sixty-five thousand on the Atlantic when you two were ten-twenty-thirtying."

"You'll go to jail for this!" thundered Winton.

"No, I won't, you skunk! I been in jail till ten years ago. Now I'm Art Weymuss of the Amalgamated as straight as a die. I got the consul downstairs with me now. Want me to call him up here to meet you? Everybody knows me, and don't forget it. I spotted you the first night, wearing your button marker like it was an Elk's charm. Why don't you wear a spiked ring if you can't play cards with your fingers? And your woman here winning at bridge all the time too, from Mrs. Metcalf and the rest. A credit to the profession! Then you top it by sicking the purser on me, you double crosser! Get off the Atlantic! You're both as crude as mud!"

Mr. Weymuss half turned to go, then he snapped around once more. They cowered away from him.

"Oh, yes," he said. "And this eight hundred isn't for Jennings either. He got his check back before I left the ship—it's for me. I won it from you at straight poker before the time limit forced me to deal you a few hands. You'd have saved it if you hadn't been so brilliant and pulled the purser stunt to save your face after Jennings told you what he thought of you. Good-by, fat boy. If you must use a button marker, join a euchre club in Oshkosh and smoke it after you scratch a card so it won't glint like a cop's badge!"

Mr. Weymuss pulled his hand from his pocket. The index finger was pointing at Mr. Winton and the thumb was cocked like the hammer of a revolver. Calmly he uncocked it, bowed and went out.

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BESIDE THE SHALIMAR

Continued from Page 9

They looked like brothers, although one of them was blonder than Micky himself, and the other darker than any Indian—big noses, cleft chins, heavy eyebrows; both simply marvelous looking, frightfully tall, shoulders like prize fighters. The blond one was trying to play—but of all the butter-fingered efforts! No time, no tune to speak of. People all round the room scowling at him. Nobody could dance to such noises.

You'd have thought he'd have felt the low looks pouring in. Not for a minute. He simply kept on, head on one side, serious as Beethoven, while, leaning across the piano with the most thrilling, pleased smile on his face, the dark one encouraged him.

"That's jolly good, Rikky! Carry on!" said the dark one, making himself well heard.

Micky had scowled then like everybody else. "Of all the cold nerve! What do they think this place is—an Army and Navy Club?"

He insisted they must be Army—the dark one anyhow. You could always tell, Micky said, in England.

And she had answered—because the dark one was really beyond words, if you cared for that type—"I think he's marvelous. I mean, don't you think he's simply too perfect?"

Little fool! That was just what she had said!

"Well," said Micky, "well—well!"—not too frightfully pleased, but still grinning. Presently he had said, perfectly pleasantly, but so you could tell he meant it: "The management must be cuckoo to let a couple of wild asses break up the music like that."

"I think it's rather fun," she had said. It seemed fun at the moment.

"Oh, you do!" said Micky.

The look in the tail of Micky's eye just then had started some sort of queer devil in her. It was almost a listening look—as if he heard something coming, a long way off, as if he couldn't quite believe his ears. Mummee used to say, "Once a man's certain, a woman will be sorry." She had a lot of good lines for a mother. Mostly patter, but some of it authentic.

Anyhow it was fun to see Micky looking the Englishman over, after that, a little more carefully. It had even seemed to her at the moment as if it might not be a bad thing for Micky to remember he wasn't Mr. Robinson Crusoe, the only man on a desert island. Not but what Micky had been decent.

"He's got a peach of a build," said Micky.

She had agreed sweetly, "Absolutely swell, isn't it?"

Of course agreement wasn't her cue.

It wasn't so good, either, when all at once she lifted her two hands with Micky's rings on them and applauded. Not very loud, not very hard. But the dark one heard her and saw her. As a matter of fact, what made the sort of queer devil prick an ear and shake a hoof all the livelier was knowing that the dark one had been seeing and hearing her from the moment she set foot in that room—the dark, noisy cellar room, with red-mouthed, shadowy-eyed faces grinning everywhere through wreaths and trails of cigarette smoke. So, all at once she had applauded very softly with the tips of her fingers and an outstretched palm.

And Micky's eyebrows had gone up like semaphores.

"That poisonous racket," he said.

Poor Micky! She had high-hatted him vilely. Whatever possessed her! "You know you can't tell one tune from another, darling. I think it's rather jolly."

"You do!" said Micky again. It seemed to knock him flat that she did. "Raw-ther jolly!"—like the lowest kind of comedian, he said it.

At which she had simply laughed in his face. "Darling, must you carry the Star-Spangled Banner around between your teeth the whole time we're over here?"

Of course that was the moment in which the dark one, having gloomed at her gorgeously for a long time, suddenly decided to acknowledge her applause with a bow, and did. In the grand manner, really—bowing from the waist with his heels together. Slim hips, big shoulders, peach of a build was right. He looked like something out of Kipling, like Richard Cœur de Lion turned out by Bond Street.

"Pretty fresh, don't you think?" said Micky, annoyed but cool.

It was just as well, maybe, that about that time a boy with an accordion came down very quietly from the room upstairs, coaxed the blond brother away from the piano bench, sat there himself and began to play stuff that could be danced to.

"Thank God for that!" said Micky. "How about it?" He got up and held out his hand.

The accordion boy had a limp and a head like Byron. He played: "Sometimes I'm happy, sometimes I'm sa-ad—That's how I am, so what can I do! I'm hap-py when I'm with you."

The accordion whined and whimpered and sighed. Over in a far corner of the room the fair one and the dark one hunched their big shoulders over glasses and cigarettes.

She had tried to get Micky to admit he was unusual. "Micky, don't you think he must be somebody? He has such an air."

"Sure! He's the Crown Prince of Ireland, maybe. But little brother can't play the piano for me."

When she caught the dark one looking her way, something tipped up the corners of her mouth a very little, lowered her lashes not very much.

At last he had got up and gone away, the blond brother stumbling slightly in his wake.

"Not so crowded now," said Micky. He gave the boy with the accordion half a crown and told him to play My Heart Stood Still, and they danced and danced.

The place was swimming in smoke by then; her head had begun to ache a little—after all, it had been a long, long night.

"Micky," she had said, "I want to go home."

"Makes it unanimous," said Micky.

He paid the bill, tipped the waiter, folded her into her lovely green and gold and silver shawl. The boy with the accordion played Oh, Promise Me as they went up the stairs.

In five minutes more they would have been out of the place into a taxi, her head on Micky's shoulder, his arms around her on the way to their hotel. Only in the almost empty, pink-paneled, gilt-garlanded room through which they had to pass, there at the piano sat the blond Englishman again, with the dark one leaning, watching him, beaming at him.

"Oh, good Lord!" said Micky.

He shouldn't have sounded so superior. It gave the queer devil another nudge. Anyhow, those two were rather sweet. Something about the dark one's eyes—one couldn't help, just a little, wanting to know what a man would be like who could look that way for a mere brother.

She hadn't really stopped; she had only slowed up, watching and listening, when like a flash the whole thing broke. The dark one, with his air of royalty incognito, bowing deeply, had laid a hand on her arm.

"What would you like my brother to play for you? He shall play you anything you like."

As if he were offering her a choice of the crown jewels; in a voice—the most marvelous voice!—quiet and impatient, scornful and—well, caressing rather—all at one time. Simply too amazing! It really knocked her flat. What could she do? She smiled, of course. Who wouldn't? And the instant she smiled, Micky had swung on his heel and walked away from her, stopped about ten feet off, lighting a cigarette, with his back turned. Pretty poor, she called it—Micky walking out on her like that at such a difficult moment.

"Anything at all you wish," said the dark one magnificently.

The blond one just sat and strummed and smiled in a vague, sweet, willing way. They were like two men in a book. The dark one was like no man she had ever seen. She didn't know an Englishman could have such laughing eyes, such bold eyes, such tender eyes; most Englishmen have such careful eyes. The dark one's were a little bloodshot, of course; after all, at half-past four in the morning you might expect that. Funny things happen on parties anyhow.

She couldn't, just at first, think of anything to ask for, any tune that would be beautiful enough for the moment, because, whether Micky liked it or not, the moment was beautiful. The whole thing had seemed in a way familiar, too, as if, not for the first time, nor yet for the last time, the dark one was questioning her.

At last, because he was so insistent, she had taken the plunge—asked for the most romantic old thing she could think of Pale Hands.

He looked at her for a long moment, he half smiled; then he said to his brother gravely, "Pale Hands, Rikky. The oracle has spoken."

Rikky nodded his head, poised his hands like a concert player and managed a bar of something strange—God Save the King mostly.

"Not at all—not at all, old thing!" said the dark one. "Unless you're playing at oracles too"

She might have got away then; she really turned to go, but the dark one suddenly, with a perfectly terrifying naturalness, had put his arm around her.

"Let me take you home," he said.

No good shaking her head, no good trying to pull herself free, because apparently he had the same strange feeling as she had—that they weren't really strangers at all. He seemed not to notice her refusal; he went on in his clipped, quiet, Gerald du Maurier sort of voice that prodded her heart like a finger: "Or you come home with me."

Of course that was going a little too far. She simply gasped. She said: "I can't—I can't!" And he saw that she meant it.

But even then he only nodded toward Micky casually. "Husband?" he asked her.

She had nodded back, explaining, like all the little fools in the world, as he took away his arm: "We were just going."

He had said, "I'm going to Africa tomorrow."

She had said, "Tomorrow I'm going to Paris."

He had said, "You'll never know what you missed out of life."

She had said—was it possible she had really said it?—"Maybe I shall. Shall you?"

Then she had whispered good-by very softly and run over to where Micky was standing, still with his back turned. The whole thing hadn't taken five minutes, and Micky had said to her in the cab, on the way through the dawn-cold town: "If you're like that!"

And she had said: "If it was such a rotten thing to do, why did you walk away from me in the beginning? Why did you stand there like a wooden Indian, with your back turned? Why did you let me do it?"

And Micky had said, "I'll let you do anything you damn well please. I'm your lover and your husband, not your keeper. Get that?"

And he had said, when she got through telling him everything—absolutely everything—trying to make a good story out of it, which seemed, under the circumstances, about the best thing to do—he had said grimly.

"He must have been pretty drunk." And he had said, "I don't know you."

He had been very cruel.

He stirred in the wing chair while she lay mulling his cruelties over in her mind, sat up and stretched long and wearily.

"Micky!" she cried in a shaken, glad whisper.

Just at first he met her eyes with the look that was hers only, but while she held out her arms to him he stiffened, remembering, and withdrew into himself.

"Hello!" he said. "What time is it?"—brusquely and impersonally—as he might have asked it of a stranger on the street.

Her arms dropped back to her sides. That tone to her! It struck her like the flat of a palm across her mouth.

"The clock's on the mantelshelf," she said, striving for dignified reprisal. "I can't see it from here."

She couldn't have seen it from anywhere, she was so blinded with tears.

Micky got up, tugging at his trousers, running a hand over his tousled head, and peered at the small enameled timepiece—a wedding present. Sardonicism that, in its acutest form.

He said, "After ten"—accusingly.

She tried to be merry and bright. "That's not so bad. I thought it was probably sometime next week."

Micky said, "No such luck!"

Only the day before he had said, "You know, I can't bear to let a day or a night go by now."

She couldn't bear remembering that and remembering everything else. She slid out of bed and caught up her flame-velvet dressing gown, slid her feet into her little gold mules

"Micky," she implored him, "wait just a minute"

She couldn't argue with him until she'd had a chance at her face, put a comb through her hair. She came back looking not too wan. The bathroom mirror showed her her usual rose-lipped, straight-nosed, pansy-eyed protagonist—slight shadows under the eyes, of course; lips not too steady. After all, though, coming in at dawn isn't a rest cure.

She flung herself on Micky's shoulder. He was back in the wing chair, with a cigarette between his fingers, a deep, tired frown between his eyebrows, and Micky said coolly: "Go back to bed. What you need is sleep, not make-up."

Make-up! As if she had been a common little thing! As if they weren't married at all!

She began to cry, of course—who wouldn't?—wiping her eyes on his sleeve.

"What're you crying about?" said Micky.

"What am I crying about! Oh, Micky, how can you?"

"How can I what?" said Micky, hands on the arms of his chair. He might have been made of stone. She relaxed against him, she put her cheek down over his heart, without so much as a quiver of response.

"What are you thinking?" she wailed despairingly.

"Not any more than I can help," said Micky—"and that's plenty!" He added without a change of tone: "Get up, will you? You're heavy."

She was heavy. In fifty years perhaps—if they both lived so long—she might have expected those words from him. Heavy—he had told her only three days before that the Psyche in the Tate Gallery was a clumsy cow compared to her.

She dragged herself up off his lap, tears streaking down over her carefully powdered cheeks. She gnawed her lip till its rose tint faded

"Micky, you're killing me!"

He said, without looking at her, "You killed the best part of me last night—this morning, to be exact."

"How do you mean—the best part of you?" She could hardly speak. She twisted her pink and shining-nailed fingers

(Continued on Page 108)

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EVERYONE has used a flashlight but how many are aware of the big difference between some makes and others? Do you realize, for instance, that for $2.50 you can buy a flashlight which will shoot a beam 800 feet through the inky night; turn into a powerful candle-light if you remove the head; resist the roughest treatment because of its genuine fibre casing and its unique shock absorbers; prevent loss of energy through its safety-lock switch; restore its depleted power when not in use; and do other amazing things!

Yale engineers have pioneered every one of these great improvements. Only in Yale products are they *all* combined. They have brought to Yale Flashlights and Batteries an enviable leadership with public and dealers alike.

All YALE Products to be Designated by Name of "BOND"

Now at a time when this leadership has necessitated the erection of a new million-dollar plant with three times our former manufacturing capacity, when our dealer organization is rapidly expanding to take care of the public demand for our product, we announce the adoption of *a new trade mark*—"BOND." This has been done to prevent the possible confusion of our goods with those of other manufacturers using the name "Yale."

YALE-BOND Flashlights and Batteries will embody all the distinctive features which have given Yale products in the past their pre-eminence. From now on, simply ask for YALE-BOND Flashlights and Batteries.

A National Contest for Slogans!

As a means of fittingly announcing the adoption of our new trade-name, and so that we may determine which of these notable YALE-BOND Flashlight and Battery features has the greatest popular appeal, we shall distribute $10,000 in prizes—*1183 separate awards in all*—to those who submit the best slogans on the features they consider most important. Read carefully the rules of this great nation-wide contest.

in Prizes!

WHICH FEATURE *is the* MOST IMPORTANT?

Write a slogan on the one you select and send it in. No essays, no letters, no hard work! Here's your chance to become the nation's highest-paid Slogan-Writer!

HERE'S a contest you'll have *fun* in entering! And an opportunity to turn your skill into *real money!* All you have to do is write a slogan, or a number of slogans that strikingly summarize the advantages of the *one* YALE-BOND Flashlight or Mono-Cell feature which you think most outstanding. A slogan like "Not a Cough in a Carload," "The Battery that's real has the Safety Seal," "Sturdy and strong—last twice as long."

There is a first prize of $2000, a second prize of $1000 and 1181 other prizes, *giving everyone a good chance to win.*

How to Begin:

The winner of this contest will probably be the man or woman who knows most about the perfected features of these famous YALE-BOND products—who has most thoroughly absorbed the remarkable facts about them, and who best understands what they do

In order to help you familiarize yourself with these points, we have prepared a folder containing complete information about the six most important features, as well as the detailed rules of the Contest. The official Contest Blank is attached to this folder.

Contest Blanks Free, at your Dealer's

These combination folders and Contest Blanks for you to use are obtainable through authorized YALE-BOND retailers. Go to your dealer today—examine carefully an actual YALE-BOND Flashlight and a YALE-BOND Mono-Cell—and ask for one or more of these blanks. Each slogan should be entered on a separate blank, containing your name and address and your authorized YALE-BOND dealer's name and address.

Get a number of these blanks, and start in at once. You will find it as interesting as working out a Cross-Word puzzle

Remember, each slogan must be on the *one* particular feature of YALE-BOND Flashlights or YALE-BOND Mono-Cells which you judge to be of greatest value. Only five of these features are mentioned below. For the sixth feature you should see the YALE-BOND Flashlight Display in your authorized YALE-BOND dealer's store, or the folder attached to the Contest Blank—obtainable through your authorized YALE-BOND Dealer.

Read the rules—*then act!*

Go to your retailer today. Don't delay. Maybe your best slogan ideas are on tap right now, and you will miss them if you don't start at once.

Feature No. 5
SAFETY-SEAL
This feature—exclusively YALE-BOND—protects the power of YALE-BOND Mono-Cells by preventing energy-draining short circuits.

Feature No. 4
3-WAY SAFETY SWITCH
The YALE-BOND *Safety Lock Contact Switch* prevents accidental lighting and power-wastage when the flashlight is not in use.

Feature No. 6
WHAT IS IT?
This is the "Mystery Feature" of YALE-BOND Flashlights and Mono-Cells. Your dealer will tell you all about it when you visit his store.

YALE BOND

If it is not convenient for you to locate an authorized YALE-BOND dealer, send in the coupon at the right and all information will be forwarded Free of Charge.

RULES

1. The contestant should study carefully the six features of YALE-BOND Flashlights and Mono-Cells which are described on the Official Contest Blank. He should then select the *one* he believes the most important and write one or more slogans on that feature. Prizes will be awarded for those slogans which, in the opinion of the judges, best describe the YALE-BOND features.

2. Contestants may submit as many slogans as they wish.

3. Each slogan should be written on a separate Official Contest Blank—supplied free by YALE-BOND Dealers everywhere.

4. Anyone may enter the Contest excepting those connected with the Bond Electric Corporation, or members of their families.

5. In the event that a winning slogan is duplicated, each contestant submitting the duplicated slogan will be paid the full amount of the prize.

6. All entries must be received not later than midnight of December 31st, 1928, addressed to Bond Electric Corporation, Jersey City, N. J. The prize winners will be announced as soon thereafter as possible.

7. All slogans submitted in this contest become the property of this company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

8. Each contestant gives to the company the right to use his or her name in any advertising that may be prepared announcing the winners.

9. Awards made by the judges must be considered final.

BOND ELECTRIC CORPORATION
(Formerly Yale Electric Corporation)
Chicago JERSEY CITY, N. J. San Francisco
Manufacturers of
Flashlights, Mono-Cells
Radio "A" "B" and "C" Batteries
Storage and Dry Batteries

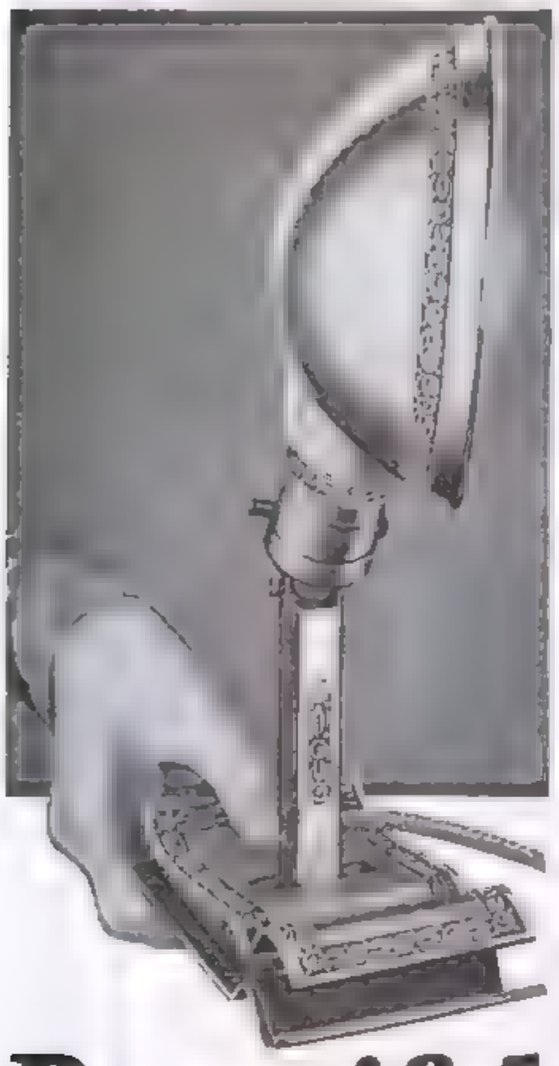
BOND ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Jersey City, N. J.
Dear Sirs: Please send me Free Contest Blanks

Name (Print) _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Dealer's Name _____
Address _____

New!

Adjusto-Lite

A FARBERWARE PRODUCT



Beautiful

Useful

Practical

It clamps everywhere —and *holds*

Now handsomely decorated in the modern manner

Clamps — stands — hangs. Adjustable to any angle. Get the genuine Adjusto-Lite, guaranteed for five years. Solid brass. price complete $3.95

Bronze, nickel or ivory finish: $4.45. West of the Mississippi, Rockies and Maritime Provinces, 25¢ additional. If not at your dealer's, order direct.

S. W. FARBER, *Inc.*

141-151 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 105)

together till her rings—Micky's rings—cut into the tender flesh.

He said, as if he were explaining a score in a football game or figures on a ticker tape: "I mean the part of me that no one else has ever known and that I gave you on my wedding day, and that last night you butchered."

"Micky, please! Please, Micky darling!"

"Take your hands off me. I've got to think, whether I want to or not."

She cried out in a thin, shrill whisper, "Are you going to leave me?"

"Probably not," said Micky quietly.

It couldn't be real, but it was. There he sat, looking off over her head into something that hardened his eyes and tightened his jaw and drew strange cruel lines at the corners of his beloved mouth, and the strangest and hardest and cruelest thing of all was that in that moment she loved him as she had never loved him before. Her soul groveled at his knees while her body drew itself up, trembling like a young tree in a high wind or a puppy under a whip, and her lips shaped words she tried to make bitter:

"Your mother told me you'd turn on me."

"Then she knew you better than I did," said Micky. "She's pretty savvy. She knows her stuff."

His mother. Of course she knew her stuff. But Micky—to speak of her like that! He was always so nice to his mother.

"What did I do?" She put the tips of her fingers to her eyes hard, she set her teeth, she tried to sound reasonable and calm about it, shaking with long difficult breaths, quivering on the edge of hysteria. "I want you to tell me. What did I really do last night? Not a thing!"

"No?" said Micky, half a world away.

"What did I do? I want you to tell me!"

"You kicked over an altar. That's all."

"Micky, my heart!"

He said, "It's like any other woman's heart, isn't it?—open to the public."

Except for the stark suffering in his face, she might have stood up to him, might have managed a show of rage. She began, chin in the air, with quivering bravado, "If that is what you think, you can go to ——"

"Thanks," said Micky, unstirring. "Where do you think I am?"

"Oh-h!" she cried weakly. "You are a brute!"

Her eyes felt charred, her mouth a raveled seam. So this was life!

Micky said, coldly and distinctly, not softening, seeming merely grimly curious: "How many men have you been in love with, anyhow?"

"Never, Micky—never really in love with anyone but you. I swear, Micky."

"But you like the sample." He put his head down in his hands with a queer unhappy sound, between a laugh and a groan.

"What do you mean, Micky? You're too horribly cruel."

"Plain enough," he told her—"plain enough." Lifting his head, again staring at her out of narrowed, embittered eyes, "You can hear a whistle down the street, can't you, as well as the next one?"

"I barely spoke to him. Simply too ridiculous. What did you want me to do?"

She fought desperately to be convincing and conciliatory and resentful, all at one time. Difficult to be utterly sure of her resentment, remembering the dark one's amazing murmur: "Let me take you home." Remembering how the queer devil in her had listened and waited.

Micky wasn't looking at her, wasn't gauging her resentment or her convincingness either. He was sitting, slumped down in the wing chair, looking at the toes of his shoes, his face very tired.

He said, "Every woman I've ever cared for has let me down, beginning with my mother. You're only one more."

Like sweeping her up into a dustpan; getting ready to throw her out. She set her teeth against a wail.

"Micky, what did I do?"

As if he hadn't heard her, he went on with a terrible quietude: "Of course it's no good looking for the real thing. That's where I've made a fool of myself. There isn't any real thing, of course." As if she were a handful of imitation pearls.

She sobbed, "Don't you know I love you, Micky?"

A dull red burned up along his cheek bones, his eyes grew dark. "Sure, I know it! Me and the man around the corner. Only, that's not what I was looking for. That's not what I thought I had found." He explained almost impersonally: "All this time I've been looking for something I could believe, something I could build on, see? Something worth spending all I had for. And I had quite a lot saved up. Where I made a fool of myself again was —— Who cares what I've got to spend or how I spend it? I'm just one more egomaniac gone wrong."

"I do—I do! Micky, you've got to listen to me."

"When I was a kid," he told her, "I decided, considering all the evidence, that there was no such thing as love. It wasn't till you came along that I gave it a chance."

"Poor little boy," she stammered—"poor little Micky!"

"Not so poor as I am this morning. I had a lot of sense for a kid."

He wouldn't see, he wouldn't hear, however she tried to tell him.

"It wasn't just the man himself—you couldn't think that, Micky! He was—he was Adventure."

"And Adventure is good enough for you, if that's all you want! What I was after was reality."

He shut a door in her face. He barred the door against her. She beat on it in vain.

"Don't you see? It was like something out of a book or a play—that was all. You've been telling me all along I wasn't getting the real romance of England. Well, last night I did. I did, honestly."

Micky said, "Yeah, I was there. I saw you."

Almost wringing her hands, she insisted, "He was like Lord Nelson or something."

"Nelson," said Micky coldly, "had one arm and one eye. That johnny last night was fully equipped."

"Darling"—she stifled a hysterical giggle—"you are practical, aren't you?"

"Am I?" said Micky. Not a flicker of a smile.

"Well, then like Charles I or ——"

Micky said: "What's the good of talking? You've been my wife two weeks and a half, and you fall for another man. It knocks me for a goal, but I admit I was a fool to expect anything else. Let's drop the subject and go on from there—but with a new set of rules for the game. From now on you do your stuff and I'll do mine; no regrets and no anticipations."

A knife slipping into her flesh, a needle of ice in her brain. Micky doing his stuff—Micky once more aware and desirous of other women.

"I can't bear you to say that! I can't bear it!"

She to have opened the door for him, with her own hands to have loosed him.

"I'm afraid," said Micky politely, "it's all I've got to say this morning."

Softly, outside the peacock-blue curtains with their flame-hearted roses, a quiver of sound began, rippled uncertainly along the air, dragging a frail and poignant sweetness; chords like dimly shining stones dropping down through clear water; arpeggios like flung spray, sinking and dissolving.

While she stood miserably dabbing at her eyes, swallowing to be rid of the horrible ache in her throat, a voice rose somewhere—somewhere outside—outside the world of that darkened room where everything was falling to pieces about her, where Micky stood and looked at her with the eyes of an incurious alien.

"Listen," she said pitifully, to try and catch him back to some sort of consciousness of her, if nothing more. "Listen, Micky! Street singers! Isn't that sweet?"

Then while he still regarded her with a detached disinterest, unbearable in its tired calm, she flung herself upon him, digging her finger nails into his arms, frantically forcing him to attention.

"Micky, listen! Listen! Do you hear what she's singing?" He shook his head, he frowned, pushing her off. "No, no! You've got to listen! Darling, of course you don't know! I forgot you can't tell a tune, but that's what it is just the same"

"That's what what is?" He stood braced but unresponsive before her assault. "I can tell it's a harp, if that's all you mean."

"But you don't know what she's singing—that girl in the street? Micky, it's the tune I asked for last night—for the blond brother to play."

"You interest me."

"Don't—don't be so hateful and sarcastic! Don't you see, he couldn't play it."

"And what is that to me?"

She lifted a tear-washed face, drowned imploring eyes, a blurred quivering mouth, fighting for her life.

"It's Fate—that's what it is, Micky! Don't you see? You've got to see! He couldn't play it. He didn't know it. It's only for us—the song."

"How does it go?" asked Micky, still blackly aloof, still coldly resistant; but he began to listen, as if dimly he heard something, as if a long, long way off he heard something coming

The voice in the street outside rose high and tremulous and sweet. It cried and besought and remembered. Back of it, like leafy foam behind a bird, the harp wove sweetness, higher and frailer yet.

In the darkened room the other voice began, husky with weeping·

"Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar."

"Go on. What's the rest of it?" said Micky, inexorable.

"I forget. Something about pale hands, pink tipped, like lotus flowers that bloom ——" Slowly she was remembering, slowly the hateful hideous aptness of the thing came home to her. "I—I had rather feel you round my throat, crushing out life, than bidding me farewell. Oh, Micky! Micky! Micky!"

She broke into frightened sobbing. She locked slim strangling arms about his neck

As if he saw her through dissolving mists, as if from a long way off he saw her coming toward him.

"You poor kid," said Micky unsteadily.

He drew her toward the curtained window. "Here! Want to throw your fates some money?" He dug in his pocket and brought out a shilling or so. "They saved your life this time," he said, almost seeing her now, eye to eye. "Better let 'em know you appreciate it."

"Am I saved?" she demanded tremulously, passionately.

Tossing his head as if to clear a fog from his sight: "Throw it down to 'em."

He drew the curtain a very little to one side. Through a flood of June sunlight he and she looked down into a small court shut in by ancient walls, where, seated at a harp, was a man; where, singing at his side, stood a woman. All in rusty black, the woman—tidy black hat, shapeless black coat—the very sign and signature of respectable defeat was on her. And she was full of weary years.

She folded her thin veiny hands across her waist, she primmed her pale starved mouth, she sang, sweet and high: "Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar. Where are you now? Where are you now?"

As for the harper—he was blind.

Micky let fall the peacock-blue curtain He caught the flame-velvet gown into his hard young arms as if defending it from an enemy in waiting—bravely defending it from moth and rust.

"Let 'em laugh," he said, and shook his fist at the ceiling. Tears came into his eyes. His mouth twisted. "Let 'em laugh," said Micky, and kissed his love.

Another Weyerhaeuser achievement-*Wasteless Lumber!*

trimmed square at both ends · · packaged · · · · ready to use · · · ·

Dealers who display this sign can supply these items under the 4-Square Label. Each carefully manufactured for the particular purpose for which it is intended.

FINISHING LUMBER
BEVEL SIDING
COLONIAL SIDING · DROP SIDING
SOFTWOOD FLOORING
CEILING AND PARTITION
SHELVING · STEPPING
CASING · BASE · MOULDINGS

Why the building industry has adopted this new lumber

WEYERHAEUSER announced 4-Square Lumber less than six months ago. Its success was instantaneous. For its advantages are manifold—its improvements fundamental to the building industry.

1 4-Square Lumber is *improved* lumber. It is the result of refined manufacturing processes. It is thoroughly seasoned. Cut to uniform dimensions and exact lengths.

2 An *important improvement!* The ends of all 4-Square Lumber are trimmed exactly square and perfectly smooth—eliminating all needless hand-trimming on the job. The saving buys better quality lumber and leaves time for better workmanship.

3 4-Square Lumber is *packaged*—not merely as a selling feature—but to protect the faces and square ends and to facilitate handling. 4-Square comes to the job in perfect condition.

4 The 4-Square Label enables the architect, the contractor and the man who pays the bill to *identify* this superior lumber instantly.

5 The species is plainly printed on the 4-Square Label. *Prevents mistakes or substitution.* Establishes confidence in all concerned.

6 The grade, also, is stamped on the label. Even experts often fail in judging lumber grades. Now anyone can be sure of getting *exactly what he pays for.*

7 4-Square Lumber is guaranteed. Weyerhaeuser stands squarely behind every package and every dealer who sells it. *You can rely on your 4-Square dealer.*

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30,000 miles in 26,326 minutes--

HOUR after hour—day after day—for 30,000 continuous miles at over 65 miles per hour—four Studebaker President Eights whirled around the Atlantic City Speedway to break all stock car speed records of more than 2000 miles.

Three years' normal mileage packed into less than three weeks! Weather temperatures often higher than 100 degrees made high motor heat still higher. Stops for tire changes, water, gas, oil, averaged less than 60 seconds!

Never before has a motor oil been given such a crucial test. Yet, when the motors were torn down for inspection, *there was no indication of unusual wear.*

Another demonstration of Pennzoil's safety! Another proof of Pennzoil's Supreme Pennsylvania quality. The same, identical quality of motor oil and gear-case oil which were used by the record-breaking Studebakers is delivered to you by the dealer displaying the Pennzoil sign.

For safety's sake—for economy's sake, use Pennzoil.

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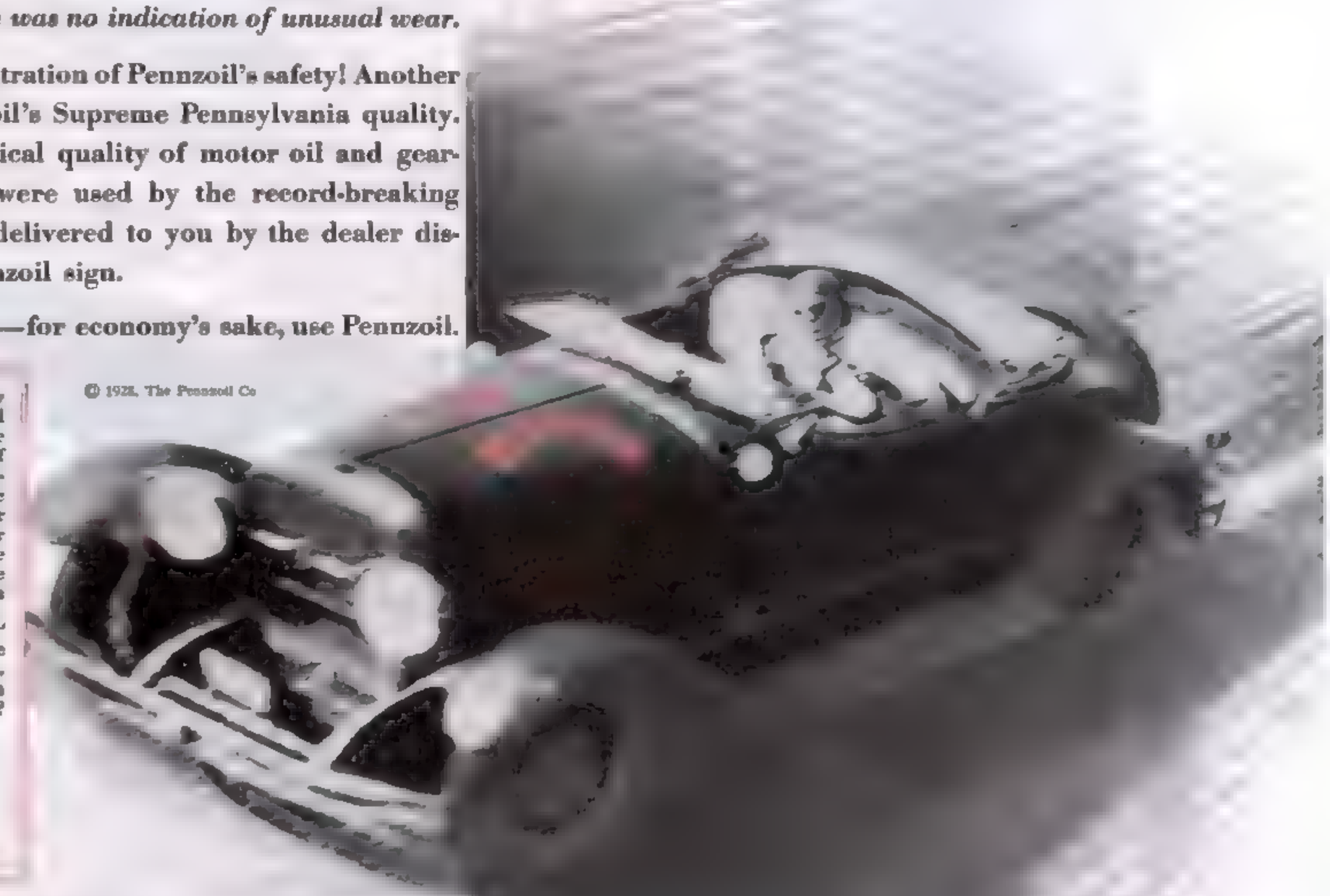

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THERE are many brands of oil closely copying the name and style of the Pennzoil trade-mark. Don't be misled by similar sounding names or the claim that some other oil is "just the same." Insist on P-E-N-N-Z-O-I-L and make sure that you get it. Why accept a lesser quality?

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SUPREME PENNSYLVANIA QUALITY

PENNZOIL

EXPANDING GERMANY

(Continued from Page 23)

The point to impress is that these German gymnastic exercises have little relation to sports such as Britain and the United States, for example, know. Polo, tennis and football were almost unknown so far as the great mass of the people were affected. The one outstanding German outdoor hobby is the walking tour. Wherever you go on the Continent you find a group of Germans with knapsacks on their shoulders, seeing the sights.

Today Germany is swept by what is little less than a sports mania. Everybody is doing it. Some of the good American dollars which have flowed into the country since 1925 in an almost unceasing stream have gone into the construction of huge stadiums. Such institutions were practically unknown before the war. Every town now has its athletic meets. You see marathon runners on the streets of Berlin and in the smallest hamlets. The German youngster is more concerned about the school track meet than about his daily lessons.

According to Emil Ludwig, biographer of Napoleon and of the last of the Kaisers, the German sporting organizations had a bare 1,000,000 membership in 1914. Now they have grown to more than 7,000,000. The 100,000 members of athletic clubs in 1916 have expanded to 600,000. Within the last two years the number of walking clubs has more than doubled. As recently as 1924 the space devoted to general sports grounds in the Reich was equal to a little more than a square meter per head of the population. This year it is twice as much.

The significance of this sports spirit cannot be too highly emphasized. Wellington's familiar remark that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton shows how sports have influenced British character and achievement. Games are almost an obsession with the British. Mussolini realized their value from the start. He has encouraged the building of stadiums and vitalized athletic contests.

As far as Germany is concerned, this new movement is of the utmost value. For one thing, it helps to subdue the war spirit. Instead of conscription for military service, you have frank and enthusiastic volunteering for constructive exercise. Muscle-bound indoor gymnastics have a strong rival in outdoor competitions which call for a keen mind and nimble limbs.

Furthermore, in becoming a sports nation, Germany develops into a more amiable playmate in international political and economic affairs. It will be easier to negotiate with her, because we all know that a sound elastic body makes for a normal, healthy outlook on life.

Ups and Downs in Birth Rates

As long as we are dealing with social Germany we may as well go the whole way and disclose a situation that recently came to light with the publication of the vital statistics for 1927. The well-nigh incredible fact was revealed that the German birth rate has declined to such an extent that it is practically as low as the French. I make this parallel because for many years France's chief apprehension was over the rapid increase in population beyond the Rhine. It meant what the Germans always called *Kanonenfutter*—that is, "cannon food." Every male child born within the confines of that vanished empire was looked upon as just one more recruit for the Kaiser's army, and he was.

French fear was well founded. With the possible exception of Italy, the German birth rate increased more than that of any other European country. It reached high tide between 1874 and 1877, when it registered 40.4 births for every 1000 of population. In the 80's it went down to 35 per 1000. Since 1909, when it was 30 per 1000, it has declined steadily until the year of the outbreak of the war, when it touched 26.8 per 1000. During the Great War, as in all other belligerent countries, it shrank rapidly. The 1917 figure, for example, was 13.9 per 1000.

The hope that the birth rate would rise with peace to something like the old average has not been realized. In 1921 it was 25.3 per 1000; in 1922, 22.9; in 1925, 20.7; in 1926, 19.5. The ebb postwar figure was reached last year, with 18.3 per 1000. Contrast this low with the French birth rate in 1927 of 18.2 per 1000 and you see that the two nations have reached what amounts to the same level, with Germany registering a far greater general decline than France.

Germany, however, has one advantage over France in that her excess of births over deaths is greater. For 1927 the excess was 402,000, while the corresponding figure for France was 65,000. In making this comparison the difference in population must be considered. France has a bare 40,000,000, while Germany's roster, including the Saar, whose territorial fate will be decided by a plebiscite in 1935, is 63,000,000. At the close of the World War she totaled 67,000,000. The Treaty of Versailles nipped off 6,475,640 people. The loss of Alsace and Lorraine to France took out the largest number. The cession of Upper Silesia to Poland did the rest.

Absorbing the Unemployed

In this connection it is interesting to add that since the World War, decline in birth rate has been the order in Europe. It has affected even that super-incubator Italy to such an extent that Mussolini inaugurated a drive for babies last year. He set the vogue by having an increase in his own family. He said it was the first in a new series. England's rate dropped to only 16.6 in 1927 for each 1000 of population.

These figures bring us logically to a factor that, almost more than any other, reflects the vitality of the German economic structure. I refer to the decline in unemployment. Again a comparison is in order, and this time distinctly to the Teutonic advantage.

On January first of this year Germany had 1,037,000 idle workers. By June first this number had been reduced to 629,500. At the time I write the total is considerably lower. As in every other large industrial country, unemployment ebbs and rises, but Germany has a lower high—if I may thus term it—each year.

German absorption of the unemployed is all the more remarkable because her working population is larger by 5,000,000 than it was in the same area before the war. One reason is that not less than 600,000 young men, formerly drafted into the army each year, must now annually become recruits in industry and agriculture.

In contrast with Germany's 500,000 jobless is Britain's chronic idle host of 1,250,000; this, too, in face of the fact that Britain's population is approximately 14,000,000 less. The fundamental reason for Germany's mastery of the unemployment problem is that her people have both the capacity and the determination for work. Many British workers now regard the dole as their birthright and do not shy at what is becoming confirmed mendicancy. Their German colleagues, on the other hand, look upon unemployment insurance as a form of charity to be dispensed with at the earliest possible moment.

Germany can assimilate unemployment because rationalization of her industries has created larger opportunities for the worker. It has brought about a complete regrouping of units so that each new combination can concentrate on a highly specialized process. Plants and methods have therefore undergone a tremendous change. Specialization enhances efficiency and makes for selling power, which is shown in the expanding German trade at home and abroad.

At the outset rationalization meant high production costs due to elaborate new equipment installation. This was passed on to the consumer, who turned to a foreign-made product because it was cheaper. Early in 1928, when the new coordination had been in effect for two years, costs began to come down, with the result that the domestic market has broadened.

The full effect of rationalization can now be seen in a close-knit productive effort that is fast restoring the old German industrial supremacy. Today, as in that yesterday before the war, German output sets the pace for all Europe. One of the first recommendations of the conference on industrial relations and reorganization which is seeking to bring peace to long-harassed British industry was for the same kind of industrial regrouping that has re-created the Teutonic productive machine on a better basis than ever before.

I have chronicled the progress of German industry since 1919 so frequently in these columns that any reference to its background is superfluous. Two facts must be recalled, however, in order to appreciate the latest developments. The first is that Germany was the only European country with a definite program for industrial expansion the moment the great guns ceased to boom. Other nations had speeded up production, but they lacked the technic for distribution. Germany had both. The second was the fact that the nucleus for big combination, of which rationalization is a phase, existed in a cartel system that, between 1920 and 1928, has grown from 300 to 3200 organizations. These national cartels in some instances have developed into huge international groupings which challenge the American product in the markets of the world.

Although monarchy is dead in Germany, one remnant of imperialism persists. It is on the industrial side. Inflation bred a dictator of the type of the late Hugo Stinnes, who represented the production autocrat. Though he tied up an endless number of more or less unrelated enterprises into what aimed to be the greatest of all vertical trusts, his was the dominating will. It was a one-man show. With the collapse of the scheme after his death, the combine succeeded the individual as the all-highest in mass output. You have it in steel, chemicals, power schemes and coal.

The Chief Burden on Industry

The full story of the astounding cohesion of German industry, as it fits into the international trust movement, will be disclosed in a subsequent article of this series. Hence we are enabled to concentrate just now on the general scheme of industrial things, and also on activities—notably films and motor cars—that directly affect the United States.

The chief burden on German industry today grows out of social charges and taxation. The cost of insurance for sickness, accident, disability, old age and unemployment pensions is more than three times the prewar figure. Taking 1913 as 100 per cent, you find that for 1928 the rise is to 343.42 per cent. This involves an annual charge of the equivalent of more than $1,000,000,000, more than half of which is provided by the employers.

Taxes bulk big in the overhead. The Association of German Industries calculates that 63 per cent of the profits subject to assessment are paid in taxes. The great Darmstadter and National Bank, of which Jakob Goldschmidt is the dynamo, though disbursing a dividend aggregating 7,200,000 marks, paid 9,400,000 marks in taxation last year. One of the largest industrial concerns paid out 15 per cent of its capital—250 per cent of the dividend disbursed—in taxes and social insurance.

Wages also present a serious problem. Between 1927 and 1928 the pay of skilled labor increased 9.9 per cent and unskilled labor 10 per cent. The new political deal,

(Continued on Page 113

How can you tell a good slicker?

HOW can you be sure you are buying long, sturdy wear and snug comfort along with trim good looks?

Look at the label. If it's a genuine Tower's Fish Brand Slicker you know it has all the dependability that 92 years of experience have been able to put into it. Fish Brand Slickers are built not only for real protection in the wettest weather; they are handsome in cut and finish, and they wear like iron.

The "Varsity" model, long and full-lined, has the patented "Reflex" storm lap which prevents the water from running in at the front and comes with buttons or buckles, strap-collar or plain, as you prefer.

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Tower's Fish Brand Slicker—"The Rainy Day Pal"—is sold everywhere, at prices no higher than those of ordinary garments. If it has the famous Fish Brand mark shown below, you *know* you are safe in buying it. A. J. Tower Company, Boston, Mass.

TOWER'S
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FISH BRAND

The Brunswick Panatrope

With Radiola

Most Versatile of Musical Instruments

Hear It!

Above—*Brunswick Panatrope with Radiola, Model 3 NC 8. Electrical-type Brunswick Panatrope combined with latest Radiola Super-heterodyne. Complete light socket operation. Volume control. Single dial tuning. Price $700, complete*

THE two foremost developments in radio and recorded music are here built into one superb musical instrument . . . truly a worth-while investment for those who would possess the best.

Radio, like recorded music, is by this instrument given that unique tone beauty and *naturalness* which has made the Brunswick Panatrope the most talked-of musical development of the day.

Cabinet is of finest artistry. Its soft, mellow beauty will be, like its music, an unending source of satisfaction. In complete light-socket operation, ease of tuning, volume control, etc., the Brunswick Panatrope with Radiola has every advanced feature.

At any Brunswick dealer's you may see many other models of the Brunswick Panatrope and Brunswick Panatrope with Radiola. Also Brunswick

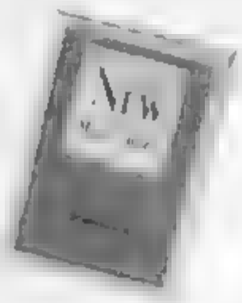
Above—*Brunswick Radio, Model 5 KRO. The same set as table model 5 KR but scientifically built into this exquisite walnut console with speaker in a way that brings out to the utmost its musical possibilities. Price $195 less tubes*

Left—*Brunswick Radio, Model 5 KR. A highly-perfected 7-tube set. Used with the Brunswick electro-magnetic type speaker shown here, it gives a musical quality to radio reception that marks a decided advance. Complete light socket operation. Single dial tuning. Price $95, less tubes. Brunswick Model "A" Speaker, $35*

Radio, a new achievement . . . radio built to the high musical standards of the Brunswick Panatrope

There is more to choose from in the Brunswick line of radio and record-playing instruments than any other manufacturer offers! Prices from $25 to $1100.

Surely, since this is so, you will not invest a single dollar without first inspecting and hearing these remarkable instruments. The nearest Brunswick dealer will gladly demonstrate all models or bring any one to your home if you wish. See him today.



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PANATROPE-RADIOLAS

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(Continued from Page 111)

to which I have referred, means that further wage increases will be demanded. The horny-handed are now in the saddle, and the first session of the new Reichstag is likely to witness the enactment of drastic legislation that will increase the overhead in industry. The workers have a considerable degree of justification, because in many parts of Germany the cost of living is in excess of income.

Limitations of space prevent a detailed survey of German industry. A few instances will show how expansion, born of coordination, is consistently maintained all along the line, despite the tax and wage burden. This is particularly true of heavy metal output. The Steel Syndicate, composed of the four largest productive units, including the great Thyssen concern and the Rhein-Elbe-Union, plans to lead the world in steel output. The completion of its new units at Hamburg makes it the largest steel producer on the Continent.

The increase in German metal production reflects the healthy state and growth of this dominating industry. In 1924 pig-iron production was 7,812,231 tons. Last year it went to 13,102,528 tons. Raw steel has expanded from 9,835,255 tons in 1924 to 16,310,682 in 1927, while the figures for rolling-mill fabricates for the same years are 8,174,320 and 12,866,733 tons respectively.

Perhaps the most noteworthy advance during the last twelve months was in the I. G., the chemical trust, which has consolidated its position as the outstanding industrial aggregation in the Reich. At no time in the entire postwar period did the German chemical industry exert such an international influence as in 1927. It not only tightened the bonds with the Etablissements Kühlmann—the chemical trust of France—but also effected a union with kindred industries in Italy and Switzerland. These four groups now comprise what amounts to a huge continental chemical combine. The next recruit will probably be the vast Imperial Chemical Industries of Great Britain, which does for John Bull's domain what the I. G. does for Germany.

The I. G. has expanded its Leunewerke plant at Merseburg until it is now the largest air-nitrogen producer in the world. This establishment is writing itself into the history of these times because it includes the wing where oil is distilled from brown coal. I spent a day there last June and saw for the first time the process which is making the Reich almost independent of the natural petroleum product. Last year only 30,000 tons of synthetic oil were produced. It will be more than trebled this year.

From Small Beginnings

Though German industry is trustified to a tremendous extent, some imposing concerns remain free from entangling alliances. A conspicuous example is afforded by what is usually referred to as the Siemens concern. It means the two combinations incorporated as Siemens & Halske and Siemens-Schuckert. They comprise the largest producers of electrical machinery in Germany and compare with any similar organization in the world. For a brief time they were caught up in the web that Stinnes spun for his vertical trust, but regained their individual integrity with a break-up of his empire.

The Siemens story is one of the most romantic in the narrative of world industry. In 1847 Werner Siemens, a young artillery lieutenant, made an agreement with J. G. Halske, an obscure mechanic, to manufacture electric telegraphs in a small shop located in a Berlin back yard. They were barely able to raise the money to pay ten workmen. From that small beginning has developed what is now called Siemens-Stadt, which means Siemens City. It is located in the northwest corner of greater Berlin, adjacent to the township of Charlottenburg. Here the works cover 200,000 square meters and employ 110,000 people. Most of the employes live in a model community near by which expresses the last word in welfare, comparing favorably with the similar project supported by the Krupps at Essen.

Siemens-Stadt is the seat of Siemens & Halske. At Nurenburg is the Siemens-Schuckert end of the business. This also represents the evolution from modest workbench to immense plant. Sigmund Schuckert, like Halske, was an ambitious young mechanic and attracted the attention of Siemens. They formed a combination that made things happen. Indicative of the world movement of German industry is the fact that the great Shannon hydro-electric scheme in the Irish Free State, which marks the first step in the economic self-determination of the new Ireland, is being built and equipped by the Siemens-Schuckert organization.

No less romantic is the career of Prof. Hugo Junkers, whose name, already associated with fighting German aeroplanes, splashed on the world's front page when the Bremen, which he built, made the Atlantic flight from east to west. Thirty-eight years ago Junkers was regarded as a harmless crank in the little town of Dessau. In his little shop he experimented with calories and finally evolved a calorimeter. His first practical success was with a gas oven. He then turned to oil motors and in 1910 built his first all-metal aeroplane. Today the Junkers machines are used wherever the conquest of the air is known. At seventy he is hale and hearty and the head of an immense business.

The German Press

When you go to the great Tempelhof airport on the outskirts of Berlin, you can see any day a flock of yellow aeroplanes with the name Ullstein painted in black. Morning and evening they start on a regular schedule for all parts of Germany, carrying huge bundles of newspapers hot off the press. In no other European country is the distribution of daily journals so swift and highly organized as in the Reich. This is because the name Ullstein has become associated with keen newspaper enterprise and big circulation. Again you have the kind of romantic success that links small beginning with large growth.

Leopold Ullstein, founder of what has come to be known as the House of Ullstein, was the son of a Leipsic paper manufacturer. He came to Berlin in his twenties and established a paper firm of his own. It was not until he was past fifty that he acquired a newspaper, the Berliner Zeitung, first of a chain of dailies, weeklies and magazines that now comprises the largest publishing entity in the country. The Ullstein group includes the Berliner Morgenpost, with a circulation of 584,020, the Sonntags Ausgabe with 626,720, the Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung with 1,713,200, the Berliner Zeitung am Mittag with 168,170, and the Vossiche Zeitung with 54,280. The last-named paper is the oldest in Berlin. The total circulation of the Ullstein publications is well over 3,000,000.

Leopold Ullstein's five sons now conduct the business, control of which still rests completely with the family. It is a sort of newspaper hierarchy with a strong clan spirit. The main plant covers an entire block in the heart of Berlin. There is also a larger establishment at Tempelhof, where books and periodicals are made.

This reference to the Ullsteins brings to mind the fact that in Germany, as in England, strong personalities are the rule in big journalism on the proprietor side. Rudolph Mosse began with a small advertising agency and rose to be owner of the widely circulated Tageblatt and the Acht Uhr Abendblatt. Dr. Alfred Hugenberg, called the German Northcliffe, owns the Lokal Anzeiger, Der Tag, and the Wolff Telegraph Agency, which is the German Associated Press. Unlike Northcliffe, however, he is a big industrialist with many commercial ramifications. Among other things, he is the most important figure in German film production, being president

Tip-Top

the only moderately priced wrist-watch with Krack-proof Krystal and silver dial

$3.50

Radium dial $4.00

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Tip-Top is a fine wrist-watch at any price—*it costs only* $3.50

TIP-TOP has many features you'd expect to find only in high-priced watches—octagon design, back and crown of chromium plate, silver or radium dial, sunken second dial, artistic hands and numerals. Its dial is set at an angle, an exclusive feature, making it possible to wear Tip-Top on either side of the wrist.

Tip-Top is made for service. Has a genuine Krack-proof Krystal, dust-proof case and pigskin strap that's made to last. Silver dial for $3.50 or radium for $4.00.

There is also the standard Tip-Top Pocket Watch for $1.50, radium dial $2.25. It has many refinements, such as octagon design, silver dial and Krack-proof Krystal.

The new Tip-Top Quintet, shown below, is a watch you'll be proud to own. Has a handsome chromium-plated case beautifully chased on front and back—silver dial with either raised or radium numerals and a Krack-proof Krystal. Costs only $2.00 with raised numerals, or $2.50 with radium.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

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New Haven, Conn.

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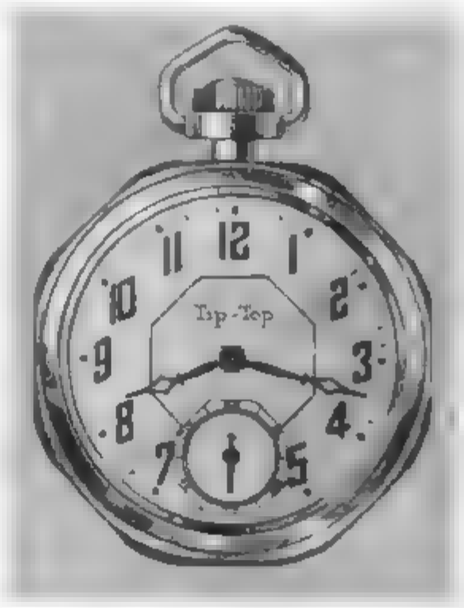
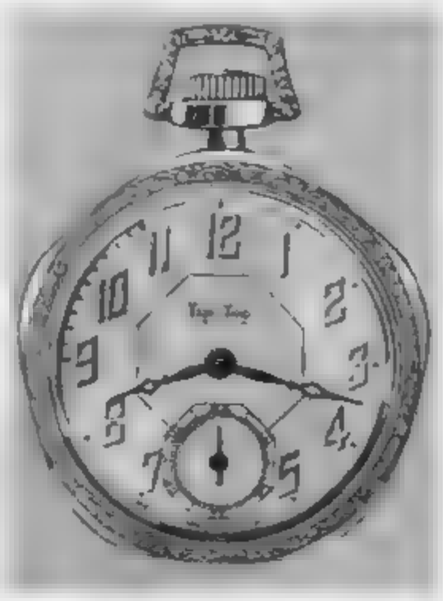
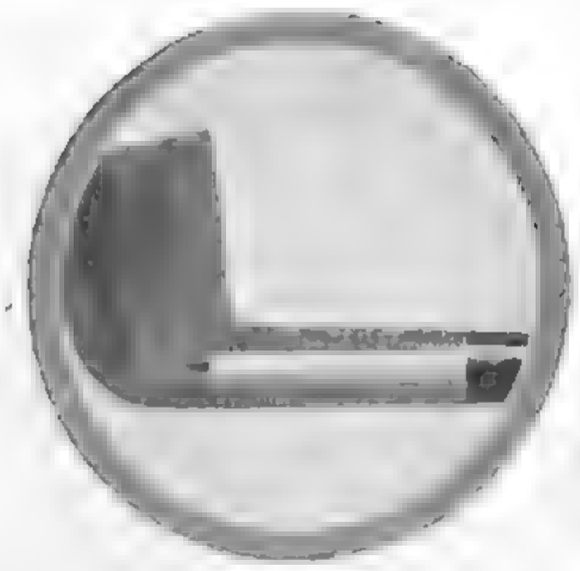




$2.00 Tip-Top Quintet with silver face, full chromium-plated case, raised numerals and Krack-proof Krystal is the handsomest pocket watch at anywhere near its price. Radium dial $2.50.

$1.50 Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design, with silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch. Radium dial $2.25.



Notice the exact fit of the Hesson Guard against the shoulder of the bowl. It keeps the shank dry and prevents condensation

Broken-in for you *and the Hesson Guard*

(PATENTED 10 31 28)

keeps it sweet

YOU can be *sure* of the sweetness of a Demuth Milano with the Hesson Guard. And that tongue-burning, bad-tasting breaking-in has been done away with. Every Milano is already caked with real tobacco by the special Demuth process.

These briars *stay* sweet because the Hesson Guard, an exclusive Demuth feature, reduces the amount of moisture in a pipe to the smallest minimum. There is nothing to cause condensation—no place for it to collect and become stale. The shank remains dry and spotless *always* because the Hesson Guard screws air-tight against the shoulder of the bowl.

The two pipes shown below are Demuth Milano smooth No. 1528 and ripple No. 1620. Wm. Demuth & Co., 230 Fifth Ave., New York City; 173 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.; 216 Pine St., San Francisco, Calif. Established 1862.

$3.50

with the

Demuth Milano *Hesson Guard*

and principal shareholder of Ufa, the foremost German film company. He uses his newspapers to promote the monarchist cause

There is no more impressive evidence of the expanding Germany than in the restoration of her shipping. On the day the war broke out she had 4935 vessels with a total gross tonnage of 5,238,937. Only Great Britain exceeded her. On July 1, 1919, the German flag flew over 450,000 tons.

Most nations would have been deterred by such an appalling shrinkage. Not so with Germany. Ships are as vital to her economic integrity as to that of Great Britain. She applied all her masterful energy to stage a come-back on the high seas. Old yards were enlarged and new ones sprang up, with the result that on June first of this year Germany had 2456 seagoing vessels aggregating roughly 3,830,000 gross registered tons. This amounts to nearly 75 per cent of the prewar tonnage and at present comprises nearly 6 per cent of the total world tonnage. Germany now ranks second in ship construction. Britain, of course, comes first. We are third, Holland fourth and Italy fifth.

Although motor-driven ships are rapidly gaining in favor, steam-propelled tonnage in Germany exceeds the motor by more than eight times. This condition, however, is likely to undergo considerable change, as many of the new contracts are for motor vessels.

The construction programs of the two leading German steamship companies show the almost feverish speed with which the fleets are being enlarged. The North German Lloyd has 182,000 tons under construction. These include the two 46,000-ton de luxe liners, the Bremen and the Europa, launched last August. President Hindenburg christened the former and the American ambassador, J. G. Schurman, the latter. The Hamburg-American Line has 150,000 tons under construction. This company has not gone in for big vessels. It exceeds the North German Lloyd, however, in the extent of motor-driven vessels on the way. Many of the new Hamburg-American liners have American names, with Milwaukee naturally heading the list.

The almost phenomenal increase in German shipping affords some food for American reflection. Although we have 11,150,000 tons of sea shipping, we trail behind Germany's 3,830,000 tons in volume and vitality of business. The reason lies in German government encouragement of merchant marine along lines which promote initiative. Germany offered a considerable subsidy to the two big companies immediately after the war, but only a comparatively small portion of it was utilized.

Having the Last Word in Travel

Aviation rivals shipping in swift development. I have already stated that German machines carry more passengers than those of any other country. Seventy-seven air lines traverse nearly 250,000 miles every month. The Luft Hansa—the commercial aviation trust—is probably better organized than its competitors in England or France. Berlin is the hub of the most ramified system of air routes in the world.

Germany will soon make a bid for long-distance supremacy with her giant air liner, the Graf Zeppelin, christened on July ninth, the birthday of the German airship pioneer whose name it bears. It is scheduled to make its first transocean flight to the United States before the end of this year. Like the R-100, nearing completion in England, it is equipped for passenger service, with lounges, smoking rooms and a restaurant. The credit for a historic advance in travel probably lies between these two craft.

In all lines of travel, whether on land, air or sea, Germany is offering the last word in modernization. Pullman cars have at last been introduced. The Germans were the first European people to install long-distance wireless telephone service on express trains.

With films and automobiles—two products which vitally affect the American producer—the situation is not all to the good In both of these activities you find that Germany, like the rest of Europe, seeks, through restriction of imports or tariff, to force the sale of an inferior home output at the expense of a superior foreign article. Governments and manufacturers are leagued to frustrate the will of the people. Motion pictures are an emphatic case in point. The German restrictive movement is part of what has become an international campaign to cramp our film style at every turn.

During the war and until late in 1919 a complete embargo existed in Germany against foreign films. In 1920 an import-license system was introduced. Foreign companies could bring in pictures if they agreed to show German films abroad. As elsewhere, we dominated the situation, first because of the excellence of our films; second, because a contract for the release of German films in the United States had a greater value than one for release of German films in European countries.

The moment Yankee pictures rode the high tide of popularity the Germans started to check them with what was termed a contingent plan. It inaugurated the quota system now in full swing in Great Britain, France, and to a lesser degree in Italy. Under it every German distributor and exhibitor was required to sell or show one German-made film for every foreign one that he handled or displayed.

The European Film Bloc

This proposition looked fine on paper, but it inevitably led to mediocrity in the home output. Realizing that it was necessary to produce more German films in order to get the American product that the great mass of the populace wanted, local companies made any old thing to meet the requirements of the quota. Overproduction of poor stuff followed and the German export market suffered in consequence.

The situation became so serious early this year that a modification was effected in the one-to-one contingent. It permits foreign films—we supply 75 per cent of them—to come in on a ratio basis. Imports are based on former presentations. For every two American pictures shown in previous years, we are now allowed one new one. It gives us a better showing than was possible under the one-to-one scheme. Although they have greater freedom of action, German film producers have not risen to the opportunity. They are strong on direction, but comparatively poor in performance.

Reflective of the growing anti-American mood in films was the international film congress held in Berlin last August with 600 delegates present. They represented every producing country except the United States. The invitations to the Americans were delayed so long that they could not arrive in time. The congress, at the instigation of Hugenberg, voted for an all-European film bloc, to be solidly aligned against Yankee pictures.

The inconsistency of the German-inspired move against foreign films is obvious when I say that the Germans themselves have been more agitated about trade barriers than any other European people. They know what restriction means because they are up against it on all sides. The trade war with Poland persists. Czecho-Slovakia and most of the new Baltic States also discriminate against German products. At the economic conference held in May, 1927, at Geneva, the Teutonic delegation raised a great hue and cry against all restrictive measures, yet they were the first to impose handicaps upon alien films.

They are also trying to place obstacles in the way of foreign-made automobiles. This is a direct blow at the United States, because our cars lead all the foreign makes in use. In many respects Germany is the best undeveloped automobile market in Europe. The total passenger-car registration is 332,000, while output, excluding

(Continued on Page 116

FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE

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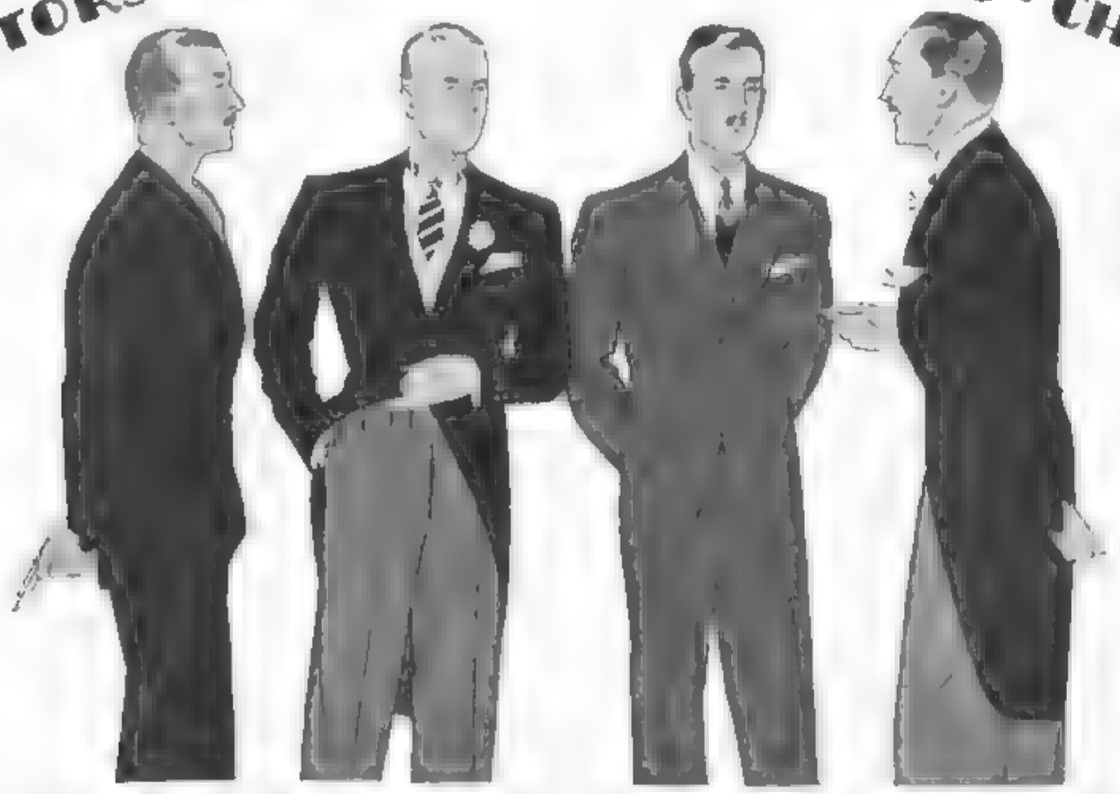


COMES THE SAME STORY

"IT IS THE ONLY PART OF YOUR BODY THAT MUST BE FITTED PERFECTLY"

HEALTH! You hear a lot about it nowadays. We are all thinking about it—watching diet, getting exercise, keeping young—"for our health's sake."

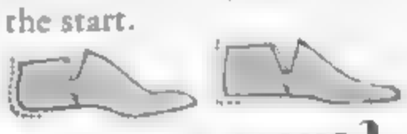
We are telling this interesting story of "The Saving V" of Footsavers— for your health's sake

To start with—every shoe begins life over a wooden mold or "last." The "last" gives the shoe its shape and fit.

PORTRAIT OF A SHOE "LAST"

Now what happens when the last isn't shaped exactly like the foot? Simply this: Either your foot must change the shape of the shoe or allow the shoe to distort the shape of your foot. Call it "breaking in a new shoe" if you will, but it is a hard job and a needless one.

When we designed Footsaver lasts we did that for you. We studied thousands of feet before we made one last. All the peculiarities of the normal foot are there. That's why Footsavers fit *so perfectly* from the start.



WHICH IS RIGHT?

Most lasts seem to take it for granted that your heel is sharp and L-shaped. Look at your own heel. You can see it's not.

Instead, your heel is carved—first in, then out, then in. That's exactly the way the heels of Footsaver lasts are shaped. It's the only way to build a shoe and have it friendly to your heels from the start.

A FACT ABOUT ARCHES

What a world of difference the *right* arch makes. What is right? Look at your footprint for the answer. It isn't flat across the bottom. Along the outer side it rests firmly on the earth. Only along the inner side, in the instep, it is arched.

Ordinary lasts ignore this difference in the left and right sides of arches. Footsavers don't. That's why Footsaver shoes direct the tread of your feet where the tread naturally falls—why they fit, perfectly.

MEET YOUR LITTLE ARCH

Footsavers' interest in your arches doesn't end with lasts. You've two important arches. Both need support and exercise. Meet first, your little arch. It crosses your foot just back of the ball.

Barefooted, the soft earth supports it. Footsavers do the same. How? With arched layers of soft, flexible leather. And you'll be surprised how much comfort they add.

NOW COMES "THE SAVING V"

Then, there's the long arch. Nature's idea of correct support for it was springy earth. Footsavers have duplicated Nature with a built-in support of springy steel—"The Saving V." You can't see it, but you'll quickly feel its comfort.

It gives and takes like a shock absorber. Down goes your foot—arch yielding, yet supporting. Up you step. Up comes "The Saving V" of the Footsaver Arch—lifting, lightening, supporting the burden of your entire body.

No wonder Footsaver wearers say: "It's like walking on air—what a difference, what an improvement over ordinary shoes."

STYLE PLUS COMFORT PLUS HEALTH

Footsavers *are* different. But don't think for a minute they are "hospital" shoes.

Lasts and arches are important, but appearance is equally so. That is why Footsavers were made to dress your feet in smart and becoming style—made from the finest leathers, in the best accepted styles—a gentleman's shoe in every sense.

Yes—"It is the only part of your body that must be *fitted* perfectly" and *dressed* perfectly. Do you know a better answer to both than Footsavers? Reasonably priced—from $12 to $14 the pair.

Where are Footsavers sold? How can I see the new fall styles?

We will gladly answer both questions—and with our answer will come "The Saving V," an interesting booklet telling more about Footsavers, showing the new styles and giving you the name of your nearest Footsaver dealer. Don't put this off. Mail the coupon now.

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Makers of Men's Quality Shoes for over 50 Years

Women's Footsavers are manufactured by Julian & Kokenge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio

FOOT-SAVERS

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COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

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ALLIANCE
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THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 114)

trucks, will barely reach 70,000 this year. In Britain we face strong competition in the Morris car and in France with the Citroën product. This does not obtain in Germany, where the production of the largest plant is only 3000 a year. It is the only important industry which lags, largely because most of the manufacturers have big side lines, such as bicycles and motorcycles.

It naturally followed that American makers started a big drive in Germany. Some of the larger ones erected assembly plants representing an investment of not less than $15,000,000 and built up selling organizations throughout the country. Cars could be assembled and sold at a fair competitive price because the duty on parts did not exceed 12 per cent ad valorem.

This did not please the Germans, so they started an agitation for a higher tariff. Last December the Reichstag voted to raise the duty on automobile parts to the same rate charged for finished cars, an increase, in some cases, to more than 25 per cent ad valorem.

It looked at the outset as if the American assembly plants would have to go out of business. On July first of this year a modification went into effect which lowered the duty somewhat. In addition, the American makers have adjusted their operations so as to offset the excessive customs charges. Parts are imported in less finished form and the remainder of the finishing process is now done in the German plants.

This look at German production can best be rounded out with a bird's-eye view of trade. The volume, especially in exports, which reached the prewar figure in April of this year, maintains a steady expansion. There is a flaw in the picture, however. With the exception of 1926—a panic year—an adverse balance has persisted since the Armistice. This is due, of course, to German dependence upon foreign foodstuffs, and raw materials such as cotton and copper.

The biggest fact in connection with German trade is the increase in home-consumption capacity. For years the Teutons were obsessed with the idea of huge production. In this they followed a sort of single-track policy. Mass output rolled up impressive statistics, but it failed of profitable purpose without mass distribution. Furthermore, the Germans concentrated on foreign business because it gave them a great kick and was part of a larger idea of world power. Before 1914 the German product had little competition in the international market place. When we got into the game the principal outlet was curtailed. Germany suddenly found herself with a surplus of manufactured articles while the stream of imports kept up. In consequence, her trade deficit grew.

Marketing at Home

It was not until 1926 that the idea suddenly dawned that instead of trying to get an emotion, largely for publicity purposes, out of foreign trade, the best selling bet was at home. An intensive drive for the domestic market began, with the result that every month now witnesses a definite advance in business within the republic.

The campaign for the home buyer is being developed along progressive American lines. Newspaper and magazine advertising, backed up by huge electric signs in the big cities, proclaims the virtues of German goods. The most radical innovation is installment buying. A year ago this idea was frowned upon by conservative business, not because of the fancied risk involved but because it was regarded as too revolutionary for the staid Teutonic traditions. Chambers of commerce in Hamburg and elsewhere organized public campaigns against the movement. Most of the opposition has now died down. Automobiles, radio sets, phonographs, clothing, household equipment and furs are now being sold on long-term credits. The remarkable growth of German savings—for the first quarter of 1928 they increased at the rate of 274,000,000 marks a month—has contributed to the business

Coincident with the intensive effort at home has developed a new drive abroad. During the past twelve months exports showed a 20 per cent increase over 1925, and nearly 62 per cent over 1921. The German exporter is now focusing his attention on the markets where we have risen supreme. This is true of Latin America in general and of Mexico, Brazil and Argentina in particular.

A special offensive to impress German aviation superiority is on. The Junkers Company has operated an air service between Buenos Aires and Montevideo, while the Kondor Syndikat is developing an aircraft business, both for the operation and the selling of machines, in Brazil. The German trade eye is also turned toward China and South Africa. As before the war, efforts are being made to restart the flow of Latin-American, Japanese and Chinese students to technical schools in the Reich.

Agriculture's Strong Position

Although Germany is increasing her domestic and foreign business, the trade deficit remains almost immovable because of lack of self-sufficiency in food. The net food import balance is the crux of the situation. In the matter of relief she faced two alternatives. One was to increase agricultural production through the drainage of swamps, and intensive farming. The other was a high tariff. This meant reciprocal tariffs in countries upon which the German exporter depended most for business. The former was adopted.

Agricultural expansion, however, was impossible without adequate financing. This has been afforded largely through American loans, which have helped to change the whole face of the German land map. Fortunately the technic for small farm loans existed. In many respects imperial Germany was the pioneer in land banking. When the war broke she had perhaps the most highly perfected of all systems for financing the farmer on easy terms. Inflation wiped out available capital. With the stabilization of the mark, what might be called the pipe system still existed, but there was no reservoir of capital to feed it.

The reservoir was renewed through the establishment of the Central Bank of Agriculture, organized in 1925, to act as the central institution for all existing German agricultural-credit organizations, some of which have been in existence for more than 100 years.

So far as agency is concerned, it is a continuation of the Rentenbank which issued the *Rentenmark*, the first step in the stabilization of the currency, and is part of the rehabilitation scheme projected under the Dawes Plan. It has been principally financed through four American loans aggregating the equivalent of $135,000,000. Of this amount $105,000,000 was provided by the National City Company of New York. The remainder came from a syndicate headed by the National City Company

German agriculture is now girded up to try to redress the trade balance. Though the country cannot make itself entirely self-contained in food, there is every indication that the import menace will be minimized to a very large extent. Imports reached the peak early this year and have since showed a decline. Through the development of synthetic products, notably oil—rubber is also a near possibility—some degree of independence in raw materials will further fortify the situation.

German trade relations with Russia demand detailed analysis. Like every other national hope of economic kinship with the Bolsheviks, this one has practically foundered so far as satisfactory results obtain. The fundamental reason—it applies to the British and French efforts as well—is that officialized commercial intercourse is regarded by Moscow as the justification for political propaganda. Every Soviet trade

delegation is a nest of espionage and a fountainhead of agitation for unrest.

Germany looked upon Russia as an all-important trade stamping ground, since she is near at hand and is also the highway for penetration in the Orient. She was especially desirous of cultivating the field because one of her strongest world competitors—the United States—has persistently refused to recognize the communist government. By making every possible friendly gesture the Germans thought they could improve their business standing.

This she did to the limit. The Russo-German Treaty was signed October 12, 1925, with much acclaim. Within a year and a half the Germans had given the Russians credits of 300,000,000 marks, or $75,000,000, to finance imports of machinery and other finished industrial products. Germany nabbed the bulk of concessions in Russia. It looked as if the Red domain would prove to be an economic gold mine.

Trading With Russia

The usual thing happened. First of all Germany was flooded with communist propaganda, the full effects of which were revealed in the May election, when the radicals polled a huge vote. Steady increase in communist strength offered no serious menace to the country. The damage had been on the commercial side. Almost without exception, every German concession in Russia, including the huge Mologa timber undertaking, has proved to be a fizzle, and for a good reason.

When Moscow grants an "exclusive" concession for the mining of a product like manganese, she then goes into the same business herself. Although the Russian *chervonetz* has depreciated one-half, the government further insists that foreign concessionaires buy it for gold at the par value.

By the first of this year the Russians had exhausted all their German credits. Although in arrears in payments to many firms, they asked for an additional credit of 300,000,000 marks. When the Germans refused, they arrested three German engineers in the Donetz Basin on the charge of economic espionage, a performance eminently in accord with the Soviet idea of obtaining favor through intimidation. The aliens were jailed, tried, and given heavy sentences before the German consul was notified of the event. This was in violation of the treaty of 1925. German resentment flamed. In March it looked as if the Reich would follow Great Britain and break off diplomatic relationship with Russia. The big business element, especially the Ruhr industrialists, staved off a rupture because of their large stake in the country. A truce prevails at the time I write. It appears unlikely that the credit increase will be granted.

Russian trade statistics emphasize anew the fact that recognition of Moscow is no guaranty of trade with her. For the fiscal year 1925–26 Germany got 25.2 per cent of Russia's imports. Great Britain was second with 18.6 per cent, and the United States third with 17.8 per cent. For 1927–28 Germany's portion increased slightly, to 25.6 per cent.

On account of the break last year Britain declined to 15.6 per cent while the United States advanced to 23 per cent. Thus, without the slightest impairment of our anti-Bolshevik position, we more than hold our own with nations that recognize Russia. This state of affairs puts the quietus on the parlor pinks who contend that Soviet coddling is essential to trade relations.

Any estimate of present-day Germany must include an appreciation of the American influence upon the expansion that I have tried to visualize. I have already referred to the extent of our loans since 1925. They comprise 76.9 per cent of all the foreign money that has streamed into the country. Further loans will be necessary, but they will be solely for industrial, and therefore, constructive purposes. The lid has practically been clamped down on public borrowing because of the reckless expenditure of proceeds for what, in many instances, proved to be nonessentials. The Germans now realize that there must be a definite reason for every dollar borrowed.

Capital is only one detail of our exports to Germany. We are also exporting factories. Before the war we had only twelve branch industrial establishments there. The number has been increased to thirty-one. They make or assemble a wide range of articles, ranging from harvesting machines and cash registers to toys, chewing gum and breakfast foods.

These factories emphasize a phase of American enterprise that few stop to consider. Except for a comparatively small number of large concerns—they did not exceed fifteen—our manufacturers formerly sold their highly specialized products abroad through agents. Today they build factories in the selling zones. They become part and parcel of the industrial development of the country.

It not only makes for goodwill but also insures a large degree of immunity from tariff and other restrictions. On September first there were 3000 American branch factories located in thirty-two foreign lands.

What might be termed our regular exports to Germany have undergone a big increase. In 1926 they aggregated $364,061,630. Last year they reached $481,580,787, a gain of $117,519,157.

With the sole exception of the growth of our business with Canada, the German figures provide the most striking feature in American trade returns for 1927. Our best foreign customers are Canada, Germany and Britain.

German-American relations were reenforced this year by the enactment by Congress of the measure officially known as the Settlement of War Claims Act of 1928. It provides compensation to Germans, whether firms or individuals, for 80 per cent of their property seized by the United States during the World War. Nearly $300,000,000 worth of German property, including ships, factories, land, banks and chemical patents, is now held by the Alien Property Custodian and will be liquidated during the next twelve months.

The Economic Entente

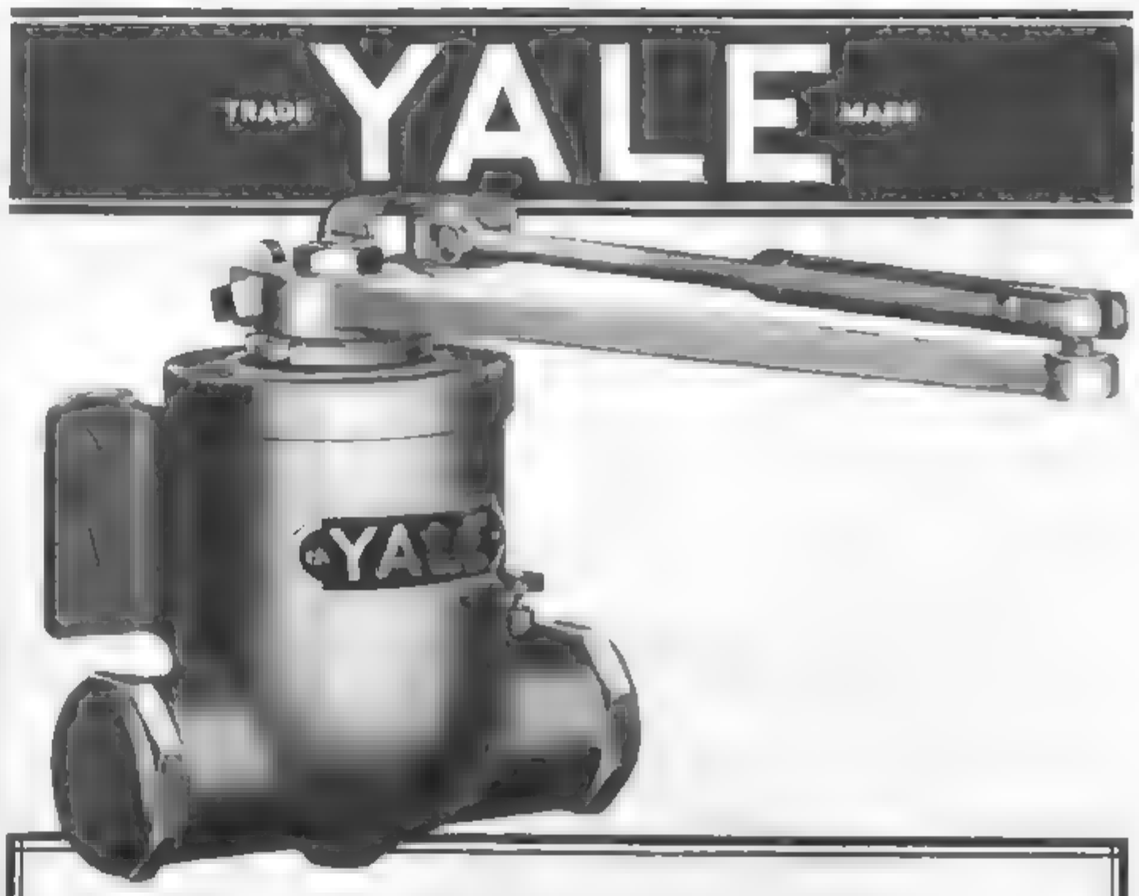
It is a fifty-fifty proposition, because American claims against Germany are also to be settled. They grew out of seizures of property as well as loss of life and limb resulting from submarine warfare. The original American claim totaled $1,479,000,000. The Mixed Claims Commission, set up by both countries as a tribunal, scaled this down to less than $300,000,000.

Sum up Germany and you have the picture of a revitalized people with vision concentrated on the future. The sense of defeat and disillusion is succeeded by a distinct superiority complex. Political complications are much more remote than at any time since 1919, despite sporadic efforts to bring about a union with Austria. Sober-minded Germans realize that this *Anschluss*, as it is called, would imperil the come-back of all Europe.

The Germans may start a drive to regain some of their lost colonies, notably in East Africa. This, however, is a long look ahead. More important just now is the steady development of the economic entente with France. Trusts are linking the one-time foes for combined effort at home and overseas.

Just as the Dawes Plan put Germany on her feet, spanning the transition from chaos to cohesion, so will fixation and commercialization of reparations, the final stage of the experts' scheme, mark the beginning of the new era of fiscal freedom. It will mean an added burden, but this responsibility, in turn, can only accelerate energy and output.

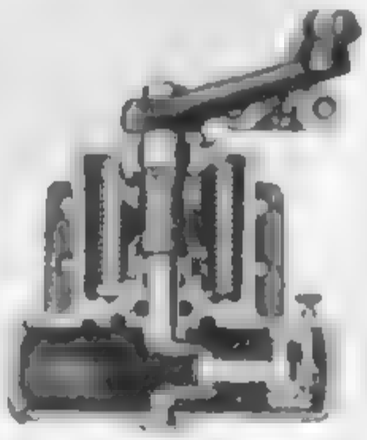
Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Europe The next will be devoted to France



Yale Door Closers

Spring-Tempered Power Hydraulically Controlled

The Yale self-generating door controlling power plant is simplicity itself. It is sturdy, has nothing to get out of order and has the highest efficiency



Interior view showing construction of Yale Door Closer

The YALE DOOR CLOSER is a door-closing power plant: perfect in action; made with the precision of a smooth-running engine; every part co-ordinated to the quiet closing of a door. As the door is opened the power of a highly tempered steel spring is stored up waiting for release. As the hand leaves the knob, the spring unwinds, promptly starting the closing action, and at the right moment, controlled by a piston working within its cylinder against hydraulic pressure, the door gradually loses momentum and comes to a quiet stop as the latchbolt clicks in the jamb.

Built to precision accuracy, by the makers of the famous Yale Locks, Yale Door Closers represent the very finest construction. Send for booklet "At Your Service".

The Silent Mechanical Doorman

The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co.

Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.

Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ontario

YALE MARKED IS YALE MADE

The most expensive

is found in thousands of motors the morning after winter comes

"Once they have been badly frozen up, cars are never as good again," says R. Jubb, expert repairman of Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Theatre Tickets Climbed to $150 When Mercury Dropped to Zero—"Just a little thoughtlessness on a winter's night and a frozen radiator changed the price of our theatre tickets from $5.50 to $75 each," writes Mrs. Gorham Gensch of Rye, N. Y.

"Two truck loads of radiators from automobile service stations come into my shop for repairs within 24 hours after the first cold snap of winter," says Mr. G. C. Cunningham of Port Chester, N. Y., radiator repairman for fifteen years

"It cost me $125 to park for less than an hour.—No, the $125 wasn't a police fine," writes Herbert G. Stafford of Wakefield, N. Y. "It's what I had to pay in repairs after freezing my motor."

IT happens every fall. Mild October days lull car owners into a false sense of security. Cold weather seems a long way off.

Then, suddenly, one November night, winter rides down from the north and finds thousands unprepared. Cars stand exposed in front of houses. Cars shiver in unheated garages.

The next morning come dismal discoveries. Frozen radiators—broken water pumps—cracked cylinders. Wrecking cars make hurried trips. Repair-shops do a thriving business. And the bills sent out a few weeks later add nothing at all to Christmas cheer.

Why gamble with approaching cold? Why needlessly risk an expensive motor? Once a motor has been frozen it is never as good a motor again. Take five minutes today and have your dealer safeguard your car with Denatured Alcohol. He knows the exact amount you need. Also get a supply of Denatured Alcohol before it is too late and keep it in your garage for emergency use.

Why DENATURED ALCOHOL is the best anti-freeze

AMONG many anti-freeze preparations, Denatured Alcohol is the choice of a vast majority of all car owners. There are many reasons for this preference

Denatured Alcohol is simpler to use than any other anti-freeze. It does not require the special adjust-

DENATURED ALCOHOL

Use it early enough
*Use it often enough**
Use it late enough

ice in the world

ment and tightening of the motor needed with most other anti-freeze preparations.

Denatured Alcohol will not harm your motor. It does not corrode or eat the metal and rubber of the cooling system as many chemical preparations do.

Denatured Alcohol does not seep out as other preparations have a marked tendency to do.

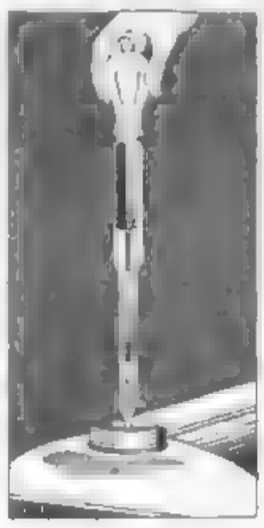
Denatured Alcohol is more economical. An entire winter's supply costs considerably less than any other anti-freeze.

Denatured Alcohol is more convenient to buy. You don't have to shop for it. Any dealer can supply you.

Play safe this winter. Use Denatured Alcohol early enough, use it often enough,* use it late enough and avoid cold weather troubles. The Industrial Alcohol Institute, Inc., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

** This takes the guesswork out of anti-freeze protection*

The Alco-Tester instantly shows the lowest temperature at which your car is protected against freezing. And the Denatured Alcohol Protection Chart shows the additional quantity needed at any lower degree. Send $1.00 for Alco-Tester and Chart. The Industrial Alcohol Institute, Inc., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.



The maker of your car approves
DENATURED ALCOHOL

Denatured Alcohol is the only anti-freeze that meets the approval of every manufacturer of water-cooled cars. More than half of the manufacturers specify it exclusively.

In addition, Denatured Alcohol is approved by the world's largest makers of automobile radiators.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

The Industrial Alcohol Institute, Inc., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: I am enclosing $1.00 for which please send me Alco-Tester and Denatured Alcohol Protection Chart

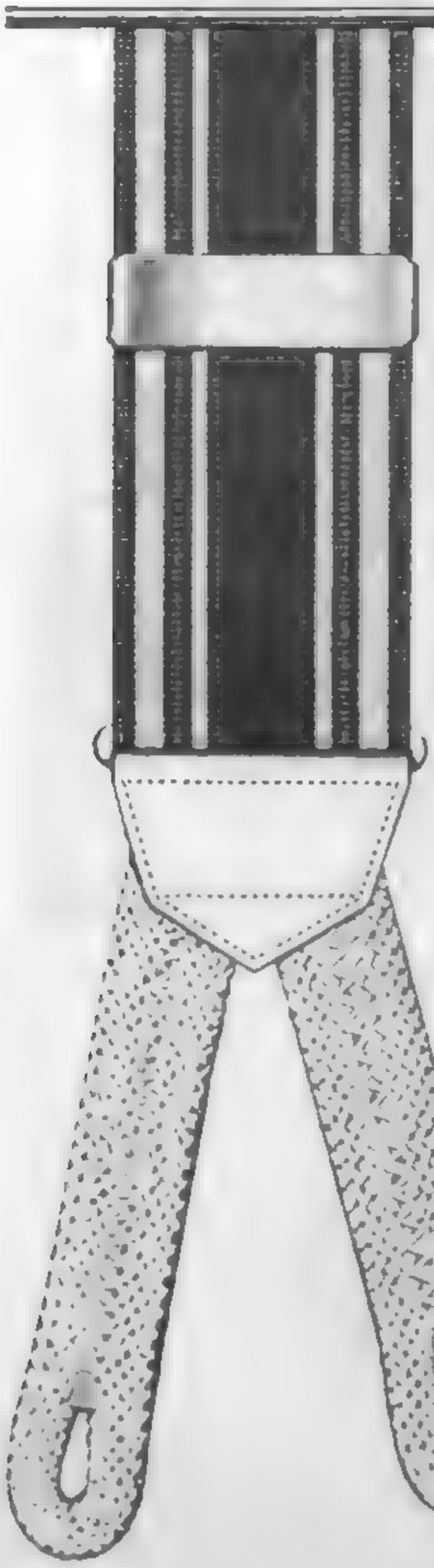
Name

Street

City _____ *State*

Whittaker & Co., Inc., distinguished New York tailors, say:
The light in which a painting hangs has much to do with the favor in the spectator —and the way the trousers hang may bring out or hide the grace of the tailor. For that reason it is most satisfactory to find the wearing of suspenders acknowledged more general among well-bred men

Smart Shoulders are Wearing
SUSPENDERS
by PIONEER



THE smart heads which rest upon smart shoulders have accepted the viewpoint of the fashion authorities—"It's the hang of the trousers that matters." And Pioneer has brought smartness of color, originality in patterns, novelty in material, to transform suspenders from a mere utility into a symbol of smartness. See the new Pioneer Suspenders—and Brighton Garters—for harmony in dress. At the better men's wear shops.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
Philadelphia

For 51 years manufacturers of
PIONEER SUSPENDERS
PIONEER BELTS
BRIGHTON GARTERS

PIONEER
Brighton

THE MYTH OF PROFITLESS PROSPERITY

(Continued from Page 4)

that such tiny concerns fail; it would be a sheer miracle if many of them, having neither capital nor credit, could succeed. And yet many of them do succeed and grow big. Few larger corporations fail, and of those that do, at least three-quarters are reorganized so that the failure record is not even a roster of the number that turn up their toes and die.

One of the surprising facts about failures, however, is the large amount of liabilities listed. The sum has been running around half a billion dollars and is roughly double the assets. Those statisticians who know more about business than merely the abstract figures seriously doubt that the actual liabilities touch the figures listed. They are inclined to believe that the concerns on the point of failing include every possible contingent liability regardless of merit. For instance, damage suits are usually brought for much greater sums than the claimants hope to get. No self-respecting gold digger ever prices her heart balm at less than half a million, though she is often glad enough to get half a thousand.

Business, quite contrary to the general belief, goes forward in a remarkably steady progression, considered as a whole. Carl Snyder, of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, has made extensive studies of both volume of business and profits, in which he has sought to reconstruct the reported figures and estimate the true net income of all corporations—the income before deducting interest, dividends paid or management salaries. The true net income thus estimated is about twice as large as the net income reported by the corporations, and undoubtedly more comparable with the net income from business as reported by individuals and partnerships. Mr. Snyder has discovered that the business of all corporations has, year in and year out since 1922, resulted in annual net profits of around 10 per cent on gross income. The years 1917 to 1919 were abnormal in that prices were rising faster than costs and their profits scored from 16 per cent to 12 per cent. Likewise 1921 was abnormal in that prices fell faster than costs and so the profits scored only 6 per cent. The average rate of profits to total capital involved also runs very close to 10 per cent and seems to be very steady. This is only for corporations, but he believes that the profits of individual enterprises and partnerships will average up in about the same manner. That is an astounding stability and may serve to start some business men wondering whether the anxious hours they spend in the watch towers looking for the first signs of business conflagrations are not hours wasted.

Income for the Lean Years

Everyone is interested in profits, for out of them comes the money for future extensions which will earn more wages and more profits. But the man who works for a wage or a salary is first of all concerned with the amount of business being done. For out of that comes his chief income and in times of stress he could, if necessary, manage well enough without any income from investments. The tendency in well-directed corporations is toward keeping dividends at a fair average rate and well within profits, so that they may be paid out of surplus in years when profits would not warrant the payment of any dividends. That is the progressive policy and it is accompanied by the firm policy of continuing high wages and salaries. Therefore gross income is perhaps a more important factor to most people than net income.

To the estimates of true net income of corporations, Mr. Snyder has added the net income as reported by individuals and partnerships from business, obtaining an estimated total net income from all business. By assuming that the percentage of net to gross income was the same for all business as for corporate, he further deduced figures for total gross income from all business. In 1919 this estimate was $145,000,000,000, in 1924 it was $188,000,000,000, and in 1926 it was $222,000,000,000. One curious fact shown by these tables is that the years of business depression are not nearly so bad as they are supposed to be—in point of gross business done. The gross business income of 1921 was $149,000,000,000 and of 1922 was $143,000,000,000. These represent a drop from the $170,000,000,000 gross income of 1920—which was inflated—but are not bad in comparison with 1919.

Another point of great importance concerns the share of the total business done by the corporations. Reading only the corporate tax returns one gets the impression that the larger corporations are doing all the business. That is the conclusion which many have hastily arrived at, because when they had looked at the corporate returns they stopped further inquiry. That is why they spread the news as given in the first paragraph of this article. They did not know the whole story.

The Individual in His Niche

Actually the corporations have been doing an increasingly large amount of the business of the country, and the larger corporations have been doing an increasing amount of the total business done by corporations. But the total as done by individuals represents a growth which is probably proportionately greater than the growth of corporations.

In 1919 the true net income of corporations amounted to $12,617,000,000; it dropped to $5,858,000,000 in 1921 and for 1926 the best estimate is $14,033,000,000. The figures for the net income of individuals in business stood at $3,878,000,000 in 1919 and dropped to a low of $2,366,000,000 in 1921 and in 1926 was estimated at $6,281,000,000. There is thus hardly a comparison between the rate of corporate increase and the rate of increase among individuals. The actual dollar gain was less than $2,000,000,000 for the corporations and more than $2,000,000,000 for the individuals.

But why, in view of these logical estimates from recorded facts, is there so much wailing about the individual being driven out of business? It is just another case of figures being taken for what they are not and never were. If the individual is being forced out of business, then he is leaving in a most delightful manner with a lot of jingling coin.

He is not being forced out. He is evidently finding a larger niche than ever for himself, although possibly not in the same places as before. There has never been a real fact to show that the sole proprietor was not a powerful factor in business. But we do not base our everyday conclusions on facts. We base them on the statements of someone who poses as an authority, and we seldom try to discover if the authority knows what he is talking about.

If you will go back several paragraphs you will note that the net income of corporations in 1921 was very low—only about half as great as the incomes for the year before or the year after. That is a large enough drop to suit the most melancholy, but it is nothing as compared with the drop in the returns of net profit for tax purposes. The corporations reported a net income of more than $8,000,000,000 in 1919 and nearly $6,000,000,000 in 1920, but for 1921 they reported less than half a billion—which is just the same as having one's wages drop from eight dollars down to fifty cents a week. That is not a drop; it is a smash.

And a great many conclusions have been drawn from those figures as to just what in an awful way can happen to business in

hard times. But with the addition of a few figures the picture changes. Those corporations, during that doleful year of 1921, paid more than $2,000,000,000 to their officers in the way of salaries and more than $3,000,000,000 in interest on their obligations. Adding these sums to their reported net income gives a figure of nearly $6,000,000,000—or as much as the whole reported net income of the preceding year. Business did not quit; it circulated a large amount of money. One has only to look about to know that business never quits and never can quit. We may not eat much terrapin in hard times, but still we eat. We may not buy much clothing, but still we have to go about somewhat dressed. And so on and so on. The absolute minimum of business that has to be done amounts in this great country to an enormous sum. And so, though being kidded by experts is educational, it is not well to take the education too seriously.

Every line of business and every business in every line is not always prosperous at the same time. A universal prosperity would be a bad sign, for it would show that no progress was being made anywhere and that we were in for trouble. Some lines of business are up while others are down. And not every unit of every line of business is prosperous when the line as a whole is doing well. By the same token not every unit is down when the line as a whole is down. That accounts for the number of corporations that are in the class of reporting no net income by accident as opposed to the corporations that are permanently in that class by design, and hope to stay there unless the law drags them out.

Prepared for Bad Business

The involuntary denizens are not the same each year. Sometimes these transients are there because they are actually spending more money for improvements than the corporations that gayly claim to be earning money. The cost of a certain amount of changing about and revamping is chargeable, under the revenue laws, against net income. And in these days when companies, to earn good profits, have to keep their plants and machinery in the front rank, the items of expenditures to keep pace with scientific progress form an important section of the income of the country.

When a plant refits it may show a deficit for the year, but that deficit turns up as profit for some machinery or building concern. The railroads are not in the high-profit class, but they usually spend three-quarters of a billion a year in betterments. A baking company in two years spent $5,000,000 in changes, and enough of this was deductible to keep the company away from reporting a net income, but when the changes were finished the net income jumped 70 per cent although the gross business went up only 9 per cent. It costs the motor companies other than Ford about $75,000,000 a year to bring out new models, and it has cost him much more than that. The bulk of this expenditure is deductible from income for tax purposes. The radio seriously affected the phonograph business, but the leading company, by spending a deal of money, quickly got on its feet again. One of the leading radio companies has been so busily plowing back its earnings that it has never declared a dividend, although its stock is among the most active in the market.

Take a whole industry in a good year: Out of twelve rubber companies, seven reported increased profits and five reported decreased profits. Of these five, three had actual deficits after charges and a fourth would have shown a deficit had it not drawn on reserves. The oil industry is a very in-and-out affair, and so is coal. For periods whole industries will show deficits, but there are always some companies in the industry that are making money. The textile industry has been depressed, but quite a large number of units have made more than satisfactory profits.

The larger the corporation the greater is its chance to avoid a purely sectional slump. If it covers a wide area of territory, then it will not have uniformly good business in each territory, but it will maintain a good average and that is the end toward which all business is looking. Some active manufacturing corporations are rapidly becoming investment trusts as to a part of their income. One great electrical-manufacturing company last year drew more than 30 per cent of its total net profits from its ownership of securities in other corporations, few of which it owned outright. A food-manufacturing company is now in so many related lines that it would seem almost impossible for other than a very great change to affect it to a large degree. If the public should turn from coffee to substitutes, it has the substitutes; if tea is in high favor, it has the tea, and if chocolate should become the rage, then it has chocolate. The largest oil company could manage to maintain itself out of what are now by-product enterprises if a substitute for gasoline were found, although more than likely it would have bought the rights to the substitute before it reached the market!

There are many and compelling reasons for the concentration of business in a few corporations. It would probably cut out a deal of waste and provide larger incomes for everyone. As everyone knows, we have some very large corporations—at least twelve have assets in excess of $1,000,000,000. To hold them up for admiration is good Sunday-story material; to hold them for damnation is good radical-story material. But in a country with so much wealth as ours the wonder is that we have not more great corporations. The trend to larger units is marked in certain lines, but these larger units represent a diffusion of wealth and not a concentration.

Shortly after its organization in 1901 the United States Steel Corporation had about 15,000 stockholders; today it has nearly 100,000 common-stock holders and the average holding is only 70 shares. Only the finance and high executive management are centralized; the ownership and operations are much more completely decentralized than a garage worth $20,000 and operated by the proprietor.

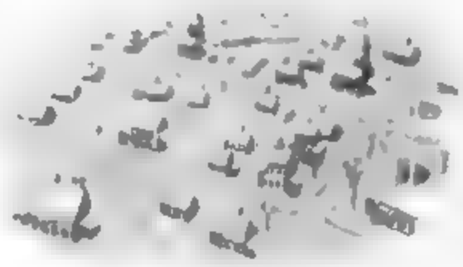
The casual reader of the newspapers, seeing that a great number of shares of Steel Common are traded in every day on the New York Stock Exchange, imagines that the capital stock is only something to gamble in. Once upon a time that was almost true. Stock available for general trading is commonly held in the names of brokers; a fair gauge of the speculation in a stock may be had by seeing how much of it stands on the corporation's books in brokers' names. In 1904, 65 per cent of Steel Common was in brokers' names; today only 24 per cent is so registered.

The Rich Man's Pet

Exactly the same process has been going on with all the established stocks. A recent questionnaire sent out to the corporations whose securities are listed on the New York Stock Exchange showed that they had, within five years, added a total of around 1,000,000 names to their lists of stockholders. Of course the list must have many duplications, but at that the figures are significant. And of all the corporations in the country only slightly more than 1000 are listed.

Wealth was considerably more concentrated twenty-five years ago than it is today. In 1901 the New York Exchange had 376 issues listed and they fairly represented the bulk of the business of the country. Each stock or group of stocks was known by the name of some rich man who was supposed to be the largest holder—and manipulator. Today the list is almost three times as large and no stock of repute is known as the child of any rich man. The market value of these stocks runs anywhere from $100,000,000,000 up. In an aggregation of that sort a billion-dollar corporation, although brilliant, does not

65° Below Zero



the Coldest Spot in the United States

The lowest surface temperature ever officially recorded in the United States was 65 degrees below zero at Miles City, Montana. From that town, Mr. W. W. Porter writes with reference to last winter: *"We experienced some very low temperatures, but our house was kept 70 degrees without forcing the Allen. It satisfactorily burns the lowest grade coal and keeps the house comfortable at all times."*

ALLEN'S

Parlor Furnace

ALLEN'S patented construction provides the advantages of modern heating with the cheerful glow of the old-fashioned, open hearth. Protected by patents Nos. 69,711—16,677; trademark No. 202,[illegible].

Heat Radiating Fins

By means of heat radiating fins the ALLEN'S radiating surface is doubled, thereby giving greater heating capacity, saving fuel and adding to the life of the furnace.

The ALLEN circulates healthful, moist, warm air from room to room and heats the whole house. Thousands used in homes, churches, schools and stores. With its walnut, porcelain enamel finish it resembles a piece of beautiful period furniture. Burns any kind of fuel. Made in a special model for burning gas.

Ask the nearest ALLEN Dealer for a demonstration.

ALLEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

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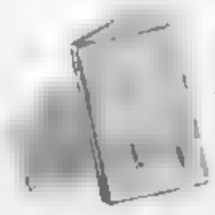

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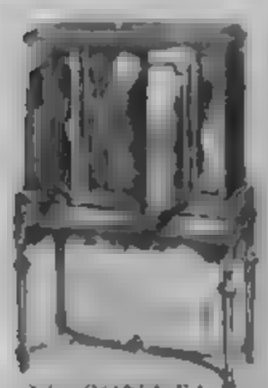
Before you buy *any* radio — we urge you to hear the Amrad! Hear it if possible in your own home, in the surroundings where you can best appreciate both the loveliness of tone, and the charming appeal of the cabinets themselves.



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Single dial control, with illuminated wave-length setting.

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AMRAD
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blind one's eyes. Only one great corporation is closely held in a single family.

The growth of chain stores is taken as one of the prevailing concentrations of business. One grocery chain has about 18,000 stores and will this year do a business of nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars. New chain-store companies are being formed every month and new stores are being opened every day. It takes a pamphlet of 200 pages just to describe the existing companies and their securities in the briefest way.

There are now more than 50,000 chain grocery stores and they do a vast business, but there are still nearly 400,000 independent grocery stores left. The whole chain-store situation is up for adjustment, for there has been something of a boom in them, and some new companies have gone rather faster than the best judgment warrants. But there are many sound economic reasons for the chain store, and one of the best is furnished by a census of retailers conducted in eleven cities by representatives of the Bureau of the Census. They found 28 per cent of the retailers doing a gross weekly volume of only $43.47 and 18 per cent doing a gross weekly business of $139.86. Stores of such a size cannot decently support their proprietors on even an exorbitant profit rate. Their owners would be better off working for someone.

The chain store is not, however, what it seems to be. Although it bears as a rule the name of the founder, only a few of the chains are closely held. Nearly all of them have their stocks listed and one concern has 9000 stockholders. The ownership of the chain stores is more widely diffused than is the ownership of the small individual stores. Only the finance and general direction are concentrated. The unit stores pay rent and wages in their communities just as do the individually owned stores except that they pay higher rents and higher wages. A chain-store manager commonly earns more than the private store owner. In one chain of small department stores many of the managers earn in excess of $10,000 a year. And the chain-store employes have a continuity of income which the small individual proprietor has not.

Indeed, the large corporation as we know it is not an instrument for the concentration of wealth but for its wide diffusion. That is being understood in a subconscious way. But also it is often misunderstood. A clergyman, reading that a motor company had earned more than $200,000,000 in a year, rose in his pulpit and declaimed to this general effect:

"The idlers whom they support find excuse for fabulous expenditures under the plea of social functions in the South in the winter. In summer they amaze Europe with lavish display and extravagant living. . . . In the face of all this there are 4,000,000 men and women out of work. Something is radically wrong when a few can pile up such huge amounts of money when so many live close to want. . . ."

That clergyman meant well enough and he thought he was saying something. But he had taken no trouble at all to look into the facts. Evidently he had read about the 4,000,000 unemployed in the newspapers—which is the only place in which any such number ever were unemployed. He had read nothing about the corporation except that it had earned a large profit. If he had been willing to read farther he could have learned that this corporation declared somewhat more than half its profit as a dividend and paid it out not to a few idlers but to nearly 70,000 stockholders. In the nature of things not all of them could have been idlers.

In the earning of its profit the corporation created more than $1,000,000,000 of new wealth. It directly paid $300,000,000 in wages to 200,000 workers located in plants in fifty cities. It bought from 6000 concerns and it sold through 18,000 outlets. That meant wages for at least 200,000 more people. It paid a railroad freight bill of $75,000,000. And so on. Yet that clergyman, without bothering to get the facts, applied an old formula of words to a few figures, and settled back as though he had said an important truth.

Figures can be as deadly as drugs. A shot of one sort, and we are elated. A shot of another sort, and we are depressed. Why not have a Harrison Act for them?

I LIKE DIVING

(Continued from Page 17)

aboard, so that a diver may get into it quickly. The chamber is used with safety after taking two stages of decompression in the water.

He steps first into an outer chamber, called the airlock. The door is closed air-tight behind him, and compressed air is turned on until the proper pressure is reached. He takes off his diving suit in this airlock. Then an inner door opens and he can get into the inner chamber itself.

Here he can wait out his time according to the table. If two or three men are in there at the same time, and it is time for one of them to get into lower pressure and gradually to normal pressure, that man can go into the airlock and the door can be shut behind him. Then, while the pressure in the chamber is kept up, that in the airlock can be "bled" down by opening a valve a little.

At the far end of the chamber is another, smaller airlock, called the medical lock. Through it warm and dry clothes, food or reading matter can be sent in to the men in the chamber without lowering their pressure.

The novice diver doesn't learn all this at first. His early dives are in not more than fifteen or twenty feet of water, and his first time down is for only about twenty minutes; so the matter of decompression isn't gone into. His first lesson is the diver's gear, which is fully explained to him before he puts it on.

The suit is made of two layers of cotton twill, with a sheet of rubber cemented between them. Laid out flat, it looks rather like a clumsily cut paper doll, for, of course, it is a one-piece suit, and incloses the entire body except the head and hands. The sleeves end in elastic rubber cuffs that fit tight to the wrists and make flexible water-tight joints. The neck—which is cut down in a curve back and front—has a pure rubber collar, or gasket. Inside this collar stands up an inside portion of the cloth, which is called a bib. The bib comes well up inside the neckpiece of the breastplate; the idea of it is to catch any water that may get into the dress through the helmet valves, and keep it away from the diver's body.

The breastplate of the dress, made of stout metal, fits the curve of the rubber collar, rides on the diver's shoulders, and at its upper edge is circular to fit the lower edge of the helmet. Helmet and breastplate are made of tin-coated copper.

When the diver has been helped into his dress the breastplate is set down over his head. On its lower edge, evenly spaced, are twelve metal screw studs: twelve holes are cut in the rubber collar of the suit, so that a stud comes under each hole. The collar is thus, so to say, buttoned onto the breastplate. Four sections of metal strap, curved just like the lower edge of the breastplate and pierced with holes where the studs come, are put on outside of the rubber, and wing nuts are turned onto the studs and set up tight. That compresses the collar between the breastplate and the straps and forms a water-tight joint.

The diver's helmet fits onto the upper edge of the breastplate. The two edges have an interrupted screw, which means that with only a quarter turn six or eight threads are engaged and a water-tight joint is formed. At the back there is a stop pin, which is turned down into a recess on the

(Continued on Page 124)

Do you think that the common cold is an important factor in reducing the resistance of the body to diseases of the respiratory tract, like tuberculosis, pneumonia, etc.?

Yes.....238
No..... 12

In your opinion, is overheating of living quarters an important factor in predisposing toward the above mentioned diseases?

Yes.....225
No..... 25

Overheated Homes and Common Colds Predispose toward Tuberculosis and Pneumonia

—say Health Officers of 225 Cities

The widely published results of a recent survey by the Wisconsin Anti-Tuberculosis Association contain a warning to every American family against the danger of overheating the home.

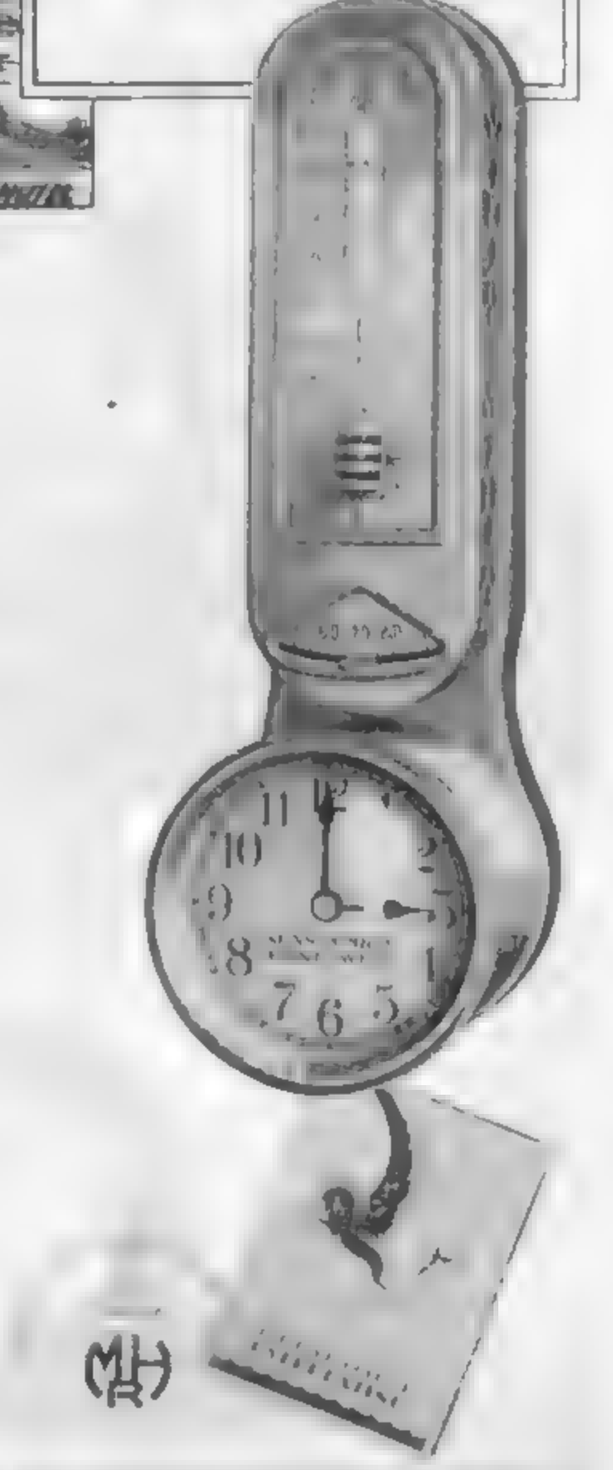
Leaders of the medical profession almost unanimously condemn overheated homes and frequent colds. These arch enemies of health are closely connected. Their relationship has been established once for all by the tests of Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow (Yale School of Medicine) in New York City schools. In these tests, overheating the rooms by only two degrees caused a seventy per cent increase in respiratory illness.

If you could have a heating engineer make a 24-hour chart of the temperature in your home with old-fashioned hand regulation of the heating plant, you would be amazed at the variations. There is only one feasible remedy: install an automatic regulator which "notices" a temperature change of only one degree and advances or checks the fire.

Hold a Council of War Against the Common Cold

Automatic Heat Control Prevents Overheating

Over 3,000,000 people are provided with this protection. They enjoy real heating comfort without ever touching dampers or drafts. At the same time, they save fuel and have warm rooms to dress in every morning through clock control. Hold a council of war in your home against overheating. You can get action quickly from a nearby Minneapolis-Honeywell service station. All winter to pay, on our Budget Plan. The complete story of the new discoveries is told in our free booklet, "The High Cost of Overheating." Clip the coupon and mail it today for your copy.



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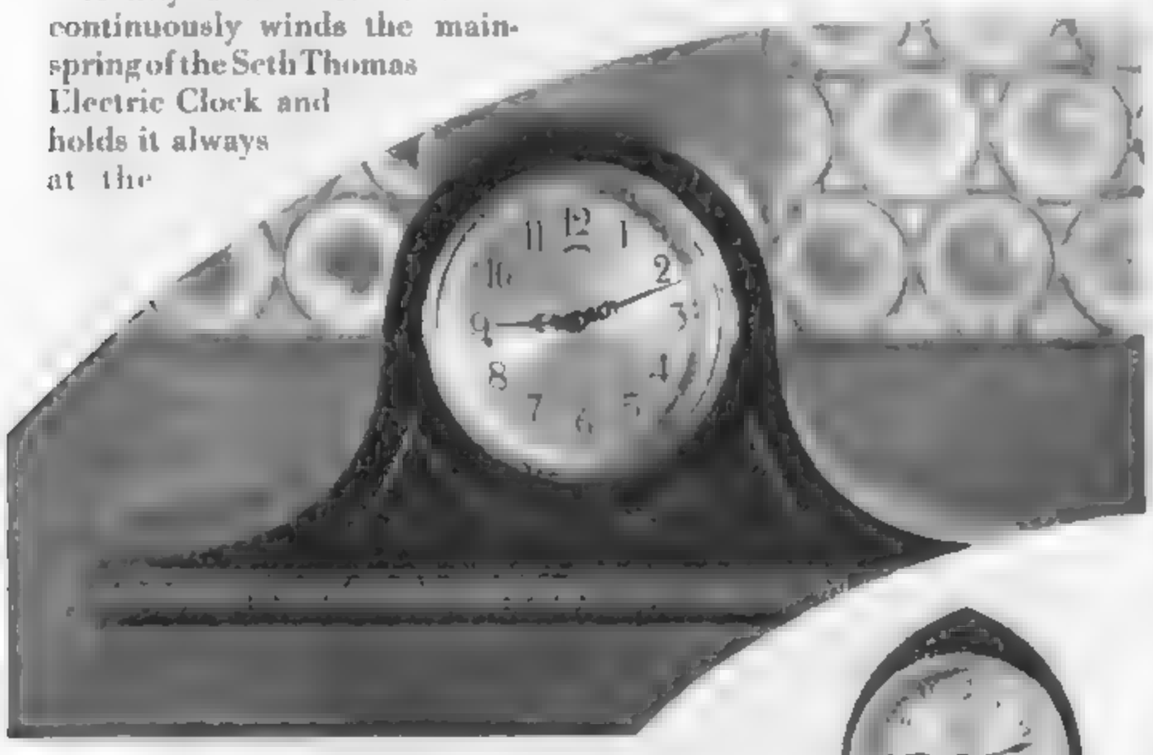
Plug it in any A. C. light socket like a reading lamp or radio. Without further attention . . independent of the human element of regular winding . . it runs with lifetime accuracy; a master clock for your other timepieces, at a purchase price little higher than ordinary clocks, and an operating cost of less than 2¢ a week.

A tiny General Electric motor continuously winds the mainspring of the Seth Thomas Electric Clock and holds it always at the proper tension . . never too tightly wound, nor too nearly run down to maintain its accuracy.

And this accuracy is further safeguarded by a marine, or lever movement . . which means that the Seth Thomas Electric Clock will give perfect results in any position . . just like a watch!

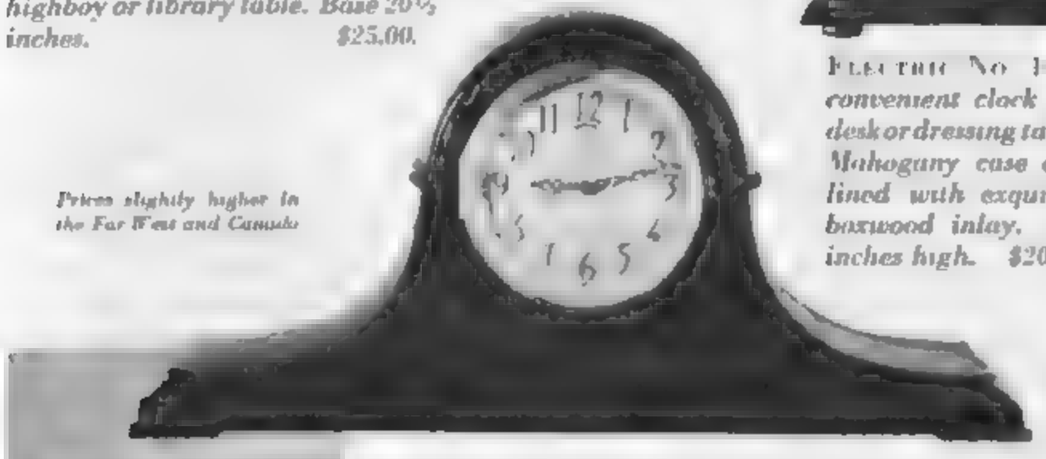
Write for our new illustrated booklet showing different styles for every room in the house—priced from $20.00 to $50.00. Seth Thomas Clock Company, 20 West 45th Street, New York City.

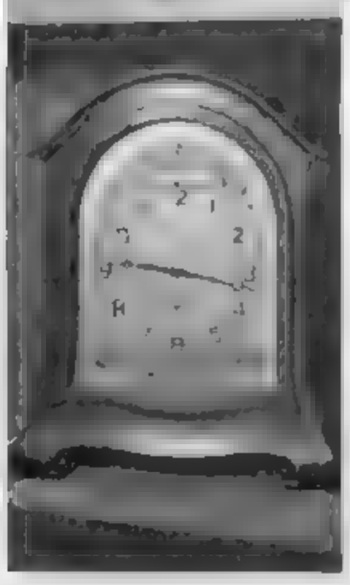


The broad sill of a leaded casement window is only one of many suitable settings for ELECTRIC No. 10. *Two-toned panels, carved base and polished mahogany case add beauty to the mantel shelf, highboy or library table. Base 20¼ inches.* $25.00.

Prices slightly higher in the Far West and Canada

ELECTRIC No. 1—*a convenient clock for desk or dressing table. Mahogany case outlined with exquisite boxwood inlay. 6¼ inches high.* $20.00.





ELECTRIC No. 21 *is an ideal size and shape for the top of the radio cabinet, mantel shelf or bookcase. Graceful case of polished mahogany, raised bronze numerals on a five-inch silvered dial. Height 9¼ inches.* $35.00.

At left—ELECTRIC No. 23, *an excellent size and shape for many hard-to-fit-a-clock-to places about the house. Mahogany case 10 inches high: beautifully etched dial.* $50.00.

SETH THOMAS CLOCKS

(Continued from Page 122)

breastplate so that the helmet can never be accidentally unscrewed. A helmet has four windows; the one directly in front is called the face plate; there is another one directly above it for an upward look, and there is one on each side. The air supply comes through at the back of the helmet, in a curved connection called a gooseneck. Outside the gooseneck a safety valve—a non-return valve—is screwed on, and the air hose is screwed onto the end of the safety valve.

This non-return valve is a mighty important thing to the diver. If his air hose should burst, or anything should go wrong with his supply from the topside, and there were no safety valve, the air inside the suit would escape back up through the hose and the water pressure would crush him. Even a slight pressure coming this way—we call it a squeeze—will kill. What happens is that the suit being flexible and the helmet rigid, the man is forced right up into his own helmet.

So much for getting air into the suit. To get it out there is a regulating escape valve on the right side of the helmet between the face plate and the side window. The valve seats with the water pressure and against the air pressure inside—that is, when the air pressure inside is more than the water pressure outside, the valve opens and the air escapes. The valve has a spring and a regulating screw on the water side, so that a diver can regulate the inflation of his suit and make himself buoyant or reduce his buoyancy. Setting up on the regulating screw increases the tension of the spring, and holds more air in the suit.

Staying Topside Up

When a man is down you can really see him breathe, by the stream of bubbles that comes to the surface. And when a young diver is down, you can actually tell if he is nervous; the bubbles will come in separated puffs as he breathes excitedly. If he is calm the bubbles come almost without any breaks.

The exhaust valve, or escape valve, has a stem right into the helmet, with a button on the end. If you want to let out air and both your hands are busy, you can turn your chin and push the button, opening the valve a little. Then, on the other side, there is a spit cock with a little handle outside. You can blow water out of your bib by operating this valve by hand.

The air hose, fastened to the safety valve at the back of the helmet, is led down and under the diver's right arm. This first piece of hose is only three feet long. It is seized by a stop to the front of the breastplate, and has between it and the first fifty-foot length a needle valve with a handle. With this the diver can control the amount of air coming into his helmet.

The next provision in the suit explained to the novices is the necessity of keeping the diver right side up. If his suit got too much filled with air, the buoyancy would blow the diver to the surface. Also, the metal helmet being heavier than the lower half of the suit, he would capsize. So, first they provide canvas flaps on the outside of the legs, below the knees, and these they lace together, making the suit fit close to the legs. That keeps air out of the lower end of the suit. Then they put on shoes with wooden soles, weighted with lead; a pair weighs thirty-two pounds.

Even now the diver is too buoyant if he has enough air in his suit. So a belt set with lead weights is put on and hung from suspenders over the shoulders; the belt weighs 100 pounds. To offset the danger that, if he should fall, the belt might slip up and hold him head down, there is a strap between the legs from the front of the belt to the back. This will always hold the belt down. The whole rig weighs about 200 pounds; the helmet and breastplate make fifty-nine, the shoes thirty-two, the suit eighteen and the belt 100. A man doesn't want to walk very far in it on the surface; once under water, however, with the suit inflated, the helmet and breastplate will lift right up off your shoulders, the belt will lose its feeling of weight, and you can walk about with little consciousness of lifting sixteen pounds at every step.

In principle this diving dress is the closed dress invented by Augustus Siebe in 1830. Siebe had already invented an open diving dress as early as 1819. That one had a helmet and breastplate on a water-tight jacket. A combination suit, or long underdrawers, came up under the jacket to the armpits. The helmet had an inlet valve from the air pump and the exhaust air escaped under the lower edge of the jacket.

A lot of work could be done in this dress, but it was a sure thing that the diver had to stay upright. If he fell the water filled his dress, and unless he was immediately hauled up he drowned. So Siebe went on working until he had made the closed dress.

Even his first one was only an improvement on a suit invented by a man named Kleingert, in Breslau. He had an egg-shaped metal cylinder to go over the head and body, down to the hips, where it fastened to a tight-fitting leather coat and drawers. This helmet had two air hoses; on one was a mouthpiece through which the diver inhaled. He exhaled into the helmet itself, and the second air hose carried the foul air to the surface. He was carried down by two weights; when he wanted to come up he left one weight on the bottom attached to a hauling line.

The first divers were just divers. They went overboard on the half shell, so to speak, and stayed down as long as they could hold their breath. They went for oysters and sponges, and this kind of diving is done today in Ceylon and in the Mediterranean. Men have always been trying to invent some way of working under water. Some of them worked out diving bells, some of them diving dresses and both methods are in use today. The diving bells, however, have mostly become caissons.

There have been many improvements in the Siebe dress, and the greatest one has been made within the past two years. That is an improvement in the telephone, for the modern diver is connected by phone with the topside all the time. Before the helmet is put over his head his ear phones are strapped on and the little plugs are put into connections inside the helmet. The transmitter is right in front of them. The latest improvement in the telephone is that we now have a batteryless phone, and it does no harm if the connections of this phone get wet. The old phones were put out of business if they got wet.

Outside the helmet the phone wires run through the center of the life line. This is a beautiful, flexible, but very strong, though light, line, cable-laid instead of being twisted, so it will never kink.

The Diver's Code

On the belt, in an ingenious metal sheath, the diver carries his knife—a good, stout, serviceable knife with a keen edge, but of soft temper, so it will not snap easily. The back of the blade has saw teeth, and you can cut a sizable wire with such a knife.

When the novice diver has had the suit explained to him and shows that he understands it, he learns the diver's signals. Of course he doesn't need these as long as his telephone is in working order. But he might need them in an emergency, so he learns them.

One pull on the life line can mean several things. If the diver pulls once he means: "More air." Two pulls could mean: "Less air," but that signal would rarely be sent because the diver could cut down his air supply himself by closing the valve. So two pulls from the diver means: "Give me slack" or "Lower me." But two pulls from the diver, repeated over and over, means: "I am fouled so I can't get loose. Send down another diver."

Three pulls from the diver means: "I am coming up." Four pulls means: "Haul me up." And five pulls means: "Send me down a line." That is used when a diver

has found something he was searching for and wants a line to bend onto it.

Now if the tender—the man on the topside holding the diver's life line and air hose—doesn't hear anything or feel any movement from the diver for some time, he gives one pull on the line to ask: "Are you all right?" The answer, "I am all right," is one pull; and one pull also can mean, "I understand," in answer to a signal

Two pulls by the tender means: "You have come up too far. Go down until we stop you." This is when a diver is coming up and taking his decompression; he can come up only so far and then must wait till it is safe to come up to another stage.

Three pulls by the tender means: "Stand by to come up;" and four pulls: "Come up." Five pulls means: "You have reached the end of your hose and life line. You can't go any farther."

The First Real Job

With all this stuff learned, the student is ready to go over the side. He is helped into his suit by two men we call the bears; his helmet is put on and he either steps onto a stage or onto the Jacob's ladder hanging over the side in the water. Near by there is always a descending line. This is a stout line with a good heavy weight on it, lowered from the diving boat to the bottom. The diver goes straight to it as soon as he is in the water, helped by his tender.

He throws a leg round the descending line and goes down on it. He can make himself heavy enough to sink by closing his air-supply valve or opening his escape valve, or both. All is, he mustn't go down like falling off a cliff, or he will get squeezed by the water pressure. He can regulate his speed perfectly, using his leg grip on the line as a brake. He can go down as fast as he likes, so long as he uses enough air to overcome the water pressure.

At the bottom he bends a circling line, or a distance line to the descending line. This circling line is just a light line; with one end fast to the descending line, the diver can pay out his circling line as he walks away, and find his way back by it. If he is searching for something on the bottom he can circle round the descending line, going in wider and wider circles, but making sure he has covered the whole area.

My course of instruction lasted only two weeks. Then I was qualified as a second-class diver. I was allowed to go to ninety-foot depth. The rest of eight months I spent learning torpedoes, air compressors and mines. Then I went into the submarines; this was in 1909, when submarine duty was volunteer duty, and the boats were named instead of being numbered and lettered. I was assigned to the old Tarpon, and we had some funny adventures.

One day we submerged in Boston Harbor; the skipper was taking in his water nice and easy, and drifting down the line meanwhile. Just as we settled on the bottom—whang!—something hit us good and then scraped us.

"What's that?" says the skipper. I was at the telephone, alongside of him.

"Somebody's dropped his hook on us, sir," I said.

Whang! Scr-r-rape! She came again, and the skipper says "This is no place for a minister's son," and backed his engines carefully till we seemed to be clear. Then he came up, and found that we had drifted right down under the scoop of a big dredge, and he'd been dredging us!

Another time, at Provincetown—and I should say just about where the S-4 was lost in December, 1927—we went down and the boat dropped solid to the bottom and stuck there eight hours before the suction of the mud let go. All our ballast tanks were blown, of course, at the beginning, but until the turning tide cut that mud away from us we were stuck. Gas jags from the gasoline vapor, fires, battery explosions—these were just the give and take of life in the old Tarpon.

I got my first real diving job while I was in the Tarpon and with the submarine flotilla. One of the subs had lost an anchor off the Capes in 120 feet of water. I volunteered to try to recover it and made good.

When the cable parted and the anchor was lost, the submarine crew had buoyed the position as near as they could. So we went there and I went down working from a hand pump. That isn't so good; when you work from a flask of air, it comes to you cool and clean. If your air is supplied by the old-fashioned, double-acting hand pumps, it may come down oily and make you sick; it is almost sure, if you are working at high pressure, to come down hot. And the deeper you are working, the harder it is to pump and to keep you supplied with the pressure you need.

I didn't choose my own helpers. In the first place, I had even then plenty of confidence in my own ability to get out of a mess if they fell down on their job. In the second place, I wouldn't slight any man by passing him over in my choice.

They put four men on the pump and one man on my life line, a separate man taking my air line. I went down on the descending line, made my circle, and had the luck to feel my circling line foul something on my very first circle. I went ahead then, crouching low against the current, just far enough so that I got the obstruction on an angle. Then all I had to do was to follow my circling line in until I came to the anchor. That was luck. So was the next thing; the bottom was hard enough so I was able to trace out the chain and the wire cable to its end, where it had parted.

From there I signaled to the topside to send me down a line. They sent me one down, and I bent it onto the wire cable and came up. It sounds simple enough, but of course there is a lot of detail to groping around on a sand bottom at 120 feet deep that is difficult to do and impossible to describe. Anyway I had done a seaman-like job, and done it quickly, and after that, when there was a diving job to be done, it was a case of "Get Eadie to do it." And there was a lot of diving to be done.

Teaching the Younger Generation

I remember one peculiar job, in the spring of 1911, at Annapolis. We thought the Tarpon had lost her anchor, for we had tried to let go the anchor and couldn't. We needed to let it go pretty badly, too, for a storm had caught us. Anyway, there was nothing for it but to put into Annapolis, and since we couldn't anchor, to go to the dock.

I had to go down in the dock to find out what was the trouble. It was bitter cold and I had no gloves on my suit. I went into that ice water bare-handed, and took a crowbar with me. I found the anchor was jammed in the hawse pipe with a bight of cable, but I was able to pry it loose with my bar. That was the job. But in the meantime my bare hands had swollen in the water-tight cuffs of my suit till they looked like raw hams. They were so painful I couldn't let anybody touch them, and to take hold of anything to help myself was just agony. They had to cut the suit off me that time.

My second enlistment run out while I was in the subs. My wife—for I had got married in 1911—was nervous about my being in the subs, so I didn't reenlist. In fact, I had run out of money and jumped the first job I saw—at $1.92 a day—when I heard some mighty good news.

Jake Anderson, who taught me diving, lived near me in Newport. He had an assistant on his job at the navy yard, and one day a friend told me that the assistant had been let out. I hustled round and asked Jake to recommend me for the job. I guess quite a few fellows gave me a boost at headquarters; anyway, I got the job—at $3.04 a day. We felt pretty rich on that, with a promise of more later on.

So I was back on the job I liked best, and with the man who taught me diving, and the man I liked almost best of any man I ever worked with. But it didn't last long.

(Continued on Page 129

Naturally White . . . *but dimmed by* "YELLOW MASK"

Even with greater care of the teeth, millions have seen gloriously white enamel become clouded, an unbecoming yellow . . . what is the answer?

As a babe, and as a child, your teeth were white as polished ivory.

As an adult, you find them a pale or vivid yellow . . . most people do.

Why this unpleasant phenomenon? Why with daily brushings less teeth beauty?

Here is the answer In your saliva is a "liquid cement." It flows over the enamel, thickens, hardens . becomes a thin, porous mask. Tobacco, coffee, tea and certain foods unknown in a child's diet—stain this colorless mask a hideous yellow.

To remove this unlovely mask dental science has created an entirely new formula. It has taken a soft silky white powder known as "Tri-Calcium Phosphate" and used by leading dentists for removing yellow stains and dangerous tartar and embodied it in a creamy, tasty tooth paste . . . Orphos Tooth Paste.

"That Yellow Look Gone in two applications"

"My daughter-in-law had a yellowish tinge on her front teeth that no dentifrice would remove. I induced her to try ORPHOS, and that yellow look went in two brushings."

Mrs. D. T. K——
Winston-Salem, N. C.

The way this marvelous Orphos banishes "Yellow Mask" is a revelation. It restores the natural white loveliness in an incredibly short time. It makes the teeth feel so clean. It polishes them until they gleam . . . like newly manicured nails.

All without the slightest harm to the enamel. Without the use of grit or bleaches That marvelous "Tri-Calcium Phosphate" in Orphos does it all.

Millions have now turned to this magic Orphos. Dentists everywhere acclaim it. If you smoke—if your teeth have that yellowish look—go immediately to your nearest drug or department store and get a tube of Orphos. Or, if you prefer, send coupon below for generous Free 20-Time Tube.

For in Orphos is the inch-a-day way to glorious white teeth beauty!

No grit, *nothing to harm the most delicate enamel*

FREE 20-Time Tube

Mail this coupon to Orphos Co., Inc. Dept. S-5, 22 West 32nd St., New York City, for free 20-time tube.

Any woman could have foretold

Damp-dry clothes without effort... without delay... without risk!

WHEN the first damp-dryer replaced the wringer on an Easy Washing Machine, *any woman could have foretold what would happen:* She would have known that the new device solved an old problem! Perhaps the first appeal would have been that of absolute safety . . .

But the new Easy does away with more than a wringer. It saves time and strength and clothes as well as worry . . . With it, there are no more broken buttons, hooks or fasteners . . . No injurious straining of fabrics, cracked silks or rayon garments . . . No stretched or distorted woolen garments . . . No deep, hard-to-iron wrinkles in clothes . . . No water to lift or carry . . . No effort in rinsing, blueing or wringing.

Sounds miraculous maybe, but the new Easy Washer *does* these things. It washes more gently and thoroughly than human hands . . . Cleanses, rinses and damp-dries all at the same time . . . Returns rinse and blue waters to proper tubs . . . Does its own draining . . . All at the touch of a switch, the move of a lever. No wonder this new machine today outsells all previous Easy types in the ratio of *eight to one!*

There continues to be a demand, however, for Easy Washers with wringers. And it continues to be supplied—but always with the complete understanding that this is *not* the wringerless type. It is naturally a lower priced machine.

For homes without electricity the new Easy is furnished with a built-in 4-cycle gasoline motor

No more torn clothes

No more buttons off

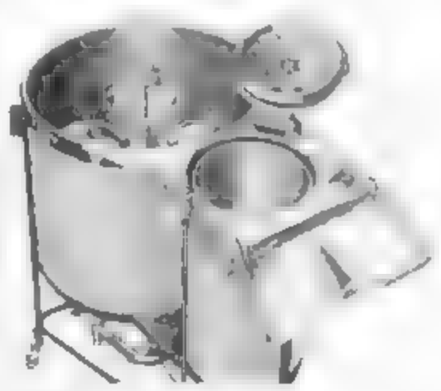
EASY

Wringerless Washing

The day of slowly feeding clothes into a wringer—piece-by-piece and again and again—is swiftly passing.

With the new Easy Washer an enclosed compartment replaces the wringer. It takes a whole batch of clothes at one time and whirls out all the water in less than two minutes. All you do is move a lever.

The clothes are left so evenly damp you can hang them indoors. The hems and seams will not drip.



The large compartment washes. The smaller compartment damp-dries. Both work at once. Each holds eight full-size sheets

So much more water is taken from the clothes in the automatic damp-dryer that drying time is greatly shortened.

Thus, even with indoor drying your washing and ironing can be done on the same day if you choose.

Things like feather pillows or blankets which will not go through a wringer are easily handled.

The Vacuum Principle

The fame of the Easy Washer was built on the vacuum principle of washing.

In effect, the principle is the same as that employed by hand washing.

Like human hands, the Easy's three vacuum cups move up and down and back again.

This happens *sixty-six times a minute*—gently but positively cleansing, in an incredibly few moments.

No garment is too dirty, no piece too bulky, no fabric too fine to wash perfectly in the new Easy.

How It Saves Time

The new Easy does a complete washing from basket to line faster than any other washer. Yet no harmful short-cuts to cleanness are taken.

Speed is gained by doing two things at once.

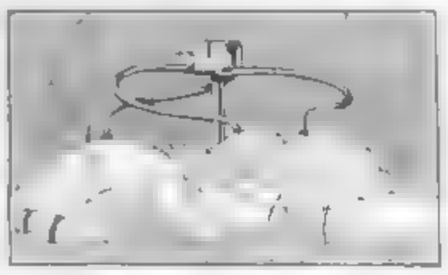
Eight full-size sheets, or their equal in other clothes, are washed thoroughly and gently in the wash tub while eight other sheets are damp-dried in the drying tub.

The clothes are not rushed and you are not hurried.

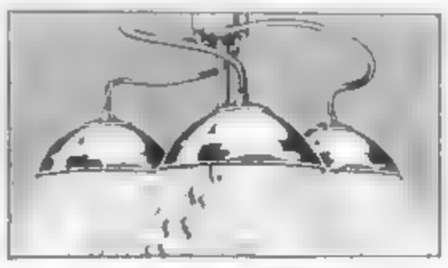
Keeps Water Hot

By means of a special gas heater beneath the wash tub, abundant hot water is provided constantly.

White pieces can be sterilized right in the washer without the fuss or bother of using a wash boiler.



Down stroke of vacuum cups



Up stroke of vacuum cups

Air pressure and suction are the principles of the Easy vacuum-cup method of washing

No Burdensome Water

Every drop of water is emptied for you electrically. The sturdy, simple, trouble-free pump does this back-breaking job.

When you are all through washing and drying, just move a little lever, and the new Easy empties itself into the drain or sink.

Then, a few swishes of a cloth and the copper tubs, nickeled on the inside, are as new and bright as ever. No work at all.

A Week's Washing Free

Try this magic new Easy Washer free . . . in your own home . . . with your own clothes.

See how you can wash, rinse and dry your clothes in one operation.

See how time is saved and effort spared.

Simply call the Easy dealer. He will bring the new Easy to your home and show you a miracle in washing clothes.

A demonstration does not obligate you in any way. And you can own an Easy on easy terms, with low monthly payments.

If you do not know the address of an Easy dealer, write us.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

WASHER

She sat in D·5·L at the Shubert

WEDNESDAY night . . . I think . . . or was it Thursday? I'm not so sure, but of *one* thing I *am* certain . . . for sheer grace, she outshone the loveliest star on the stage!

I saw her first as she swept down the aisle lithesome, sure-footed, poised as lightly as a butterfly hovering on a blossom!

Afterwards, for two all-too-short intermissions, I saw only a gleaming chestnut bob and an orchid scarf of tulle . . . or is it chiffon-that *floaty* material?

But the *grace* of her wouldn't be denied, so I lingered in the lobby to watch her cross the sidewalk to her motor . . . and I gazed discreetly and joyfully . . . then turned toward home with a new treasure added to that store of Beauty which every man hoards in his memory against the bleak, prosaic everyday!

* * *

Whenever I see a modern Naiad sweep by on fluent feet, I automatically recall to mind a conversation I once had with the loveliest woman I've ever known.

It was she who told me that the *foundation* of bodily grace lies in shoes that fit the feet perfectly in action as well as repose . . . shoes that never nag. Odd? Not at all!

Every woman," she said, "is *naturally* graceful—but to walk gracefully, buoyantly, she must wear shoes that leave the feet free, unhampered. That is why I *always* select my shoes from among the really *stunning* Red Cross Shoe models."

I wonder if that girl I saw at the theater wears Red Cross Shoes? . . . I couldn't very well ask her, of course . . . but I'm rather certain that she does!

* * *

Of course, most women are first attracted to Red Cross Shoes by their loveliness, their smartness of line, their truly Parisian *verve* that none but a French designer could impart.

But once you experience the incredible foot-ease afforded by these remarkable shoes, they will be your shoes forever after.

Red Cross Shoes are shaped, you know, over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts—derived from an exhaustive study of thousands of feminine feet. Because every measurement or "Limit" was established with scientific accuracy, Red Cross Shoes *must* fit every normal foot, perfectly.

Then there is the exclusive Arch-Tone support, which holds up the arch and prevents those maddening instep aches, and the Natural-shaped heel, comfortably roomy at the bottom, snugly narrow at the top, it cannot slip or rub.

For the street, *pour le sport*, for occasions informal or formal, Red Cross Shoes are *de rigueur*. The smartest shoe store in town will show you many lovely models, at prices ranging from $10 to $10.50. There are also Sub-deb models from $6.50 to $8.50, and Junior models from $3.50 to $6.

ARCH-TONE
Red Cross Shoe

FITS THE FOOT IN ACTION AND REPOSE

This FREE BOOKLET—*"Walk to Beauty"—is interestingly illustrated, and gives the views of prominent educators on the subject of correct posture. It also tells how a graceful carriage can add to the charm of lovely womanhood. Send for your copy. Address Dept. P.*

©1928 U. S. Shoe Co.

Product of THE UNITED STATES SHOE COMPANY, *Cincinnati*

(Continued from Page 125)

There came a job where Jake and I were working together, but taking alternate dives, searching for sunken torpedoes. That may need a little explaining. Torpedoes fired in practice, without war heads, are supposed to run until their power is exhausted, and then float. Then the destroyer's launch can retrieve them and tow them back to her. But sometimes they sink, and as they cost a great deal of money they have to be recovered by divers.

This day the Vesuvius was firing. We had recovered several of the torpedoes, and it came my turn when the next one went down; I remember, it was in ninety feet of water. I went down and got it, but while I was down she fired another one, and that sank too.

They told me when I came up, and I said, "Don't take the suit off; I'll go and get it."

Jake said, "No, it's my turn and I'll go," but I said, "No, there's no use shifting. I'm in my suit, and I'll go."

"You come aboard," he said, and of course I had to do it. Then he said to the men "Buoy it well" and headed the diving boat for home, leaving the torpedo where it was till next day.

When he got in he went down and turned in his resignation. He wouldn't listen to any argument; he insisted that when he couldn't do his share of the work it was time for him to resign, and nothing would change him.

So they gave me his job as instructor. We had big classes then. Between 1913 and 1920, I probably instructed 2000 men in diving. Besides that, I was doing a good deal of diving myself.

I have learned that the biggest part of diving is on the topside. No matter how good a man may be as a diver, if you have incompetence topside you can stop him. But if the diver has nothing to think of but the task before him, even a poorer diver can make good.

One time I was clean out on the bottom just because of poor tending. I was down after a torpedo, and diving from pumps. While I was circling I came across my air hose, lying on the bottom. I signaled to take up the slack, and instead, they gave me more.

I coiled the hose up on my arm. Then I began to come across a length of my life line. I coiled that up on my other arm, and went ahead with my work, but I noticed I was beginning to breathe hard, carrying all that stuff, so I signaled to come up. And they sent me down the torpedo line!

Diving With Flasks

Well, I was just bull-headed. I thought to myself "I'll beat them," and went ahead searching and saying over and over to myself, "I'm all right. I'm all right. I'm all right."

And then I went out completely.

Then I came to a little, lying on the bottom, and felt a jerk of my line; that meant; "Are you all right?"

Well, I was in such a condition that I didn't know whether I was all right or not. I didn't answer. They jerked again and I didn't answer, so finally they hauled me up. I took fifteen minutes' rest and then I gave them a fine bawling out, and went below again and got that torpedo.

It was inefficient tending that put me into the tightest position I was ever in and gave me the most serious after effects of anything that ever happened to me. This happened about four months before the S-4 disaster.

The buoy pendant on one of the destroyer moorings in Newport Harbor had carried away and the mooring was lost. Two civilian employes who had the matter in charge came down and got me to go out to get it. It happened that there was only one man in my diving boat at the moment—a young fellow who afterward did fine work. But rather than wait, I went out with only the one man, and by greatest good luck took the two civilian employes along. They were both ex-service men and had seen diving done before.

We anchored the diving boat about where the mooring ought to have been, and I went down and began my search. But I seemed to be wide of the right location, and after making a good many circles I came up. The men said they thought the mooring must be astern of us, so I paid out a good deal more of our anchor line and dropped my boat back. Then I went down again and began the search all over.

Now, I was diving from a flask—that is, instead of getting air from a hand pump, the diving boat was equipped with two flasks of compressed air; they are charged from a pressure line on the dock. I didn't take any notice of how much there was in the flask that was in use when I went down. I knew the rule, and the tender knew the rule, that no flask is ever to be used when the pressure falls below 250 pounds. When it gets down to there that flask is shut off and the other one is turned on. If that one gets down to 250 pounds the diver is told to come up. This rule is made so that there never will be a time when a man is down when there isn't plenty of air to bring him up, and also, if it should happen to be necessary in an emergency, to send another diver down to help him.

Time to Come Up

The first thing I noticed was that I was getting less air. I signaled for more air, but got no response. For some time I had been opening my control valve to increase my air supply, until it was wide open. That was when I began to signal, for the last time I adjusted the valve there had been no hiss of air coming in.

I signaled that I was coming up and got a reply. But they didn't pull me up, so in a minute I signaled again -four pulls—that I was coming up. Again I got a reply, but still they didn't pull me up. Again and again I tried it, but always with the same result; I got the reply, but no pull up.

I figured what I had better do, but I'll say this: I couldn't see much of any way out of this jam. I had been in a good many tight places and had got out all right, but this time there seemed to be no answer whatever.

A curious thing—what I was thinking, when I had about come to this conclusion, was what they would say when it was all over: "Well, there's one time he didn't beat it. They got him at last."

First I figured I might slip off my belt and shoes and come to the top. But I realized that even without belt and shoes I wouldn't have enough buoyancy, and the exertion of getting them off would be more than I could do. I figured I might try to walk to my own boat's mooring and go up on that. But we had paid out so much anchor line that it was too far for me even to walk.

I was going fast when they finally did pull me up. I wasn't actually out, but it was fifteen minutes before I could speak, after they got me into the boat. Then I found out what had happened. The first thing I said was: "Look at the gauge! I can do on a very little air, but I must have some. I insist on having some air."

I had been suffocating with a full unused flask of air in the boat. If the tender had been watching the gauge he would have seen that one flask was completely used up and would have turned on the other.

Between the flask and the diver's line there is a reducing chamber, and the gauge is on that. The air comes into the chamber at flask pressure, and is there reduced to whatever pressure the diver needs. Our pressure in the boat had been kept set at eighty pounds, and of course, when the pressure in the flask ran down below that no more air fed.

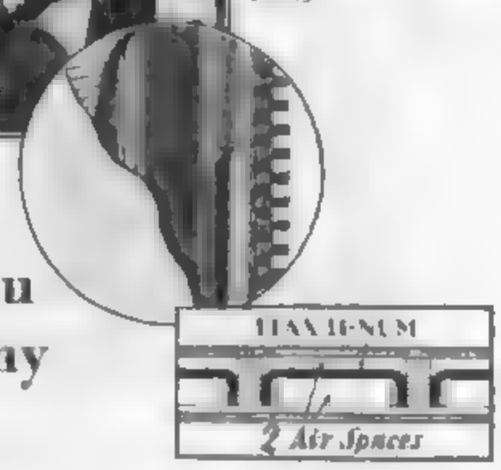
The civilians had watched the signals coming in on the life line, and had seen the tender answer so many times that they began to wonder what was the matter.

One of them asked him: "What do four pulls mean?"

Remember this Simple *but* Fundamental Principle of Insulation

THE MIRACLE OF FLAX-LI-NUM

Flax-li-num, through its "two-air space" method of installation, *actually transforms the useless air between the walls into an active ally of insulation.* By a remarkable but fundamental principle it increases its own insulating value fully one half, brings far greater protection and allows the use of an *economical thickness* of material with increased efficiency



Two Air Spaces Correctly Used Bring You Greater Comfort, Economy and Efficiency

EACH year the enormous sum of $450,000,000 is wasted through uncontrolled heat. Hungry furnaces work overtime and home owners suffer from dangerous, shifting temperatures because almost 30% of the heat for which they pay leaks away unnecessarily through uninsulated walls and roofs. Today no home is truly modern—no building complete, unless it is adequately protected by an insulating material from this appalling and unnecessary waste. However, that material must be applied correctly and according to accepted scientific principles or it loses much of its effectiveness.

The FLAX-LI-NUM Two-Air-Space Method

Science has conclusively proved that air spaces, correctly utilized, play a most important part in insulation. FLAX-LI-NUM is a positive barrier. It forms a wall within a wall in such a way that escaping heat meets with a *double* resistance—or, in other words, *the resistance of "two air spaces" is added to the basic insulating value of FLAX-LI-NUM.* These extra resistances increase the efficiency of FLAX-LI-NUM 50%.

FLAX-LI-NUM was the first to take advantage of the "two-air-space" method and to make it possible for prospective home owners to enjoy increased savings and comfort. The principles fostered by FLAX-LI-NUM for more than eighteen years are now accepted by heating engineers the world over, and are endorsed by the U. S. Bureau of Standards.

Information and Counsel Upon Request

Prospective builders and home owners are welcome to the information we have gained through many years of research. We will be pleased to show how you, like so many thousand FLAX-LI-NUM users, can save at least one-third of your fuel bill each year—and how your home will be made more comfortable, more livable, and more economical to heat through the simple principle of FLAX-LI-NUM and two air spaces, correctly used.

FLAX-LI-NUM INSULATING CO., St. Paul, Minnesota
228 North La Salle St., Chicago — 101 Park Ave., New York City

Flax-li-num

A CORRECT BUILDING INSULATION AND SOUND CONTROL MATERIAL

FLAX LI NUM INSULATING CO.
St Paul, Minn. — S. E. P. – 1

Please send me full information on the Flax-li-num "two-air-space" method of insulation.

Name . . . . . Address

City . . . . . State

"The Better the Wringer the Whiter the Wash"

A good washing machine plus a good wringer makes a mole-hill out of a mountain

AN EXTREMELY important factor in the efficiency of the modern washing machine is the wringer.

You know, of course, that clothes are *dryer* when run through a wringer—but do you know that the same operation also makes them *cleaner?*

This fact may readily be proved by a simple demonstration. Take two garments of the same age and character from your wash, when both are ready for wringing; run one through your wringer, and hang it up to dry; hang the other up to dry without wringing; then see which dries out the whiter.

There are various ways of drying clothes, but only one fundamental way of removing the tenacious dirt and soap particles that still linger in textile fibres after thorough slushing of the fabric with soap-and-water This way is by pressure

In the modern American home, the pressure-process" is given the fabric by the resilient rubber rolls of the clothes-wringer, operating under spring tension. But not many housewives realize that their wringer is making their fabrics cleaner, as well as removing surplus soap-and-water from the garments.

We are publishing this series of advertisements so that American women may better appreciate the importance of the wringer whether hand operated or on their washing machines, and may more fully recognize the necessity, when choosing a new machine, of selecting one with an efficient wringer.

That you may know you are getting a washing machine in which no expense has been spared in providing the finest wringer-equipment, we suggest that you make sure that the rolls on the wringer are made by Lovell. These resilient, semi-soft rubber rolls are adjusted to give the proper distribution of pressure, without harm to fabrics or buttons

A half-century of progressive experience has made Lovell Anchor Brand Wringers known as the better wringers—and, "The Better the Wringer, the Whiter the Wash

Write for a copy of the Lovell booklet,
***"Wringing—the Secret of a Whiter Wash"*—sent free**
LOVELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, *Erie, Penna.*

© Lovell Mfg. Co., 1928

LOVELL
HAND OPERATED **WRINGERS** POWER OPERATED
AND WRINGER ROLLS

"That he is coming up."

"Well, why don't you pull him up?"

"I'm waiting for him to show up."

The young fellow said he had been told that the diver would make himself buoyant and come to the surface, and that all the tender would have to do would be to take in the slack.

The civilians said, "Well, you'd better take a pull on him, wouldn't you? He's signaled a dozen times and hasn't come up. There may be something wrong with him." So they had hauled me up.

As soon as I had recovered a little and was as near normal as I could be under the circumstances, I went down again. I had found the mooring chain before I quit and had made fast my distance line to it. So all I had to do when I went down again was to carry a buoy line to it and make it fast.

When I got home that night my heart was going like a trip hammer. It didn't get any better; the least exertion set it to fluttering, and I went to my doctor. He told me that my heart had had a severe strain and I would have to take it easy. I was under his care for three months, and as a matter of fact, I still feel the effects of that experience.

There is a lot of this searching for torpedoes to be done. The torpedo station and the torpedo range are both at Newport, and they are constantly having firing practice. Most of the torpedoes float at the end of their run, but some of them sink. Some of these sink before their air pressure is exhausted, and plunge into the mud on a slant. If they have any power on, they will go their whole length into the mud, or more.

In the old days a torpedo was worth from $4500 to $5000; nowadays they cost from $10,000 to $11,000 apiece. So they have to be saved if possible. In one year I alone recovered on the range 186 torpedoes.

The torpedoes are so arranged that they have about 400 pounds of pressure still left in their air flasks at the end of their run. And one day I found the torpedo I was hunting for standing up on the bottom on end, so that I had to climb up on it to make fast the strap to hoist it by. The thing was thoroughly greased, of course, and as I was working up it my foot hit the starting lever, and we were off for the surface.

If I let go, the torpedo would go on up, and when the steel propellers reached me they would rip me open all the way up to my breastplate. So I hung on with my arms round it, slipping backward toward the propellers all the time, of course, and managed to stay with it till I came to the surface. Then it floated and I was safe. The torpedo shut off when it got to the surface.

Buried in Mud

When you have to go down into the mud after a torpedo you wash it clear of its bed with a stream of hose water. But the first job is to find it, and the only way to learn that job is by experience. If you can find the little lumps of mud kicked out by the propellers, and know how to look for direction, it is easy enough. I always ask first, "How did she go? Did she throw mud?" If they say she did I know she is buried out of sight.

If you find the lumps of mud you know they will lie in long rows in a V, and that the rows will run together till you come to where the torpedo is buried. The first question, when you find the little lumps of mud on the bottom, is: Which way? Well, if the first ones you see are as large as your thumb-nail, and then you begin to find them as large as two fingers, you know you're going right, and you can simply follow along the row till you come to a big hump in the mud. That hump is over your torpedo. Sometimes the propellers will just be in sight. Then you signal for a torpedo line and make it fast on the after body. Then you go up and make arrangements for hosing it out of its hole.

One torpedo I salvaged was twenty-two feet down in the mud, as we found by the mark on my life line when I finally finished the job. It had gone down on a slant, and I very unwisely undertook to enlarge the hole round it, rather than wash away the immense amount of silt over it. I did this, of course, to shorten my job, but it came near shortening my life. I worked well down on the torpedo, hosing around it, and all of a sudden the mud caved in on me. The pressure was immediately very great—much greater than water.

I kept my head, for I realized that I had the means of my own salvation in my hand the hose. I had been forced down into as little space as possible. So I brought the nozzle up close to my helmet alongside of my escape valve. I knew I must keep that clear of mud or the air would build up in my suit. Then I began to work the nozzle slowly back and forth in front of me, cutting away at the mud overhead to give myself every chance. It was long and slow, but I finally cut through to the open water and then hosed out my buried lines.

They knew on the topside that something was wrong, of course. But they didn't haul me—luckily for me. The line and the hose wouldn't have stood the strain they would have had to put on me, to say nothing of the chance that they would probably have hauled me apart. They had signaled to ask me if I was all right, but with my line buried in the mud I couldn't feel their signal. And you bet I wasn't signaling to be hauled up either.

Leading a Charmed Life

As soon as I was clear I went to work again, and this time I didn't try to make any short cuts, but hosed the whole thing out. I finished that job the long way.

It is the unforeseeable, of course, that gets you. I was nearly killed once because there was a leak in the by-pass of the main steam in the engine room of the torpedo boat Morris—though I wasn't anywhere aboard of her.

The Morris caught a cable in her screw. They brought her alongside the dock and I went down to see what could be done. I got out all the mess of cable there was above the hub of the propeller, but I couldn't get what was between the propeller and the shaft. So I went up again and got me a chisel. When I came down with it I landed astraddle of the cone that protects the holding-on nut. That was just exactly right, as I intended to lie down between the blades of the propeller and work down on the jammed cable. So as I sat on the cone I was facing the blades, and all of a sudden the screw began to turn.

I threw my arms wide apart and threw myself backward. Luckily the kick was forward, and the water washed me away from the screw instead of sucking me into it. Naturally the kick would be forward, since she was going ahead when she picked up the cable, and was stopped, still going ahead, when she couldn't do any more. As soon as I was well clear I grabbed my air valve to prevent being squeezed, and dropped to the bottom. Then I signaled to come up, and when I got on deck, what I told them!

Then I made them put on the jacking gear. That way, the propellers couldn't turn; even if they gave her a full head of steam, it would only strip the machine completely. But after that I always made them put on the jacking gear before I would work round a propeller.

We found out that what had happened was this: There was a leak in the by-pass of the main steam, and nobody knew about it. The steam kept leaking through, and had built up quite a pressure without anybody's realizing it. But when I got out that much of the cable that was over the hub, I had weakened the jam enough so that finally the pressure of the steam could overcome it and turn the engine over.

When I got back down there again I found that the engine had kicked most of the rest of the jam out. There were just a few straggly ends for me to clear out, and she was free. But it was only my luck that I wasn't killed that time.

(Continued on Page 132)

1900
30 AN HOUR

1929
30 A MINUTE

SPEED

Toledo Scales insure speedy material-handling. They instantly show exact weight by automatically pointing to a definite figure on the dial. Where competition makes speed a factor in securing a profit by the reduction of costs, Toledo Scales are placed in the front rank of essential, time-saving equipment.

There are Toledo automatic dial scales adapted to any handling method—overhead track scales . . . conveyor scales . . . hopper scales . . . tank scales . . . floor-level scales . . . bench scales . . . hanging scales . . . auto truck scales . . . scales up to 60,000 pounds capacity. There are cylinder-type and fan-type scales for retail stores . . . letter, air mail and parcel post scales for offices and shipping rooms . . . and personal-weight scales.

May we send a representative to make a weight-study of your plant operation? Please write us.

TOLEDO SCALE COMPANY · TOLEDO, OHIO

Canadian Toledo Scale Company Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Service Stations and Sales Rooms in 124 Cities in the United States and Canada

TOLEDO SCALES

NO SPRINGS - HONEST WEIGHT

Makes Life Sweeter

Children's stomachs sour, and need an anti-acid. Keep their systems sweet with Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

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(Continued from Page 130)

One question almost everybody asks a diver is whether a shark ever bothers him and whether the divers see much of fish. No shark ever bothered me, but a diver working on the S-5, which was sunk in 156 feet of water forty-five miles off Cape May, had a funny experience.

He was just coming up from his dip and had climbed onto the stage at fifty feet deep. He was due to stay there for the next twenty minutes. He was sitting on the stage with his feet hanging off, much as anyone might sit in a swing, when he felt something strike his right shoe. He didn't pay much attention to it, thinking it was the descending line, which was somewhere close by.

Suddenly he remembered that the descending line was on his left. He leaned over to peer into the depths below, and got a glimpse of an enormous fish tail going past just below his feet. And the fish tail was the propeller of a huge shark. The diver jumped to his feet, and, hanging onto the stage line with one hand, he got out his diver's knife with the other. He tried its cutting edge with his thumb, and he told me afterward it was the dullest knife he ever carried. But he judged that it would at least tickle the shark's ribs.

The shark made three slow circles around the diver, apparently trying to figure where he would start in. Occasionally he would stop and stare with his small eyes. And his mouth would open and close; the diver said it was exactly like the villain's laugh in the movies.

Maybe the shark didn't see any place that looked tender. Anyway he started to ascend, with two pilot fish alongside, till he came to the ship's bottom. The diver telephoned to the topside what he had seen, and said the shark ought to be at the surface or near it. They got out a rifle and in a few minutes the shark appeared and they made a direct hit on what proved to be quite a large shark.

Divers see plenty of fish, and often they are great nuisances. At one time, when they were wrecking a marine railway here at Newport, my job was to make the slings fast round the timbers. These timbers were coated thick with mussels, and of course the wire slings crushed the mussels by the thousands. It was like scattering chum bait, and the cunners, or chubsters, were thick as mosquitoes round me. Every time I put my hand out I would hit dozens of them. They kept bumping against every part of me. When I was waiting for the next sling to come down I would sit down on a timber, crush a handful of mussels and hold them out to the fish. They would eat from my hand just like pigeons, and if I didn't keep up the supply they would peck at my fingers to tell me to get busy again.

A Prize Lobster

Sometimes, on the station, when there isn't much doing, we will give the men who are in the diving class a spear and let them go fishing. They get flatfish, flounders a-plenty, and it takes their minds off themselves by giving them something interesting to do.

I have fished, myself, with a good deal of success. I soon found it was no use to try to spear a flounder if he was headed away from you. Every time you got up near him he would simply flip along a little way. The one to go after was the one you met head-on. And the way to keep them after you got them was to slide them right up the spear to the top; there was a stop up there to keep them from sliding off. I always tried to jab them just back of the head, so as not to spoil too much meat.

Lobsters you find round the rocks, and tease them up with the spear. You make little jabs at them without touching them till they get good and goaty. Then you keep up the teasing, but just a little farther away from them each time. They will spar and grab at the spear just like boxers, and you can tease them right out from behind the rock and grab them. I have brought up as many as seven at a time, holding them by the tails in a bunch.

One lobster I caught was the biggest one I ever saw; he was so big that a store offered me twenty-five dollars for him. I was hunting for a torpedo and making a circle when I got him. I was fetching my distance line along in little twitches, and all at once I felt something twitch back. I tried it again, and it twitched back again.

I thought it might be that the line had hung up between the blades of the propellers on the torpedo I was hunting for, so I began to follow it up. And the first thing I saw was two immense claws clutching the line. I got back of him and put my hand down on his back. But he was so big I couldn't span him with one hand. So I passed my hand forward to the narrowest part of him and then pressed him down hard, until I could get hold of his claws together and hold them so.

Then I took him in my arms like a baby, holding his claws tight, dropped everything else and signaled to come up. You ought to have seen the tenders when I flopped that lobster over the rail into the boat. I don't know how much he weighed, but he was very nearly three feet long.

Almost everybody that talks with a diver also asks this question: Can you see under water?

The View at the Bottom

Yes, you can. The only reason people in swimming think you can't see under water is that they don't stay under water long enough to get used to the diminished light and the quality of it. They dive, and as they go down in salt water they see through the water first as white, then as greenish, and finally, as they get deeper, as blackness. In lake water the change runs through brown to black.

Seeing under water depends on two things principally. One is the kind of bottom and the other is the state of the sky. On a bright day and on a sandy or gravelly bottom, you can see for ten feet all round you at a depth of 120 feet. You can't see so far on a cloudy day, and on a mud bottom on a cloudy day you can't see anything at all, and have to go by feeling.

Most harbors have muddy bottoms, and there is hardly any of what you would call a real black, muddy bottom in the open sea. Out there, in some places there is clay and in others sand and gravel. Then, of course, there is always a certain amount of rocky bottom—underwater ledges.

I have had to climb down one of them for sixty feet, just like finding your way down a ledge on a mountain ashore. That time, when I went down I went sixty feet and landed on a rock. But when I went to the edge of the rock I had to go down sixty feet more—climbing down, as I say, to reach bottom.

I don't know what you would call the view at the bottom. In a way it is a landscape, yet it lacks the look of what you mean by a landscape. It isn't exactly a seascape. Perhaps the only thing you could call it is a bottom-scape.

It is just like the ground ashore. If it is sand, there may be ripples on it where the current has dragged it. Perhaps there will be a rock sticking up here and there. On mud, it is just a smooth, slick plain, except where a torpedo, maybe, has plowed in and made a hump, or something has dragged along and cut a furrow. But there are always little hollows and little rises, just like ashore.

Marine growths are for the most part right near the shore line. Rockweed and kelp don't grow in deep water. Eelgrass grows only where some tributary brings down fresh water to mingle in the salt. It is terrible stuff; it grows as long as twenty feet; it is tough and can hold onto your lines so tight that you can use yourself up trying to force a way through it.

Naturally the water gets denser as you go down, and this changes the quality of the light more than anything else. It doesn't practically reduce the distance you can see.

You can't see at all when you first go down, nor until you get used to the diminished light. But if you stand still for a minute you will begin to make out things. I made a practice of shutting my eyes for a little while to accustom them to the dimness.

At night, or working inside a sunken submarine, we use lights of 1000-watt power. They are nuisances, in a way, because of the danger of getting afoul of the wire. Also when we first go into a submarine we always find that the dirt has piled up in her and every movement stirs it up. The light won't help you much then; the water is so full of drifting particles that it looks like a thick snowstorm.

As we go on working, the circulation of water caused by the divers moving about and the stirring it gets from the air escaping from our helmets drives the mud out, and about the time you get the job done you can see pretty well.

Diving at night is entirely by feeling. You can't search successfully for small objects, but you can find a big thing like a torpedo. They avoid using divers at night as much as they can, but on submarine-salvage jobs the work goes on night and day; it is always uncertain how long the good weather will last, and every minute of it must be used while it does last. But there again it makes little difference so far as the work inside of a sub is concerned; whether it is night or day, we have to use a light anyway.

Diving at night is a pretty sight when the water is firing, as the fishermen say. You can move your hands up and down in front of you and carve flames in the water. Of course these flames don't illuminate the bottom or help you to see your work, but they certainly are pretty.

Seeing under water is most important when you have to search for small articles; and I have had to search for things as large as a Whitehead torpedo and for things as small as a diamond ring. I found the diamond ring too.

A Diamond in the Muck

Searching for small objects, your success depends mainly on how you start to work. A man can be to blame, himself, for his own failure. If you have a weight on the end of a descending line or on a marker buoy to start from as a center, your first job is to find out which way the tide or the current is running.

There is almost always tide or current. You stand facing the current, and then you take just a little line on your circling line, out to one side of your center and so close to your weight that you can see right to it.

You start, then, looking on both sides of you and moving up against the current. When you get directly upstream from the weight, it is no use to circle any farther, because after that the mud you stir up will be running directly away from you and you can't see the bottom at all. So when you get upstream from the weight you turn right round and go back over the ground you have searched.

As soon as you are downstream at all from the weight, the mud will be leaving your ground clear and you can see all the way round and up the other side, till you are again upstream from the weight. Again you stop and turn, making your circle just a little wider.

That way you have a chance; if you go all the way round in one direction you haven't a chance at all, practically. To prove that this is right, I have never yet gone down for anything like a ring or a watch and failed to find it.

When I went after the diamond ring it was a long chance against me. You can find a ring, or any small object on sandy or gravelly bottom, where it lies up and you can see it. But in soft, black, oozy mud, hardly more than the consistency of cream, the chance is a harder one.

This happened during the war. One of the fellows in the naval reserve lost his ring at the pier off the armory. I think he was taking a wash, and the soap made the ring slip off his finger into the bucket. Then when he emptied the bucket overboard the ring went with the suds.

All I knew about it at the time was the word that came to the station that there was a job at the pier, and for me to go over there. I took the diving boat and some members of the class then under instruction.

They told me where the ring was, going by where the fellow was standing when he emptied the bucket. I made my boat fast alongside the pier and lowered a weight about four feet off the place where they thought the ring lay, to take no chances of the weight going right down on the ring and pressing it into the mud.

For the Big Jobs

Then I went down. There was only about twelve feet of water, but the mud was so soft that it clouded up the water and I couldn't see at all. But I worked up against the current, and I hadn't gone more than four feet when I saw what looked like the gold part of a ring.

I stuck my finger very cautiously through it and raised it up. It was the ring, all right, and I pushed it safely on my finger and said to it through the helmet "Ah, baby!"

Then I signaled to come up. The ring, by the way, was ten feet from where it was supposed to be. The owner of it was on the pier, and he was disappointed when he saw me start up, for he thought, of course, I had failed and had given up. Even my tenders were disappointed, for I had been down just thirteen seconds. I got fifty dollars from the owner for that job; it was the fastest money I ever earned.

Looked at one way, all these experiences—and for that matter, all my whole life—seemed to be direct training for what was coming, and what proved to be the greatest possible experience a diver could have. It was the salvage work on the two major submarine accidents that have occurred on this coast—the S-51 disaster and the S-4 disaster.

My early mechanical training, my naval training, my being attracted into the diving work, my experience in submarines, so that I knew about their arrangements and the matters of pressure and buoyancy, I can see now were exactly what a man needed to make him ready for work on the salvage of submarines.

They were big jobs, and they were, each in its own way, pioneer jobs. No such task was ever before attempted as that on the S-51—raising a sunken sub in the open sea from 130 feet of water. What we learned on that job revised our methods, gave us new tools and a new design for a pontoon.

The S-4 disaster, where men were alive in the sunken sub for many hours, has resulted in a thorough research into rescue devices for the crews of submarines that may be so trapped. It resulted also in my being on hand and able, under the greatest possible handicaps, to free Fred Michels, another diver, from a predicament that would have surely meant his death—and that was worth a whole lifetime of training and experience.

Forty Weeks

IN AN article entitled Forty Weeks, by Miss Peggy Wood, appearing in the issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for September 15, 1928, reference was made to the experiences of Miss Alden Gay while filling a part in an English musical play. The article states that as a result of the attitude taken by the British Labor Department Miss Gay was fired and deported. It appears that Miss Gay was not fired but voluntarily released her employer from his contract when the attitude of the Labor Office became known to her, and later of her own free will and accord returned to the United States.

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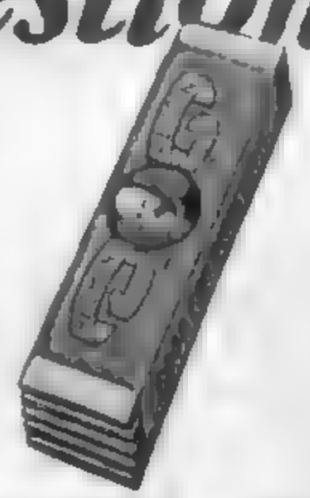

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A single ride will explain why this has been the most enthusiastically accepted Hudson ever built.

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Just to examine and ride in a Hudson Super-Six reveals such visible margins of value, in beauty, performance and comfort, that you cannot fail to share the overwhelming public conviction.

HUDSON

The Hudson Super-Six
118-inch Standard Sedan

SUPER-SIX

DYNASTY

(Continued from Page 25)

So rapid had been the expansion of the Worthington interests that Amasa, though gratified at his own aggrandizement, was apprehensive. His ability to cope with the problems of a moderate woodworking plant had been adequate; he could not grasp even the meaning of some of Hiram's far-flung graspings. He remonstrated, but in feeble manner.

"Hiram," he said, "have we not enough? Are we not going too fast?"

"Our balance sheet will show you that, sir," said Hiram. "We have gone rapidly, but solidly."

"But, my boy, aren't we becoming unwieldy, unmanageable?"

"Nothing," said Hiram, "is too big to manage. I am not sure, sir, that it is not simpler to manage a vast concern doing business in millions than it is to run a corner grocery."

"I am getting old, Hiram."

"Nonsense, sir. You are fifty-six. You may well look forward to another ten years of active business life."

Ten years! How far wrong was Hiram in this estimate? Ten years of active business life! What would have been his thoughts at that moment could he have known that Amasa Worthington would still be active in the company after the lapse of thirty-five years!

Amasa cleared his throat and drummed on his desk with hesitant fingers. He was the owner, the head of the business, possessed of 90 per cent of the securities which represented its ownership—and yet he knew moments of hesitation and embarrassment in the presence of this young man, moments when he was reluctant to open a discussion, to make a suggestion, to give an order. And yet he had no reason to be so. Never for an instant had Hiram been inconsiderate. His constant effort had been to delude Amasa into the belief that Amasa was the actual controlling, directing head. In the most minute details, he saved Amasa's face. But hidden in Worthington's heart was distrust of his own abilities and a sure knowledge of Hiram Bond's powers. He leaned upon him more heavily each day; each day it was necessary for him to lean more heavily as the enterprises thrust higher their heads and wider their shoulders.

There had, also, grown up between the men a curious affection. Hiram was fond of Amasa, fond of the man. It is strange that he never could—indeed, never tried to—put from his mind a sort of reverence for Worthington; the species of veneration which Amasa, as the town's first and wealthiest citizen, had aroused in the breasts of his townspeople ten years ago. The young man would not have wounded the feelings of the older for any conceivable sum. And Worthington, unless stirred to temporary resentment or jealousy by his wife or son, gave his liking to Hiram. They understood each other in a secret kind of way, and each realized in the same secret way that the other understood him.

The finger-tapping ceased and Amasa lifted his eyes. "My son has been home six months," he said.

"I have seen him about," said Hiram, girding his loins for the struggle for which he had been preparing for a decade—the decisive battle between himself and Amasa Worthington's wife.

"His education has been completed," said Amasa, "and he must go to work. We must find a place for him—er—such a place as is properly his as my son and heir, to whom all this business will go at the appointed time."

"Surely," said Hiram adroitly, "you do not consider stepping aside in his favor!"

"I do not," said Mr. Worthington pompously. "Most certainly I do not."

"For what position," asked Hiram, "has his education fitted him? We must consider that. He is still a very young man—ambitious no doubt, but young. It is natural, of course, that he should want some place in our organization which will seem to him properly important."

"Er—exactly."

"There are dangers we must guard against," said Hiram.

"Of what nature?"

"Those," said Hiram, "inherent in the situation. Your son is your sole heir. On a day—very distant, we hope—the supreme power in this company you have built up will be his. He is aware of that."

"Naturally," said Amasa in his dignified manner.

"The peril," said Hiram, "will be in the knowledge of others of that fact—and the use they make of it."

"I fear I fail to understand you, Hiram."

"It is one which never has failed to make its appearance in just these circumstances. A party will form around him. Men who have their eye on the future will worm themselves into his confidence. We will have an organization within an organization—a cabal, in short. This will not be good for your son."

"Ah—umph."

"After all, sir, a great business is like a kingdom. There must be a king, and that is yourself. There must also be a crown prince. A crown prince, sir, is a person who marks time until he wears the crown. Absolute authority is out of his grasp by ten or twenty years, but he knows it will be his. In the meantime he can have only such power as his position gives him—not actual, but potential. You have read history, sir. What is the story of all crown princes?"

Amasa frowned. Hiram abandoned the subject, as it was his custom to abandon subjects when his purpose in talking had been attained. He had sowed the seed. He had implanted in Amasa's mind the idea that his son, if put in a position to do so, might gather about him a party loyal to him but disloyal to Amasa. The crown-prince idea!

"There is no hurry," Hiram said. "Suppose we give it consideration. I am sure you will reach a solution as you always do, sir."

"It is a point requiring thought," said Amasa uneasily.

*

THE Worthington Corporation had not been the sole enterprise to expand greatly during the past decade; it was an era of expansion, but the great business combinations were yet to come. They were discussed; Congress made great talk of them, the world eyed them with suspicion. The name "trust" carried to the public mind a certain stigma, and a mere corporation was regarded as something not quite honest. But nevertheless the requirements of financing and of management demanded the formation of larger groupings of capital. It was evolution, and the clamoring voices of apprehensive or jealous men have never been sufficient to halt the slow progress of inevitable phenomena.

To the eastward of Worthington there had risen the millions of Peter C. Woodbury; if one looked westward, the eyes rested upon the ramifications of Wilard Latham's holdings, and on the south Bainbridge Nixon had become mighty. The north alone was open, or nearly open. Already these powers impinged upon one another, their fringes touched and were confused with one another. Friction was inevitable. It was a condition which gave food for study to Hiram Bond, who foresaw a rivalry destined to break out into open warfare.

Your business man—if he works upon a huge stage—must possess the qualities of a statesman. He must seek his spheres of influence, make his alliances, prepare his war chest, his armies and his defenses. Hiram, as he studied his maps, was convinced that the future of the Worthington enterprises lay northward and westward. Therefore it behooved him to make certain of the friendship of Woodbury and of Nixon. But more especially of Woodbury, for the man himself was one of those financial geniuses, an organizer, a general, with whom any individual might hesitate to join battle. Nixon was an unknown power, rather inchoate, of vast potentialities, but one who seemed rather to have grown with the times and by good fortune rather than of set plan and through unusual abilities. As for Latham, on the west, he was a man of old family and of old wealth. He was a true aristocrat, in so far as America could afford an aristocrat. Able he was in times of calm, but Hiram questioned if he possessed the vigor to command in times of war.

It became his set policy then to conciliate Woodbury, to reach some sort of alliance or working agreement with him. He would have liked to go to Woodbury with a map, sit at table with him, and, in businesslike manner, divide the promised land between them. But Woodbury was an individualist, an egoist. Hiram had provided openings for conversations, but Woodbury remained studiously blind to them. Nixon, on the contrary, was flattered.

"So long," said Hiram to Amasa Worthington, "as Woodbury and ourselves do not jostle each other, there is no danger. We can flatter Nixon to follow any policy. Our object must be to work toward a definite alliance with Woodbury."

"Why trouble about any of them?" asked Mr. Worthington uneasily. "Haven't we enough, Hiram? Why must we always be reaching out for more?"

"Because," said Hiram grimly, "we must reach or be reached for. The whole world is changing—the whole business world. It seems to follow some inexorable law, sir—the law of concentration. You can trace the working of it back through the century. First, men invented the partnership, two men joining their abilities and their capital for the sake of greater economy and higher production. There was a day when partnerships were illegal. When partnerships reached their maximum with the advance of industry, some other machinery was necessary, and the corporation was invented. It was necessary to the continuance of business; made so, sir, by the growth of population, improvement of transportation, increased purchasing power. We are at the very dawn of a new day. I am saying to you, Mr. Worthington, that we may see within this generation groupings of corporations which will bring under one executive head a billion dollars in properties!"

"That," said Mr. Worthington, "is sheer nonsense, Hiram. It would be illegal. It would be too cumbersome to manage."

"No," said Hiram, and then he smiled one of his rare smiles. "What is the United States but a huge trust—a combination of smaller corporations, which are the states!"

"A fanciful idea!" said Mr. Worthington.

"By the way," said Hiram, "you were speaking of a summer home."

"Mrs. Worthington was discussing it, and my son."

"A man of your position," said Hiram, "should maintain a summer residence. It is expected of you."

"Er—possibly—quite possibly."

"A number of very influential men have chosen Narragansett Pier or Newport. For you, sir, I would suggest nothing but the most exclusive."

"One likes," said Worthington, "to be among men who are—ah—in the same walk of life, so to speak."

"Peter C. Woodbury," said Hiram, "has recently purchased a house at Newport. In a roundabout way it has come to my attention that the adjoining property can be purchased very reasonably."

"Indeed!" said Amasa. He eyed Hiram with some suspicion. "Young man," he said, "I find that you make few recommendations of a personal nature without some motive which comes to light later. I would prefer you to be frank with me."

"Have my suggestions been to your advantage, sir, or to your detriment?"

"Nevertheless," said Amasa, "I have sometimes the uncomfortable feeling that you would like to move me about the board like a checker."

"Jonathan," said Hiram, "is around twenty-six."

"Ah," said Amasa.

"Peter C. Woodbury's daughter is twenty."

"I did not know he had a daughter."

"And beautiful, I am told," said Hiram.

"You keep yourself informed, Hiram, of things which one would not believe of interest to you."

"Everything interests me," said Hiram, "which may be useful to your future prosperity, sir."

Amasa smiled dryly. "So you wish my son to marry Woodbury's daughter?"

"I am always careful," said Hiram, "to carry ample fire insurance on our properties."

"While we are on the subject," Amasa said, "we may as well discuss where we are to place my son. He is growing impatient."

"He is an unknown quantity," said Hiram. "Do you not think it would be a wise idea to try his abilities?"

"Unquestionably."

"Very well, sir. There is the Devon Street Railway Company, which we have discussed taking over. Why not do so and put your son in charge. Let him see what he can do with it. It will be quite in keeping with your position, sir, to make your son president of such a company—one which may grow to considerable importance."

"An excellent idea," said Amasa. "I will broach the subject this evening."

Amasa did broach the subject, to be met by the cold opposition of his wife. "There is but one place for Steele," she said—Mrs. Worthington referred always to her son as Steele. "You know what that is as well as I. It seems to me the time has come to get rid of that man Bond—unless he has you completely under his thumb."

"I am under no man's thumb," said Amasa in his most dignified and impressive manner.

"You are allowing this man to overshadow you, father," said J. Steele. "People are talking. Do you want me to be laughed at? I tell you, sir, this condition is intolerable to me. Here I am, your son, and I am of as much importance in your affairs as a day laborer, while this Bond makes himself rich at your expense and holds the position which is mine by right."

In Amasa Worthington was a vein of fairness and of common sense. "If he has made himself rich, Jonathan," he said, "he has made us twenty times as rich. If he holds an important position, it is because his abilities have earned it."

Jonathan glowered. "If there ever comes a day," he said, "when I am running things my first act will be to get rid of him."

"I should hope so," said Mrs. Worthington tartly.

Amasa was exasperated. He did not like to be made uncomfortable, and it was exquisite discomfort to stand where he stood. "When you prove yourself able to hold Hiram's job," he said with restrained anger, "you shall have it. In the meantime you are not running things. I am still alive and in possession of my faculties. Possibly, young man, you are impatient for the day when I shall not be alive."

"You are unfair to our son," said his mother.

"If you and my son would quit nagging me," said Amasa, "life would be much pleasanter."

(Continued on Page 141)

Times are better -

and so is tobacco for thousands of pipe smokers

TODAY we have better clothes, better homes, better cars, better food—these are the signs of American progress and success. Where once we bought for price alone, now we buy for value. Is it any wonder then, that thousands of pipe smokers are welcoming the genuine pleasure and solid comfort of **Old Briar** Tobacco!

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SEP 11-'24

Of All the Pleasures Man Enjoys
Pipe Smoking Costs the Least

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

HE PLAYED "*Hookey*" FOR THREE YEARS... *and trebled his business!*

THE *veteran head of a great American business called together his department heads and associates. "Boys," he began, "I've got to play hookey. Something has snapped inside of me. And I want to get out before I'm carried out.*

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So HE departed. First to the woods of the North. Then across the seas to England and the three Eastern Continents.

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a trade sensation was registered almost overnight.

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For the first time in thirty years, freed

from the fetters of detail, the business veteran found himself playing a complete and unhampered *thinking part* in the conduct of his business.

"The rolling stone may gather no moss," he chuckled, "but it picks up a lot of new ideas. Besides, moss belongs to the desk-tied mossbacks."

* * *

WHAT a man accomplishes in business depends largely on his viewpoint. His business can go no further than his aims and dreams. If he confines his viewpoint to the needles and pins on the office floor, he will never envision Opportunity's heights.

The Absentee Landlord was able to direct his business from afar because he never got away from its control. The facts and figures that kept this control with him came to him automatically. He did not have to stay on the job to dig them out.

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My Dad's my pal and so he likes
To talk with me about our Bikes;
My Dad can golf and box and run,
But he thinks that Biking's the greatest fun.
And he says to me, "Stick with it, kid,
And train for a goal as your Daddy did."

Your Local DEALER will show latest models

(Continued from Page 136)

"And if I let you alone," said she, "you would be so completely under that man's domination that he would end up by stripping you of every cent."

"That will do," he replied in the tone they knew well as being dangerous. "I don't want to hear any more. Jonathan takes that position as president of the Devon company. That is final. Let him show what he can do there."

Amasa Worthington reached this decision as much for the sake of his own peace of mind as for any better reason. It would remove Jonathan from the house; for a year at least, it would postpone any more serious decision.

Also, as will have been noted, Hiram had planted carefully the seed of jealousy. The crown-prince idea had grown flourishingly in the father's mind.

So J. Steele Worthington went to Devon to prove himself.

Hiram Bond required that that proof should be decisive and final. When he needed a thing so important he did not leave it to chance. He wished Jonathan off his mind and off his back, for peace at home was a matter which, he foresaw, would be very necessary to him. One cannot carry on a war abroad with insurrection inside his own gates. Therefore, Hiram gave efficient attention to the Devon company.

"Let him have a free hand," he said to Amasa. "We must know what the boy has in him."

Hiram did, indeed, give him a free hand in so far as advice and control were concerned—or aid. He placed this untried boy in a saddle before allowing him to have a riding lesson, first seeing to it that the horse was unbroken to the bridle.

It was not difficult to find means to urge the young man on. There was vanity to work on, and his mother's unthinking stubbornness which he had inherited. By this way and by that, Hiram, in his underground but efficient way, incited the boy to prove himself a young Napoleon of finance. And being made aware in advance of every scheme the boy set in motion, he brought it to nothing or to disaster. Skillfully he embroiled Jonathan with the Common Council of Devon. Newspapers, subsidized or egged on by they knew not whom, attacked him joyously, as newspapers love to attack any local transit system. It was a simple matter to stir up labor troubles culminating in a costly strike.

"When large issues are at stake," he wrote to Professor Witmer at this time, "one must not think of individuals, no matter what one's sympathies may be. A great plan—which may not come to perfection for twenty years—is more important than a wrong to one man. I would hurt no man to satisfy a private grudge; I would destroy any man who threatened the success of a great undertaking. One must choose between being moral in a petty, unimportant way, and the taking of every essential step to insure the success of far-reaching policy."

For six months Hiram concentrated upon Devon. The young man struggled, not without courage and not without some sign of resource. But matters went from bad to worse; confusion mounted, red ink replaced black in the books; the situation became dangerous, while Hiram maintained an utter silence – but saw to it Amasa P. was kept thoroughly aware of the march of events.

"Jonathan seems to have got himself into difficulties," Amasa said tentatively, after the lapse of eight months.

"So?" Hiram's voice was noncommittal.

"If things go on this way, the Devon company will be bankrupt by midsummer."

"It is better to give the boy a free hand," said Hiram.

"Great heavens, man, he's had a free hand! He's had nothing else! He —— I'm afraid, Hiram, he lacks the capacity for management. He's headstrong. He—I dislike to say it of my son – lacks balance in business matters."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"And he wanted to run the whole shebang!" said Amasa furiously, becoming colloquial in his anger. "Huh! A pretty mess he'd make of things!"

"And now?"

"We'd better get him out of there before he does more damage," said Amasa.

"But then?"

"That," said Amasa, "is what worries me. What'll I do with him? How will I keep peace in the family?"

Hiram hesitated briefly—for the effect of the pause.

"A wedding trip of a year abroad would help temporarily," he said. "Have you considered that house in Newport?"

"I've made an offer for it."

Hiram nodded. "If only the girl attracts him," he said, "and he pleases her —— Six months for a courtship and a year abroad. It will give you a breathing spell, sir."

Amasa smiled wryly. "You have settled upon the schedule, I see."

"At any rate," said Hiram, "I am hopeful."

After this interview, Hiram returned to his own office to study maps. Now his mind was free. It would be a long time before Jonathan could become a menace again, or even an annoyance. His hands were free from trouble at home, so he could embark upon his enterprise abroad. This enterprise was expansion toward the west.

It must have been while he was planning the campaign which was to result in his emerging as a national figure in the world of business and finance that he wrote in a letter to Professor Witmer a significant paragraph.

"Never make an enemy," he said, "unless it is of absolute necessity. But if you must make an enemy, let the process be so thorough that he is left without resources to do you harm."

In the month of May, Worthington bought the villa in Newport; at the proper season his family removed to that resort Mrs. Worthington in a cold fury, Jonathan Steele humiliated and sulking.

"I don't know how he did it," Mrs. Worthington said repeatedly to her son, "but take my word for it, Hiram Bond was at the bottom of it all."

J. Steele ground his teeth. "Wait!" he said. "Wait! My time's coming!"

But Newport was lively; society was more attractive than business, and his next-door neighbor was young and lovely. J. Steele found it more pleasant to busy himself with lighter activities than to carry on a war for which he had no ammunition. He was not lacking in personal charm and social assets, so that his success during the summer healed his wounds and made up to him for the more important failure of the year. The pursuit of Marion Woodbury became his occupation, and he carried it out efficiently, to the end that the close of the season found them engaged to be married. The wedding took place during the Christmas holidays and the young people set sail for Europe upon an extended honeymoon.

The event drew together the Woodbury and Worthington families, formed a bond between them very satisfying to Hiram Bond. It was a social rather than a business alliance, but any alliance was better than none. He felt – and rightly—that in any conflict which did not threaten him directly, Peter C. Woodbury would keep his hands off, which was all Hiram asked of him.

XI

HIRAM BOND continued to live at the farm until after his mother's death in 1889, when he built for himself a house in town—a solid, sturdily built house of stone, dignified and not without pretensions. But even after his removal to Carthage, the family continued to use the old homestead. It was kept always open, and there were few Sunday dinners the year round that were not eaten there. His interest in the well-being of the old place was as keen as in the success of the Worthington companies, and he was as eager to hear of the birth of a calf or to receive the weekly report from the hen yard as he was to read the statistics of the winter's cut of timber or the monthly balance sheet.

His wife, too, loved the old farm. It is sometimes true that a man who goes forward rapidly in the world may leave behind him his wife. Possibly women are not so facile as men in adapting themselves to a new *milieu;* but this was not so with Bessie Willets Bond. She made no change in her habits or in her outlook upon life, nor did she study to acquire social graces; on the contrary, she remained herself. But so quiet was she, so gentle, so capable in the duties required of her, and of so pleasing a dignity, that there was no stratum of society in which she seemed misplaced or to which she was unsuited. She was utterly simple. The business of her life was to be Hiram Bond's wife and little Jason's mother. And she was indispensable to Hiram as he was indispensable to Amasa Worthington.

It is recalled of her that she went away upon a month's holiday to some place of resort. Hiram became morose. He moved from his house to the farm, from the farm to the hotel. At night he walked the streets uneasily, as if he dreaded to be indoors and alone. The room she had filled with her presence—seldom speaking, restful, dependable—was dreadfully empty, and more than once he put down the temptation to send the message which would bring her back to him. Then, at the end of a single week, she returned.

"I couldn't enjoy myself, Hiram," she said simply. "I kept feeling you needed me."

"I did need you, Bessie," he said.

Yet strangely enough, he went through most of his life believing he did not love her; the great passion of his life, he was convinced, had been lavished upon Libby Bell. If ever man loved his wife, clung to her, could not live without her, it was Hiram Bond. Perhaps the greatest of his tragedies was that he did not know it until so late. His letters to her were love letters, but he never recognized them as such. Probably he never read them over after they were written so that the phrases which came from his heart could impress his mind. On the other hand, that Bessie worshiped him cannot be questioned.

As for little Jason, his father was utterly wrapped up in the child. The boy never annoyed him – this man who could be so impatient and irritable at times. His son could break in upon him at any time and upon any occasion, always to be received with a rare smile of welcome. Hiram's happiest hours were those when he sat alone in his office and made plans for the boy's future. And he looked forward childishly to those gala days when there was a circus or a celebration to which he could take Jason and little Lucille Bates. His son and daughter-in-law! When he looked at the children, that is what he saw.

It has been said that he was a lonely man, without friends, and unhappy. It has been said that he sipped more deeply of the cup of bitterness than most men have done. Let those who hold to this theory contemplate his life with his family and so be answered.

Late in 1892 occurred Hiram's first serious difference with Amasa Worthington. There were no sharp words, but for a time it appeared as though an *impasse* had been reached and that their relations had come to an abrupt termination.

The matter of dispute was an offensive against Willard Latham. Amasa would have none of it, and for numerous reasons. In the first place, he had a personal acquaintance with Latham and liked him. In the second place, he was afraid. If one makes war, one takes great risks; he did not desire to hazard what he possessed in order to obtain more. He was quite content.

"No, Hiram," he said firmly, "in this I cannot agree with you. I must veto this plan. Why, in effect, it means that we set

(Continued on Page 143)

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Dance Programs	Price Lists
Box Covers	Window Cards
Greeting Cards	Calendars
Folders	Return Cards
Post Cards	Menus
Price Tags	Bulletins
Posters	Programs

AS STANDARD AS HAMMERMILL BOND

(Continued from Page 141)

out deliberately to ruin a man against whom we have no cause for quarrel! It—it is almost brigandage."

"It is altogether brigandage," said Hiram.

"You admit it!"

"And I assert its necessity."

"There can be no such necessity. Such a statement is absurd."

"We must eat or be eaten," said Hiram.

"Who," asked Amasa, "can eat us?"

"Peter C. Woodbury and Bainbridge Nixon. Do you think, sir, their eyes are not on us? We must put ourselves in an unassailable position, and to do so we must be free in the west."

"Nevertheless," said Amasa, "I forbid it."

"Very well, sir," said Hiram quietly. He walked to the door and stood, stooping a little because of his great height. "In that case, Mr. Worthington, we have come to the parting of the ways."

"Why, Hiram! What are you saying?"

"This," said Hiram, "is my resignation. Good-by, sir."

Before his employer could rise from his desk, Hiram was out of the room and out of the building. What his thoughts were as he drove to the farm is a secret no one will ever penetrate.

He put up his horse and strode into the house, where Bessie looked up in surprise at his untimely appearance.

"Is anything wrong, Hiram?" she asked.

"I've resigned," he said, and sat heavily in his huge chair by the window.

For some minutes she remained silent. Then she asked gently, "Does it matter so much, Hiram? We have enough, haven't we?"

His massive fists were clenched and his granite face was grim and black. "Matter!" he said. "Matter that I have been thwarted by a man I have carried in the palm of my hand! Who has the right to say what shall be done in that business—he who has ridden on my shoulders or I who have carried him?"

Bessie walked to his side and placed her fingers on his shoulder. "Hush, Hiram!" she said. "Hush!"

Presently his hand moved up to touch her hand. "My plans!" he said. "My plans!" He shrugged his shoulders and his lip curled. "Well, we'll see what he makes of it—he and his wife!"

For three days he sat about the farm, morose, disconsolate, gnawing the bone of bitter disappointment and regarding the debacle of the glowing structure he had erected in his mind. And as the days went by, such hope as he had nourished began to wane. Even as he took the decisive step, he had not believed it to be final—had regarded it more as a gesture, as a snapping of the whip to bring Amasa to scratch. But Amasa did not come to fetch him back. Perhaps, after all, Mrs. Worthington had been too strong for him! Perhaps he had underestimated the power of Amasa's vanity and of that dignity which must not unbend. He sank into a sort of despondency and sought solitude.

Then, on the fourth day, Amasa came. Bessie admitted him to the old farm parlor.

"Where is Hiram, my dear?" he asked, for he was very fond of her.

"In the orchard, I think," she said. Then she spoke as severely as she could speak. "You have hurt my husband, Mr. Worthington."

"He is a stubborn, willful young man."

She smiled. "Not to me—not to me," she said gently. "If you are going to hurt him more," she went on, "I do not think I can let you see him."

"I have come," said Amasa, finding it easier to announce his surrender to her, "to ask him to come back. Will you tell him? Will you fetch him here?"

"Is that all?" she asked, not moving.

Amasa frowned and drew himself up to his full height, but she continued to wait and to gaze at him with her gentle eyes.

"Confound it, Bessie," said the elderly man, "fetch him along! Tell him he can have his own way."

"I'm sure that will be best," she said, because Hiram's way was always best with her, and went out to find her husband.

Hiram appeared in the door, ponderous, impending. "Well?" he asked gruffly.

"Hiram" there actually were tears in Worthington's eyes—"I can't get along without you. You wouldn't leave me, Hiram! What would I do?"

"I will not be hampered and thwarted," said Hiram. "My plans were too great and important. Either I must be allowed to go ahead with a free hand, or I must start again from the beginning."

"You know I cannot let you go, Hiram. The business needs you. Let's make an end of this. Come back with me now. Go ahead, if you must. I'll not interfere."

Hiram advanced into the room and stood towering over Amasa. His face had changed, his manner had changed. Again he was deferential, considerate. "I'm sure, sir," he said, "you will never regret this decision. I assure you, Mr. Worthington, any other course will end in disaster for us."

"Perhaps, Hiram, you know best." His voice rose a tone in his anxiety. "Will you come now, Hiram—right away?"

"Let me get my hat," said Hiram.

So went this decisive battle. Hiram had tested his weapon and found it efficient beyond his most sanguine hopes. From this moment he was master, and knew he was master. Better than that, Amasa P. Worthington knew he was master and had acknowledged it. The matter had worked out well. It had made him supreme as he never had been supreme. Now the thing to do was to use his supremacy skillfully, to heal the wounds in Amasa's dignity and to see to it that the weapon of resignation—dangerous to its wielder—need never be drawn again from its scabbard.

Hiram plunged immediately into his campaign.

To the ordinary observer prosperity seemed secure, but Hiram was no ordinary observer. The year had shown a volume of business unequaled in history; foreign trade was unprecedented and the tonnage hauled by railroads touched a new high mark. Business failures had been fewer than for ten years past and the conditions in the money market were favorable. Hiram, however, saw at work influences which might spell disaster. Prices of breadstuffs were low and sinking lower; heavy gold exports persisted, and the net loss in gold exported reached the enormous total of fifty-nine million dollars, as against thirty-four million dollars for the previous year. Violent fluctuations in securities upon the exchange were significant and talk of free silver was in the air. It was a year of presidential election, in which the McKinley tariff, the labor troubles at Homestead amounting to civil war, and the birth of the Populist Party militated against the success of the Republican Party. Benjamin Harrison was not popular. The question of maintaining the gold standard gave rise to apprehensions, and there was much gabble of socialism and the breakdown of the individualistic system of competition. To the discerning eye all signs pointed toward trouble. Cleveland was elected and the Democratic Party possessed both houses of Congress.

"If I'm not mistaken," Hiram said to Amasa, "money is going to be very hard to get after the first of the year. People are watching the gold reserve. If it drops farther, banks will commence calling loans. Firms without a safe cash reserve will be in difficulties. Willard Latham has no cash reserve to speak of."

"How do you know that, Hiram?"

"It is my business to know it," Hiram said. "More than that, he has been borrowing heavily to buy timberland, and the new mills at Elias Landing were put up on borrowed money. If we run into a panic ——"

"How will a panic affect us, Hiram?"

"I'm hoping for one," Hiram said. "I've been getting ready for it for three years. We owe practically nothing to banks or otherwise. That is why I have cut down our expansion program as I have. Wages have been low and will be lower. I've added to our quick assets, and by a few sacrifices I have laid aside ready money in case of need."

"But if business goes to pot!" said Mr. Worthington.

"Our contracts will keep us going, pay wages and take care of our overhead. There's nothing to worry about, sir. We are sound."

Mr. Worthington was moody. He was being driven into a course of which he did not approve, but which he must support with all his resources. It rankled, but he did his best to conceal it. That dignity which was so dear to him would not permit him to sulk openly, but he felt his position of helplessness keenly. Also, he was not happy at home. Mrs. Worthington had scarcely spoken to him for days after he humbled himself to ask Hiram to return, and when she did speak it was with a sharp tongue.

"You go on your knees to this bully," she said. "You fall all over him as if you were a servant about to be discharged. Why can't you have some spirit? Now was the time to be rid of him forever. Now was the time to put Steele in the place where he belongs."

"If you mean Jonathan," said Mr. Worthington acidly, "he is as well where he is."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that my son has shown himself unfit for great responsibilities."

"You put him in an impossible position. None could have done better than he did."

"No?" asked Mr. Worthington in his most ironic tone. "No? Nevertheless, without even going near the town, Hiram Bond had that company running on greased wheels in three months."

"I suppose," said his wife with venom, "you will disinherit Steele and make this man Bond your heir. That's what he is after."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!"

"Oh, you will actually leave your property to your son! I'm surprised. But if he can't manage it now, how will he be able to manage it then?"

"That," said Mr. Worthington grimly, "is a point which has caused me no little worry."

"You can't keep him in Europe all his life. There's no reason for exiling him. Anyhow, they'll be home in two months. I had a letter from Mrs. Woodbury yesterday saying Marion wanted to be at home to have her baby."

Amasa looked up quickly. "A baby! No!" He rubbed his hands. "So I'm to be a grandfather, eh? Well, well! Now we must do something about that."

"Yes," said Mrs. Worthington, "that gives you another person to supplant with your Hiram Bond."

So now Amasa brought up that subject again with Hiram.

"My son returns in sixty days, Hiram. What are we going to do with him? He's a good boy—a good boy. Never given me any trouble to speak of. But, Hiram, I distrust his abilities. I daren't give him large responsibilities yet."

"He's not his father," said Hiram. "But he is of good mind and well educated. If, Mr. Worthington, he would only put himself into your hands to train, I'm sure you would not be disappointed in him."

"I fear he is flighty. He's not solid, my boy, not solid. . . . Well, we shall see. We must work something out."

"Training and discipline," said Hiram—"those are what he needs. And I fear he is getting bad advice from some source."

Amasa winced. He knew whence the bad advice came. He changed the subject.

"These big business combinations," he said, "seem to be meeting with considerable success. I see by the papers that the National Cordage Company has declared a hundred per cent stock dividend."

Hiram narrowed his eyes. "Ill-advised," he said harshly. "Ill-advised. This is no

(Continued on Page 145)

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Dr. West's *new* Toothbrush

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Continued from Page 143

time to attract the public eye. And I doubt, sir, if they were justified in such a course." He shook his head. "It smells bad to me. Mr. Worthington, if anything were to happen to one of these great companies in the present state of unrest, the result would be devilish for everybody."

Hiram saw with clear eyes. He read the times, and his plans counted upon some business debacle early in the year. It came opportunely. In May the National Cordage Company failed, precipitating a stock panic. Banks refused—or were unable—to fulfill the requirements of justified borrowers. Old and stable houses were crippled. Conditions were deplorable.

But Hiram had his hook well baited for fishing in troubled waters.

XII

HENRY J. BELL, being summoned, came hastily to Hiram Bond's office. So far had Hiram traveled in eleven years. Mr. Bell showed his age by an increase of avoirdupois, a whitening and thinning of the side whiskers and an appreciable increase of pomposity. But he was not pompous as he stood before Hiram's desk. He stood. Hiram did not ask him to be seated.

"Henry J.," he said, and scarcely looked up from the large map on his desk as he spoke, "unless I read the signs all wrong, there will be banks failing right and left—but not yours."

"Eh? What?" Mr. Bell grasped his hands together suddenly and the mouth between his beards became loose with alarm.

"But not yours was what I said," Hiram repeated without warmth. "In ten years you have done very well. I have seen to it. You may be aware of it or not, but five years ago I put a stop to the formation of a second bank here. I have given you a greater share of the Worthington business than you had a right to expect."

"I know, Hiram. I know, and I'm obliged."

"You need not be," said Hiram. "I was not favoring you."

Indeed, he had not been. Here was another instance in which he had pampered himself by indulgence in romance. Henry J. was Libby Bell's father. Such wealth as he acquired would be hers one day, and her children's. However much it went against his grain to aggrandize a man he despised, a man he once had purposed to abolish, he laid his animosity on the shelf and allowed Bell to profit vicariously by the accident of his fatherhood. But, again, Hiram was not single-minded; he could not indulge in romance without deriving a practical by-product. A bank—a strong bank, a bank of considerable size—was necessary to his program of extension—and a bank from which he need not request, but could demand. All of which worked greatly to the advantage of Henry J. Bell.

Hiram looked up now and his face was not amiable. His shaggy brows, which overhung his eyes more and more each year, were menacing, and his cheeks, which showed signs of becoming jowls, were set and rigid.

"You are not much of a business man, Henry J.," he said, as if he were commenting on the qualities of a stick of timber. "It is going to take a bigger man than you to pilot a bank through what is coming."

Bell drew himself up and his face worked with anger. "No need to be pompous," Hiram said. "Facts are facts. I can't have your incompetence threatening my plans. Therefore"—he paused and fixed Bell with cold eyes—"therefore from this date you will submit to me every loan made by your institution in any sum greater than five hundred dollars. You will bring to me this afternoon a full list of your loans and investments, and you will report to me daily—fully."

Henry J. struggled weakly to assert himself. "It's my bank, Hiram. I own it, lock, stock and barrel ——"

Hiram interrupted roughly. "For the next twelve months you are a clerk," he said. "Make one move, grant one loan, without my consent -and down comes your apple cart. That's all, Henry J. Be here at two with your loan book."

A clerk laid a telegram on his desk as Bell left the room and Hiram opened it with a saturnine expression. He guessed its contents and its sender—Willard Latham, asking when and where an interview might be arranged. Hiram dictated a curt reply: "Here. Tomorrow. Ten o'clock." Then he stepped to Worthington's door.

"Latham will be here tomorrow," he said.

"Why? What brings him here?"

"Those two towns of timber we bought out of his heart last week."

"I don't like it, Hiram. I don't like it. I shall have to invite him to my house and break bread with him. I don't see how I can do it. This is very embarrassing, Hiram—very embarrassing indeed! I wish he had not come here. I do not want to see him."

"Then," said Hiram, "why do so?"

"Eh?"

"What disagreeable work there has been done in the past," said Hiram grimly, "I have been obliged to do. Why make this an exception? You can be called to the city tonight."

"I am not a coward, Hiram," said Amasa gravely.

Hiram's face softened and he laid his hand on his employer's shoulder. "Indeed you are not, sir," he said, and he meant it, for he admired in the aging man those qualities which he neither possessed nor desired to possess. "I would save you, sir, from what you find disagreeable, but which I see as necessary." He smiled, and the smile was almost wistful. "Your standards of conduct are too high for the rest of us—too high for the world of business as it must be faced today. Go away, sir, and leave this to me."

"I wish, Hiram, I could believe these things are necessary—to something more than your ambition."

"I do not think I am ambitious," Hiram said gravely. It was apparent he was studying the point, searching himself to see if the accusation were true. "I am ambitious to further your fortunes, sir, but more than that, I am ambitious to bring about a great result. For myself, I think I am not ambitious at all. It is results—important, far-reaching successes—that interest me—things, sir, not people."

Amasa regarded him with sad eyes. "It might be better for all of us, young man, if you were personally ambitious. There would be more warmth, less cold calculation, a greater understanding and sympathy for human beings."

"But," said Hiram, "I should be a much less valuable machine. Think of me as a machine which does the thing it is designed to do because it is designed to do it. A machine merits neither praise nor blame—only the inventor of it."

"Are you a fatalist, Hiram? Do you believe we are all machines who must do our one set task, from which we cannot deviate? Don't you believe in free will?"

"For ten years," Hiram said, "I have had no leisure to believe anything. When I laid aside my speculations upon such matters I believed in nothing. Now I do not know. I think I have changed somewhat as I have aged. I find myself, half unconsciously, admitting the existence of deities and paradises and damnations. Some day I shall take up the discussion with myself again—and reach a conclusion."

Amasa shook his head. "You are a remarkable man, Hiram. Sometimes I think a greater man than I can realize—sometimes I think a much smaller man than I dare imagine." He sighed. "But I cannot do without you, my boy—and not wholly because your abilities are indispensable to me. You have made me fond of you. I hope you will think of that sometimes, Hiram. It may make a difference."

Hiram turned abruptly and left the room. His going startled Amasa P. Worthington, who stared after him with enlarged eyes and lack of comprehension. He did not see how Hiram Bond was biting his lip as he seated himself at his desk, nor how he closed his eyes for an instant as if he feared something might escape from them.

In the morning Willard Latham arrived -a youngish man of middle age, tall, slender, aristocratic of poise and courtly of manner. A charming man of many friends, more fitted to be the son of an established fortune than to be one who was required to carve out such a fortune for his descendants. Hiram met him at the door of his office, chose to meet him standing, for he was not unaware of the impression created by his hugeness, the massiveness of his frame and face.

"This is our first meeting, I believe," said Latham courteously. "I have looked forward to it, Mr. Bond, for your fame has traveled to distant places."

"I am glad to see you," said Hiram, motioning toward a chair. "My cigars are strong."

"I can imagine it," Latham said with a disarming smile. "So, if you permit, I will smoke one of my lighter brand. I hope Mr. Worthington is in health."

"Excellent," said Hiram.

"And that I shall see him again."

"He regretted," said Hiram, "the necessity for his absence."

"Ah? . . . And his family—I have not been privileged to see them for a matter of years."

"Do you," asked Hiram, "find it difficult to come to the point?"

Latham's gasp was almost visible, but he was able to smile again. "Report has not belied you," he said. And then: "Perhaps I do find it difficult to come to the point."

"The way to come to the point," said Hiram, "is to come to it. It has always to be arrived at, and beating about the bush only makes it more difficult. I take it you want something of me."

"I'll try to be as direct as yourself. I learn your interests have bought certain timber adjoining my own—which I have rather regarded as in my bailiwick."

"Two towns—sixty-six-odd thousand acres."

"Precisely. Are you thinking of operating there—in my territory? You see I can be direct."

"At any rate," said Hiram, "we have bought the timber."

"I asked for this interview," said Latham, "because it seems to me we can get along with greater advantage to both of us if we do not infringe upon each other. In short, my purpose in seeing you was to discover if we cannot make some arrangement as to boundaries—er—spheres of influence, if you like."

"The timber," said Hiram, "was offered us at a price. I considered it worth the purchase."

"Would you consider reselling it to me? At a reasonable profit, of course. Though it is not indispensable to me, it will be very valuable in the future. I am on the ground and can work it without further equipment. I can drive to my mills. You, on the contrary, would have to erect your mills at considerable expense."

"I will consider it," said Hiram.

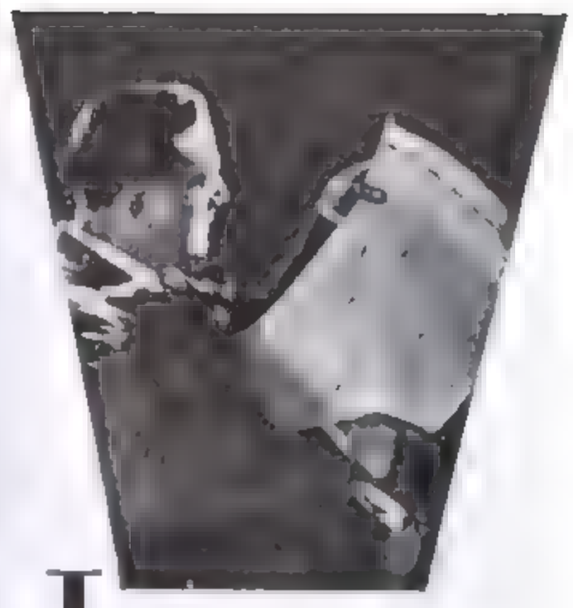
"Will you set a price?"

"Seven dollars an acre." Hiram leaned forward a very little and fixed his eyes steadily upon Latham. "When I set a price upon something I own—that is the price. I haggle when I buy, but I never haggle when I sell."

Latham smiled a bit ruefully. "I could have bought any time these five years past for six dollars," he said. "But I fancied I could take my time." He shrugged his shoulders. "Upon what terms?"

"Cash," said Hiram, and his teeth closed as a trap closes. "I paid cash; I must have cash."

"It comes," said Latham, "at an unhandy time. Money's getting a bit tight; however, I'll be able to swing a loan of that size. Will you have the papers prepared?



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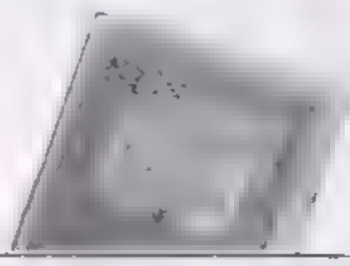

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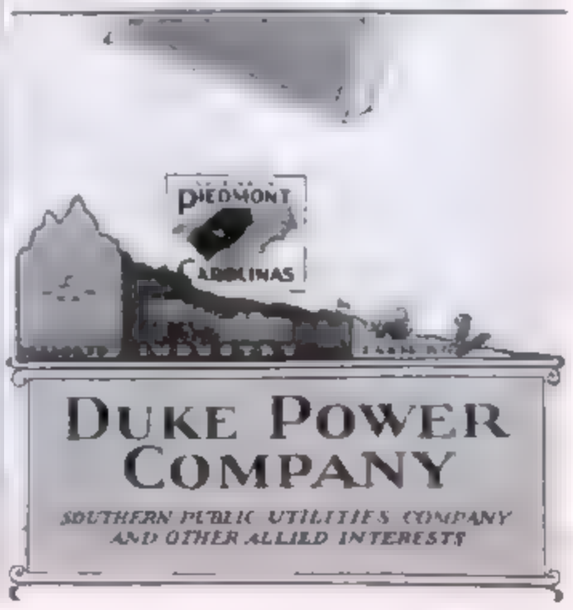

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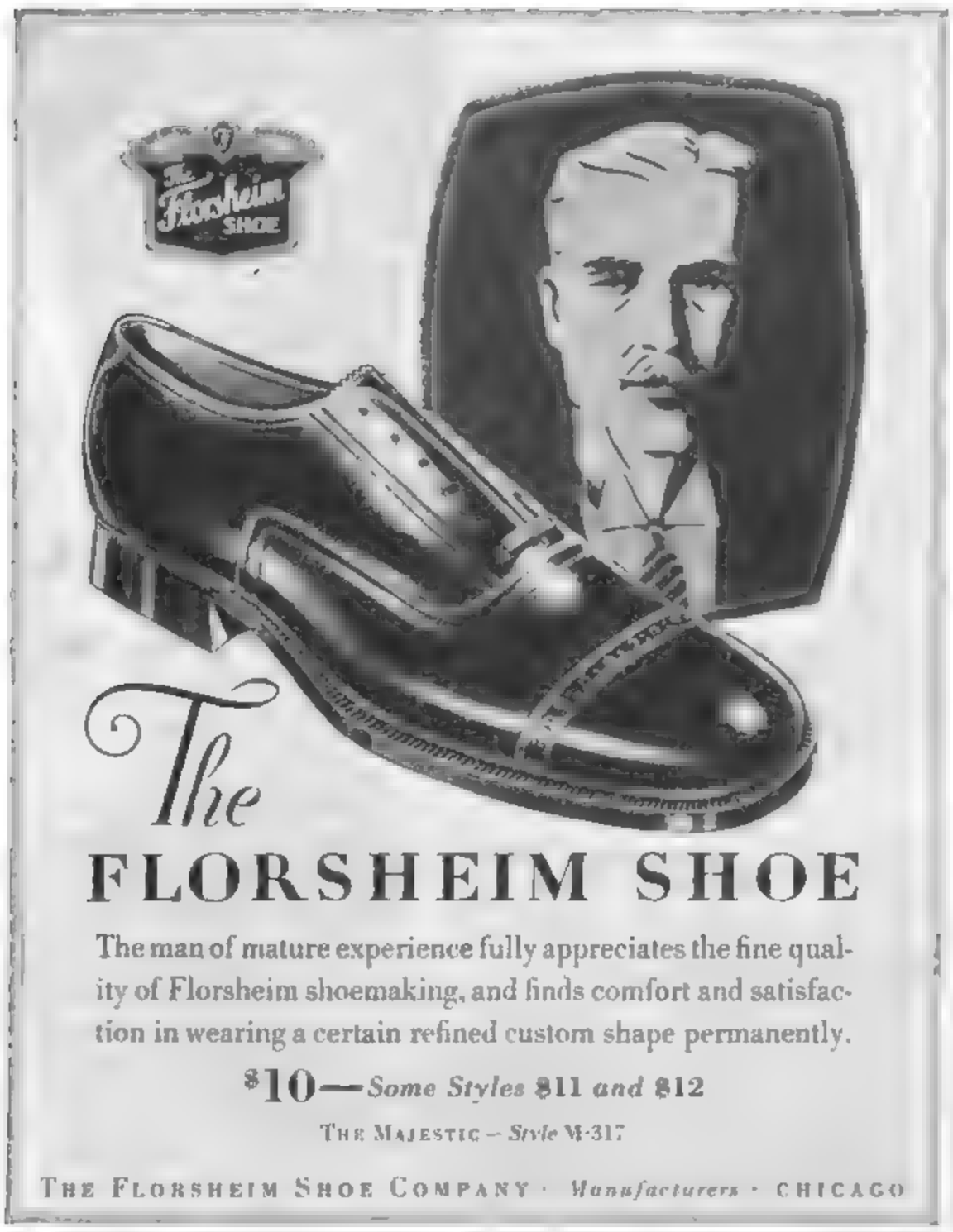

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And, Mr. Bond, may I say that you have acted mighty neighborly in this matter? I was afraid I should encounter difficulties."

Hiram smiled somewhat dryly. "You will always find me neighborly—for a reasonable profit," he said, and Latham was able to see humor in the observation. Humor was all he saw. His eyes pierced no deeper—did not perceive that Hiram had fought and won the first considerable skirmish of his war. If only Latham had been able to discern the war cloud! But he saw only a more neighborly and amicable attitude than he had hoped to find.

How would a man with his training, his straightforward point of view, be able to perceive that Hiram had lured his army into a dangerous neighborhood; had compelled him, at a moment when he should have been conserving every resource and husbanding his credit, to extend himself rashly? True, he had increased his assets in standing timber, but standing timber cannot be realized upon quickly. It may be a liability rather than an asset. The great point, the telling victory, was that Hiram had compelled Latham to go out and borrow money in a great sum—nearly half a million dollars. By that much was Latham weakened for the coming war. That five hundred thousand dollars which he now sunk in unproductive timber could not be borrowed on a later day of necessity to save himself from disaster. It was as if an army, about to face an invasion, had shot away all its powder in target practice.

Suddenly children's voices became audible in the outer office, and Latham saw Hiram Bond's face change, become almost eager as his attention departed from his visitor. A boy and girl came, breathless from running, nor did they pause at the door for permission to enter. Latham lifted his brows.

"The clerks," said Hiram, evidently considering some explanation essential, "have orders to admit them whenever they come and whoever is here."

"Ah!" said Latham. "Both yours, Bond?"

"In effect," said Hiram, and for an instant a grim expression settled his face into granite lines. "My son and his playmate. Both will be mine. They are to be married."

"Eh? Married?"

"It is arranged," said Hiram. "Jason and Lucille, this is Mr. Latham."

Willard Latham scrutinized the children thus made curious in his eyes by Hiram's announcement of their betrothal. He saw a sturdy lad with no feature of his father's an intelligent, healthy boy who must, he considered, favor his mother's side; and a little girl, fair, dainty, fairylike, whose feet would not stand still even for an instant and who had not the remotest fear of the massive figure in the chair.

"Papa Bond," she said imperiously, "we want ice cream. You promised us ice cream."

"You did. I heard you promise us ice cream," said Jason.

Hiram arose to his feet. "You'll have to excuse me, Latham," he said—"unless you have an appetite for confectionery. I promised the children to take them to the ice-cream parlor."

Latham continued to gaze with keen interest, with interest in the man of whom he had heard so much but whom he was meeting for the first time.

"Suppose," he said, "we had not finished our business."

"It would have had to wait," said Hiram.

"It's just as well then," Latham said with a laugh. He could not estimate this man—could circumscribe him by no rule—and he was compelled to a liking for him. A man who would interrupt an important business conference to buy ice cream for two babies! "I can catch the noon train for home."

"The signed papers will be in your bank the day after tomorrow," said Hiram. "Good-by."

'And again," said Latham, "I consider your conduct in this matter very neighborly. I venture to hope, Mr. Bond, that a mere business acquaintance may be enlarged and improved."

"I make few friends," said Hiram. And with that he passed through the door and offices and out into the street. Latham's curiosity drove him to the window, whence he saw Hiram lift a child to each shoulder and carry them off up the street.

"What a man!" he said under his breath. "What a man!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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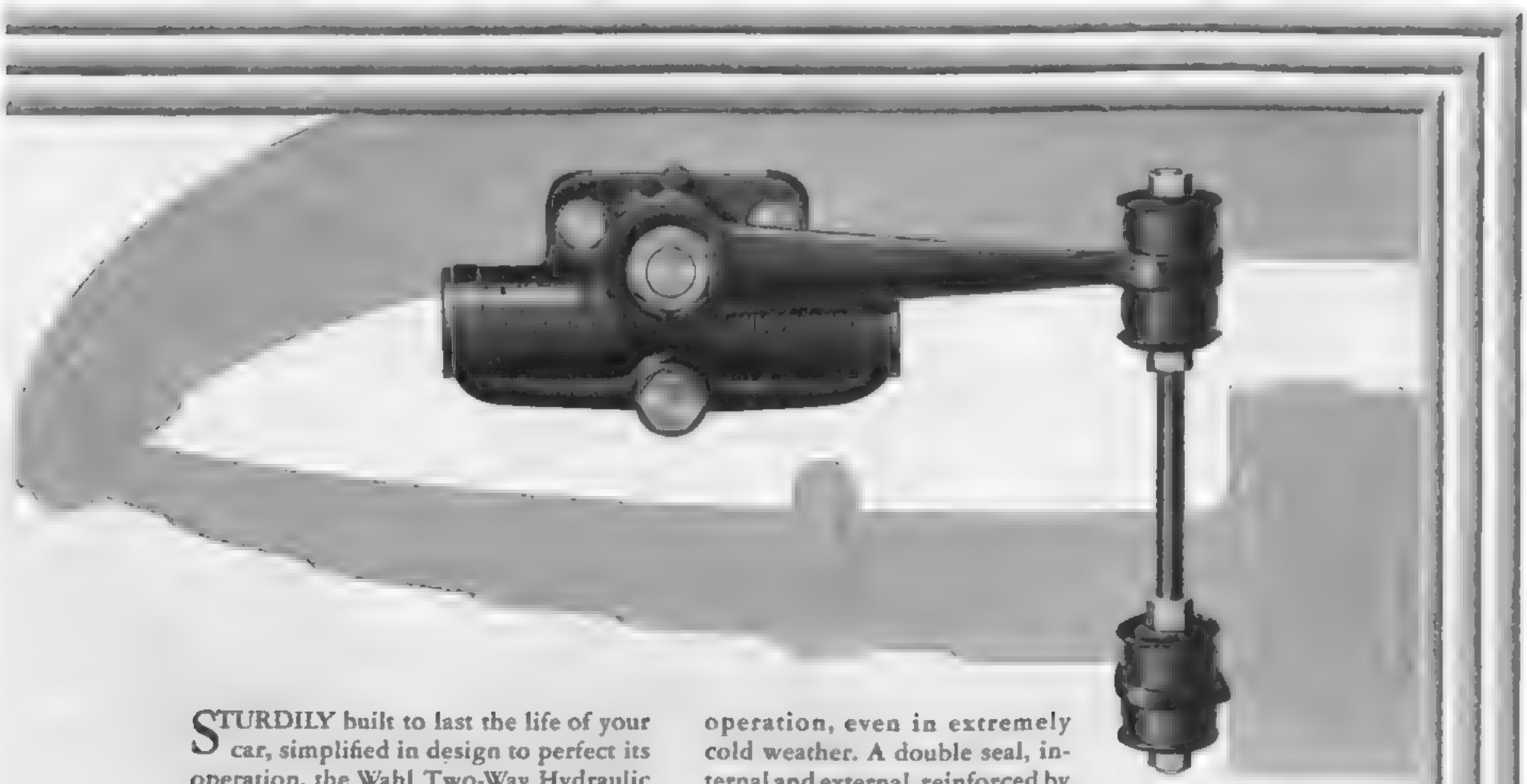

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MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS

(Continued from Page 40)

we thought we'd ask your advice. Maybe you could recommend us to some booking office."

They had been getting thirty dollars a week each. Now they wouldn't even get that. I felt a deep sympathy for these boys, still young and facing all the hardships I had known so well.

"I've got an idea how to use you in this show," I said. "Wait for me after the matinée."

Late that afternoon I made them up as old men in the mock disguise of country yokels with wrinkles and whiskers, and I dressed them in old farm clothes that Lou Hearn dug out of his wardrobe. I then fixed up a little music for their act and put them out in a number by themselves. When these two rickety old men with gray beards and hobbly steps suddenly went into their neck-breaking leaps and somersaults they proved to be a riot and stopped the show. Later on they got three hundred dollars a week from Ziegfeld and are earning double that today. The Kelo Brothers are now a headline act on Broadway.

While passing one of the dressing rooms I often stopped to listen to two young girls of the chorus who sat in their room harmonizing popular songs in a unique and charming way.

One day I told them that I thought they had great possibilities. I took them to music publishers and selected a little repertoire for them. When their singing act was ready I fixed a spot in the revue to try it out. They proved an instant hit. This was the beginning of the rise of the McCarthy Sisters, who have since become a leading attraction in Scandals.

It has given me great satisfaction during my years on the stage to spy out promising talent and do all I could to encourage it. In 1918 the parents of a young man came to me, asking that I do something for their boy. He had been coming around to my dressing room for a long time and an intimacy had grown up between us that ripened into friendship. He gradually confided to me that he hoped some day to reach the footlights, and I promised to help him. I gave him my own monologue, worked over a little program of songs with him and made him try out the act in an outlying playhouse of Chicago. His first effort was a little crude, but encouraging; and we worked together for some time until he found himself. He got seventy-five dollars a week at the start, began to write his own stuff and made steady headway. Today Jack Osterman is one of the big lights in the younger musical-comedy world. I got a real thrill one night when I watched him on Broadway and he introduced me to the audience as the fellow who had put him on the stage.

Though Make It Snappy did not measure up to the success of The Midnight Rounders, it managed to attract capacity crowds in all houses on the road. I remember sitting one night in the box office of the Apollo Theater in Chicago and the S. R. O. sign was hung over the ticket window. I always had four front seats reserved for the use of my friends, but it was getting late and I did not expect to take advantage of them.

A little nearsighted man with furry eyebrows came over to the window, noticed the sign and looked rather crestfallen. He and his wife, both tiny and squinting, could never hope to see the show, standing at the rear end of the orchestra.

He was about to walk away when I called to him, "I'll let you have two of my seats."

He appeared very pleased and appreciative. Before he went in he said, "Some day I hope I can do something for you," and handed me his card. He was an undertaker and embalmer!

At the close of Make It Snappy the Shuberts asked me to renew my contract, but I had grown tired of revues. I wanted a musical show with a story. I felt that was the logical step upward. Across from the Apollo Theater in Chicago, Ziegfeld's Sally was playing. Ziegfeld was in Palm Beach at the time. One of the newspapers observed in its theatrical column: "Eddie Cantor at $3.30 a seat is better entertainment value than Marilyn Miller and Leon Errol at $4.40." I was anxious to have Ziggy see this. I reprinted this comment in a full page advertisement that I took in Variety and Ziggy saw it. A few days later he telephoned to me from Palm Beach. I told him the principal consideration for my return would be to play in a musical show with a story. He agreed to star me in my first musical comedy.

XVII

THE birth of a good musical comedy is like the old alchemist's efforts to produce gold. He would throw a multitude of elements into his caldron, copper and lead, iron and sand, acids and stones, churn them into a molten mass with rods, bellows and flames, and in the end he either had a pretty mixture that was nothing at all or, if gold did appear, he could never tell which of the countless things he had tried caused it or how to repeat the process exactly. That is the show business, and particularly musical comedy.

It is true, we are guided by some simple basic rules, but the factors that go into the construction of the musical play are so numerous and often accidental that even those who watch its development most closely and know every step of the way are always surprised at the finished product—sometimes not agreeably. And it isn't necessarily one thing, like a song or a setting or a situation. It is that intangible something called clicking. If a show doesn't click it's not there. Sometimes even the story doesn't count. I have seen a manuscript on the strength of which a manager launched the most elaborate production, but when he finally presented it not a single line or idea of the original manuscript remained, and the show was a hit.

Kid Boots, which has been rated by many as the best all-round show I have played in, and one of the most successful musical comedies of the American stage, started vaguely, gropingly, and with not even an idea. All we had was a desire—my desire to act and Ziggy's desire to stall. With Ziggy, stalling is lifted to the dignity of an art. If he says "See me Thursday," you can't tell if it's this month or next year. It seemed ages as the weeks creaked by and nothing happened. We were in search of an author with an idea for a real musical show, and it looked as if the authors had conspired to keep in hiding.

One day Joe McCarthy, the lyric writer of the musical partnership of McCarthy and Tierney, who had written the score for Irene, came around with a suggestion for a play about golf. The novelty of locale is one of the hardest problems in the musical-show business, but with this popular game as a background there seemed to be some promise of a new atmosphere. McCarthy had an idea about a bootlegging caddie master who practically ran an exclusive golf club through his liquor business and intrigues. Ziegfeld and I liked the idea from the start, and the problem now was to get someone to write the book.

We wanted some fresh ideas injected into musical comedy and were anxious to avoid the stiffly patterned conventional plot. Ziegfeld called in a writer who had never done a musical show before. He had just come into some prominence through a successful comedy he had written called Six-Cylinder Love, that was produced by Al Lewis. Before this, William Anthony McGuire was comparatively unknown to the theater.

He had written a play at the age of sixteen, but wisely kept it a secret. In fact, he wrote eleven more before he finally plucked up the courage to submit one. No playwright of recent years has had such a difficult beginning as Bill McGuire or such

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a spectacular rise. Because of a frail and sickly childhood he quit public school in the fifth grade and never entered a hall of learning again until he was nineteen, when he went to Notre Dame for a two-year academic course. The first play he tried to sell a manager was called The Soldier and the Cardinal. This manuscript was so stubbornly and frequently rejected that Bill had it printed in book form at his own expense in order to preserve for posterity the most rejected manuscript in history. It was dangerous to smile at young McGuire in those days, for if you did he immediately autographed a copy of The Soldier and the Cardinal and presented it to you. He would never get another friendly smile after that.

But it was destined that this much maligned and despised play should one day, in an altered version, be a Ziegfeld hit and establish Bill McGuire as one of the best book writers of musical comedy. It happened like this: When Bill went to Notre Dame to polish up his spelling he picked up a book called The Three Musketeers and found to his amazement that it told almost the identical story he had written in The Soldier and the Cardinal. Bill modestly concluded that Dumas had plagiarized the whole idea from him. Lucky for Dumas that he wasn't alive. But Bill's hour was drawing near.

He was beginning to be admitted to managers' offices. He wrote a play called The Walls of Wall Street, which was acted at a benefit and distinguished society figures took part in the production. Frank Keenan was impressed by the young man's promise and engaged him to write a play. Frank Keenan was one of the greatest character actors of our stage, so it couldn't have been his fault that Bill's play, The Heights, sank to the depths in a week. On the other hand, Bill claims it's the greatest play he ever wrote.

He had to leave New York after that and try Chicago, where they didn't know him. There he wrote The Divorce Question, which ran one year and had five road companies, but never got to Broadway. He then came out for race suicide in The Good Bad Woman, but when that didn't work he urged more population in It's A Boy. At last Six-Cylinder Love arrived and made the grade in high. Hit followed hit. He wrote and produced a melodrama, Twelve Miles Out, and last year he wrote two of Ziegfeld's biggest successes, Rosalie and The Three Musketeers. The dream to have his first play produced was realized in this curious way, for in adapting the famous French novel for the stage McGuire incorporated many lines and scenes from his virgin effort, The Soldier and the Cardinal.

But when Bill McGuire undertook to write the book for Kid Boots he had attained none of his present distinction and we had mainly our faith to go by. After many discussions of the golf idea Ziegfeld suggested that McGuire, McCarthy and I get together and plan out the story. New delays set in. McCarthy couldn't meet us Wednesday and Bill couldn't make it Thursday. But Friday was fine for everybody.

"Then it's definitely agreed," I said, "that we meet at the Lambs Club on Friday at one o'clock."

"O. K."

Ziggy seemed glad that he had got the three of us off his hands and lapsed into pleasant dreams, probably thinking we'd never go through with it. In the meantime my contract prevented me from accepting other offers. Days flapped their wings and flew away while I idled and waited. At last came Friday. I made sure to eat at twelve so as to be at the Lambs Club promptly at one. McCarthy arrived at 1:15 and McGuire didn't show up at all. He didn't even phone. He was beginning to display the temperament of a real playwright. The next day we learned that he had had to go out of town, and that week was wasted.

We finally arranged a meeting for the following Wednesday, wiring to Bill in Atlantic City, and he agreed. We met at McCarthy's house in Pelham. Joe served refreshments and we liked them. After a while none of us knew what we had come up there for. So that was done. We stopped over and the next day got down to business. Weeks and weeks had been torn off the calendar and thrown into the basket and we had to have something accomplished, so we decided on the title, Kid Boots, which we had agreed upon in the first place. We also decided on the subject. It would be a play about golf.

McGuire promised that in four or five days he'd have a rough draft ready of Act I. Ten days passed. No rough draft and no McGuire. McCarthy and Tierney and I got uneasy and went to Ziggy. Ziggy seemed surprised at our complaints, and remarked coolly, "I thought the play was all finished by this time." Then we told him what we thought of McGuire in a series of well-chosen adjectives and sent for Bill. Bill, we suspected, was working on another play, not on Kid Boots.

"Give me a few more days," he urged after we had all pounced upon him. "I've got a new idea."

We left Ziggy, but we didn't leave McGuire. We took him to the Lambs Club and he recited some lines he had thought up for the show, which we believed were great. He might have been working on it, after all. He certainly showed ability and our confidence was restored. But we were a little afraid of his knowledge of musical-comedy technic, as this was his first effort in that line, so we suggested that someone else be called in to collaborate with him. McGuire readily consented to split his royalties with someone capable of aiding him in technical construction. Another week passed and Otto Harbach, master technician, was engaged.

We now started migrations to Harbach's home. Joe, Bill, Otto and I held a convention there and everybody agreed that we'd have a great show, but as yet there wasn't a line on paper to prove it. I finally had a private little session with myself in my own house and decided that I'd have to start doing a little work myself if I was ever going to star in Kid Boots.

I submitted a couple of unfinished scenes—suggestions in the raw that started McGuire and Harbach thinking. One of them was the idea of a comedy golf lesson. As caddie master, I could teach on the side and have some big husky woman as my pupil. The other idea was a physical-comedy scene. We would disguise my old osteopath act and set it in the ladies' locker room of the club. To make my torture more intense, Ziggy suggested the introduction of an electric chair like the one he had seen at his physician's where he went for electrical treatments. McCarthy and Tierney got at the piano and started to fake tunes and lines for the entire musical opening of the show and it sounded fine. Things were beginning in a vague chaotic way to shape themselves

A week later, with Harbach, who is an indefatigable worker, laying the framework, McGuire brought in the first draft of Act I, embodying the locker-room scene and the golf lesson. While he and Otto furbished up the act, the problem of casting arose. We didn't have the second act until we were almost ready to open.

We went to Mr. Ziegfeld armed with the script of Act I, and now it was his turn to stall. "What?" he exclaimed. "Ready so soon? You really going to have a show? What's the idea of rushing me?"

We knew he needed a week to stretch and get used to the thought of a production. We let him stretch while McGuire and Harbach continued to go over the act with a fine comb and polish it to a bright finish.

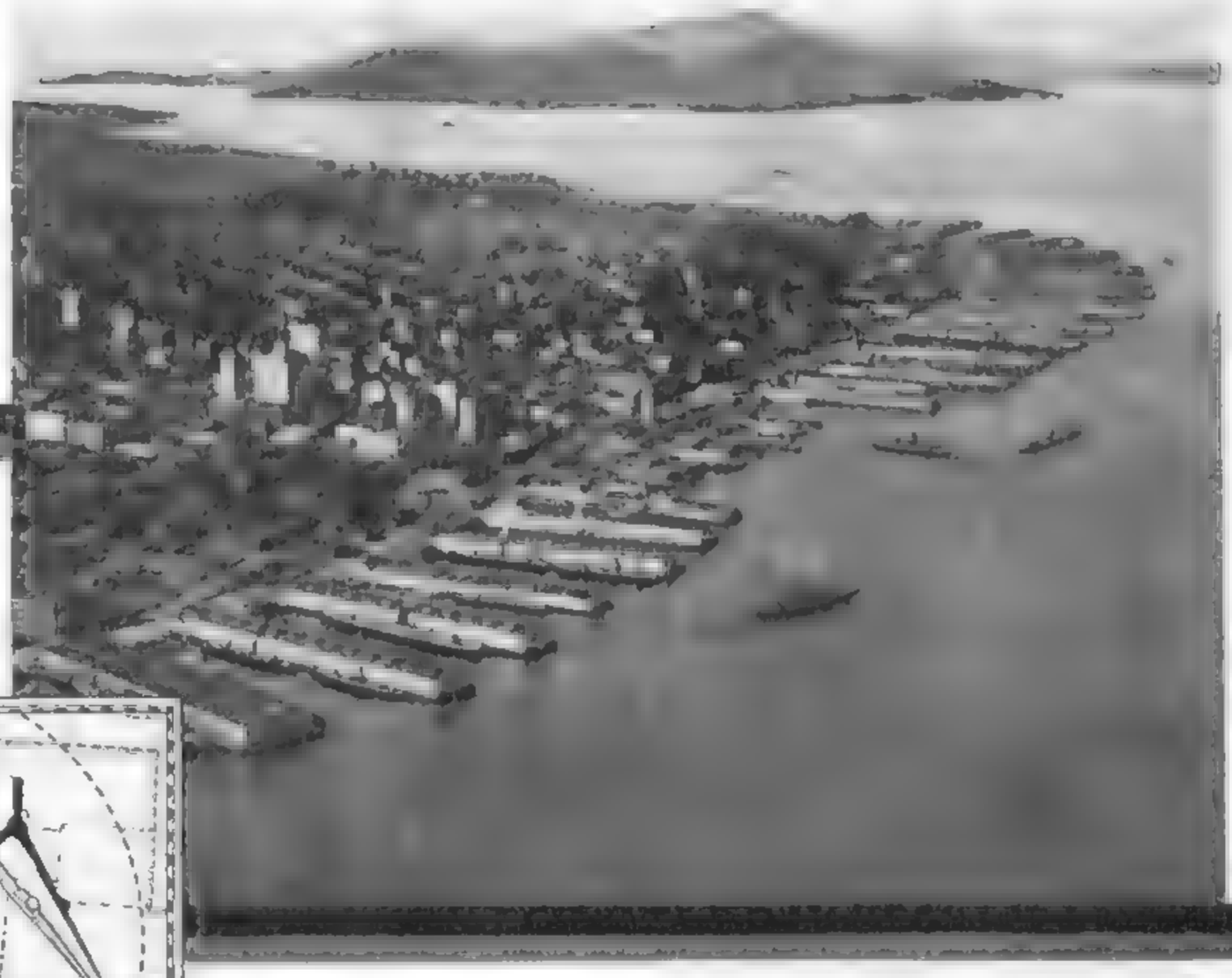
I brought in several lines to them every day—lines that I had used before and were sure-fire. Both playwrights looked bored at my literary efforts and spurned the lines because they were mere jokes and had nothing to do with the play. I tried to show them how they could be fitted in, and finally most

Continued on Page 153

To Manufacturers:

San Francisco

The central distributing point for Western America and the Pacific basin beckons



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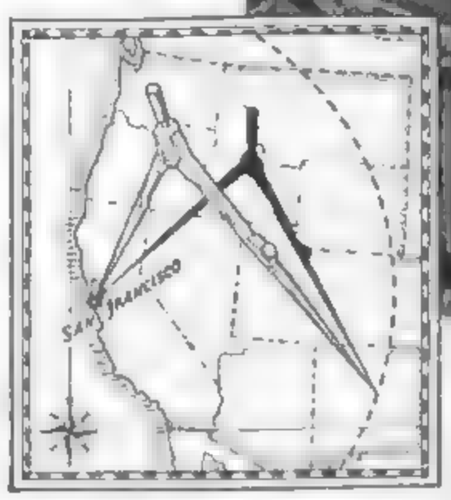

Ten million consumers dwell between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, and look to San Francisco for countless commodities. Many of these commodities are now made here. Many more can be made here. These millions of consumers, who enjoy a very high per capita prosperity, can be served from the San Francisco Bay region at less transportation cost than from any other point on the Pacific Coast, in the Middle West, or on the Atlantic.

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The vast Pacific basin, concededly the next great theatre of commercial expansion, is pre-eminently San Francisco's trade domain. A vast part of the human race dwells on its shores. Millions of these people are rapidly developing modern wants. China, one of these mighty potential and existing markets, is eighteen days closer to San Francisco by steamship than to the Atlantic seaboard.

Because of its convenient markets, central position and manufacturing advantages, San Francisco Bay district leads other Coast areas by more than $250,000,000 a year in manufactures. It is served by three transcontinental railroads, several air lines, and 118 steamship lines. This is America's second-greatest port in water-borne tonnage. Here is a young American city with a New York-like future; a world city with a world viewpoint. "On the shores of San Francisco Bay", predicts Arthur Brisbane, "is rising a city that will be greater and richer than New York today."

Industrial land is still cheap and abundant within the metropolitan switching area. Taxes are low. Water and power are cheap. Raw materials are conveniently at hand. The raw materials available in California include field, fruit and vegetable crops; livestock, dairy, poultry, fishing and lumber products; petroleum, electric power, and products of the mines. These are supplemented by the raw materials of other countries, made available by low water rates.

Labor in San Francisco is plentiful and in harmony with its job. The wage earner's efficiency is high. His dollar has a higher buying power, and his family knows the contentment of an extraordinary share of health, outdoor life and material well-being.

Over all is a bracing year-round climate where sleet, snow, cold and fatiguing heat play no part. Housing of business plants and of people is cheaper, due to the mild climate. The mean winter temperature is 51°; summer's average is 57°.

The Panama Canal has, in effect, placed San Francisco as far east as the Mississippi Valley in respect to serving the Atlantic seaboard and the Gulf by water. This city is now at the very center of events.

Such is the manifest destiny of San Francisco that it deserves a thoughtful and scrutinizing visit. Make a trip for pleasure and for profit. A holiday in one of the world's most interesting cities need be no less enjoyable if it discloses important personal business Opportunity.

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Ice is so cheap and abundant that we take it for granted—as one of Nature's blessings, like water, air, and sunshine. But back of its production is a billion dollar investment in plant and equipment and a service as essential to public welfare as any public utility.

Widespread discomfort, illness, loss of life and property, would quickly follow a stoppage of ice production. It is one of the mainstays of modern civilization and a major factor in the higher standard of living in the American home.

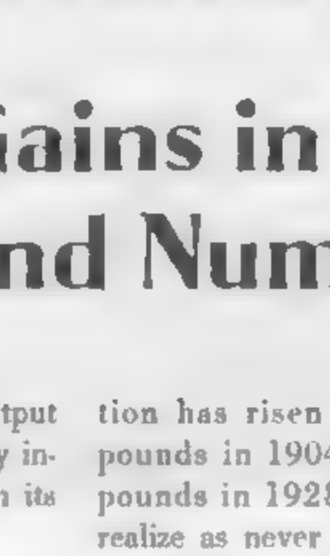
Vast and Varied Uses

The transportation of perishable food, by rail, is in itself one of the marvels of our day. Ice makes this possible. Over 12 million tons are used yearly in moving from distant points over 1,000,500 carloads of the world's finest fruits, vegetables, and delicacies. Dairy products, pure and ice cold—a safeguarded milk supply, thanks to ice! Think what safe milk means to the welfare of millions of babies.

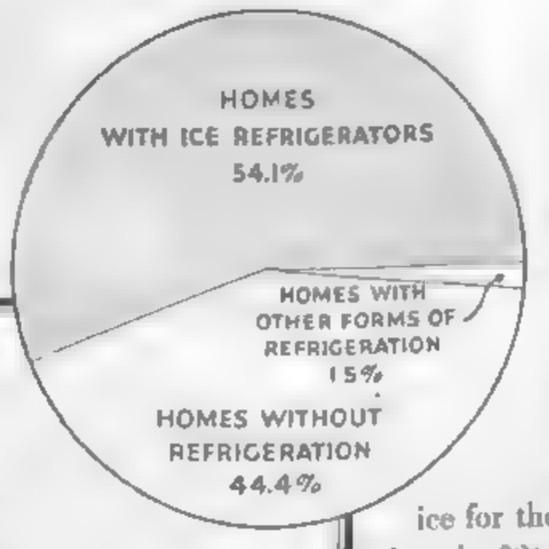
Over 2 Tons a Year per Family

The use of ice has increased 400 per cent in the last two decades. Per capita consumption has risen from 204 pounds in 1904 to 1,054 pounds in 1928. People realize as never before the value of ice as an aid to better living. Ice users are increasing rapidly. There are ice boxes now in over 12,000,000 homes. There are millions of other homes in need of them. More than 95% of all household refrigeration is done with ice.

GROWTH OF ICE TONNAGE



Per capita ICE *consumption*



The popularity of ice is due not only to its economy, but also to its simplicity of use. Ice is quickly available in any amount desired. It involves no investment except a good, well insulated and solidly constructed ice box, which can be kept well filled by the iceman. An ice box filling from outside the house is the last word in modern convenience.

Remarkably Cheap

An authoritative survey covering ice bills in more than 20,000 homes throughout the country shows that the cost of ice for the average household customer is only $26.31 yearly, or $2.19 monthly. The average *all year* user pays only $42.42 annually or $3.54 per month.

If people used better ice boxes and used them properly, even this moderate figure would be materially reduced. The better the ice box, the less the ice bills.

* * *

The Ice Industry is emerging from its chief commercial drawback—lack of outside competition. The widespread advertising of mechanical units has made millions of people conscious of the need of home refrigeration of food, and added millions of tons of ice consumption. Ice is, and always will be, the refrigerant for the masses.

The Ice Industry does more than 95% of the refrigerating business of the nation.

National Association of Ice Industries

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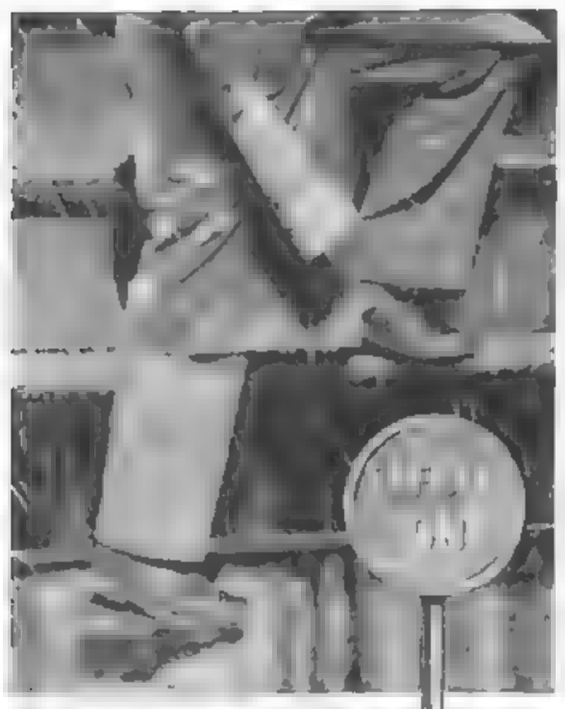

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Better-class shoe repairmen everywhere are proud to show the Driguard Trade Mark on every sole. Look for it.

THE HAFFNER
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Cincinnati, Ohio

(Continued from Page 150)

of them were fitted in, and they eventually turned out to be among the biggest laughs in the show.

Bill and Otto read Ziggy the first act and I tried to play it for him as they read. I stretched on the floor, kicked my legs, putted golf balls on his desk, hopped on his lap and pinched his cheek—and Ziggy was ready to cast. McGuire knew the types he wanted and insisted on them. His ability as a casting and stage director is equal to and perhaps greater than his skill as a writer.

Harbach, on the other hand, is a graduate engineer at dramatic construction. He knows just when the heroine should enter and at what hour the hero should be broken-hearted, and exactly when the climax should crash down on the house. He has a sense of timing and sequence which is essential to the successful development of a musical story.

McGuire gave his mental picture of the characters and suggested most of the actors suited for the rôles. Ziegfeld had one cry—"Too much money." But the cast on paper looked good to us and we held out, wearing down Ziggy with arguments, cajolery and firmness until he consented. The cast was Mary Eaton, Jobyna Howland, Harry Fender, Harland Dixon, Marie Callahan; and a few days later Ethelind Terry and Beth Berri were added. We were confident that we had a great musical-comedy cast. There never was a greater.

When the question of engaging the different actors came up, Mary Eaton's lawyer asked that she be costarred with me. Ziegfeld refused and I objected also. After all, Mary had only been one of the many players in the last Follies and was recently regarded merely as a dancer in the Royal Vagabond, while I had three seasons of starring to my credit and was considered a drawing card in New York and on the road. There was no personal question involved. I simply considered it poor business to surrender so lightly the one thing I had surmounted so many difficulties to achieve. I persuaded Mary's father and her lawyer that she should be featured in equally large type. Thus, instead of:

EDDIE CANTOR AND MARY EATON
IN
KID BOOTS

it was made to read:

EDDIE CANTOR
IN
KID BOOTS
WITH
MARY EATON

Actors hold out for such things.

Mary consented. Our association in the show was of the pleasantest, and she afterward appeared in her first starring vehicle, The Five o'Clock Girl, wherein she achieved, in proper time, the honor she had so coveted.

McCarthy and Tierney had all the numbers ready for Act I. We read the first act to the entire cast, the parts were distributed and rehearsals begun at a hall in Seventieth Street. I took my part home and upset many a rehearsal by bringing in new suggestions. Edward Royce, who staged the book and dances, willingly paused to receive my ideas and skillfully interpolated them. He was an invaluable man for directing stage action and conceiving dance interpretations. He worked for many hours on Mary Eaton's numbers and ballets.

One of my suggestions opened the way for a new headliner. We had engaged sixteen colored boys for a caddie number, but I felt that these boys would be working against great odds, and to get any recognition would have to be much better than they were. Instead, I suggested a single dancing specialty. I had in mind a young man who was little known, but whose dancing appealed to me, and I brought Horton Spur into the show. His appearance in Kid Boots established his reputation.

While the rehearsals progressed, McGuire brought in an additional scene for Act I that developed into one of the funniest situations ever written for musical comedy. There was a golf match in the show that had the hand of a girl at stake. I attempted to eliminate one of the golfers with a hammer so that the hero could replace him in the contest. In working up to the hammer blow, a situation of comedy suspense was created that produced five minutes of continuous laughter. The situation grew and became funnier the longer I played it.

We were going into the third week of rehearsal when it suddenly occurred to me that there was no second act. I hurried to Ziegfeld, who was occupied with the opening of his new Follies. He sent out an alarm for the delinquent playwrights and more sessions followed. A week later the tail end of the show began to emerge. The final scene of the second act was to be set in the Coconut Grove, where a ball would be held and I would appear in black-face to do my specialty

I felt the need for a band in this spot to enrich the scene and accompany my songs, but Ziegfeld had already protested strongly against the increasing expense of the production, and it looked almost impossible to get any band that would be both good and cheap. Fannie Brice, knowing our problem, told Ziegfeld and me of a new band she had heard out West that to her mind would one day be a sensation.

The unique feature of this band was its capacity for playing jazz time in a subdued and dulcet style, getting its effects through subtleties rather than noise. She had first heard the band in a hotel at Portland, Oregon, and the last she knew they were playing somewhere along the Orpheum Circuit. I was intensely interested and induced Ziegfeld to wire the leader of this band, a Mr. George Olsen.

George Olsen had begun his musical career as a drummer, not out of necessity but as a hobby, for he was always in comfortable circumstances and made good money from a trucking and storage business that he owned jointly with his brother. But he preferred the hobby to his business and organized a small jazz band that he conducted in the main hotel of Portland, his home town. Fannie Brice and other Broadway stars would stop there on their Western tours and urge George to break through the narrow walls of the little hotel and reach out to the rest of the world. He finally migrated with his modest band to California for a trial performance and on his first appearance in vaudeville scored an immediate success.

Olsen and his band acquired a local reputation, but its scope was limited. When the Ziegfeld offer reached him out of a clear sky he realized that this was his big chance. The money that Ziegfeld offered him was no object—or at least such a small object that Olsen couldn't see it. But he accepted a contract for eight hundred dollars a week for the whole band and lost money every week, making up the deficit out of his own pocket.

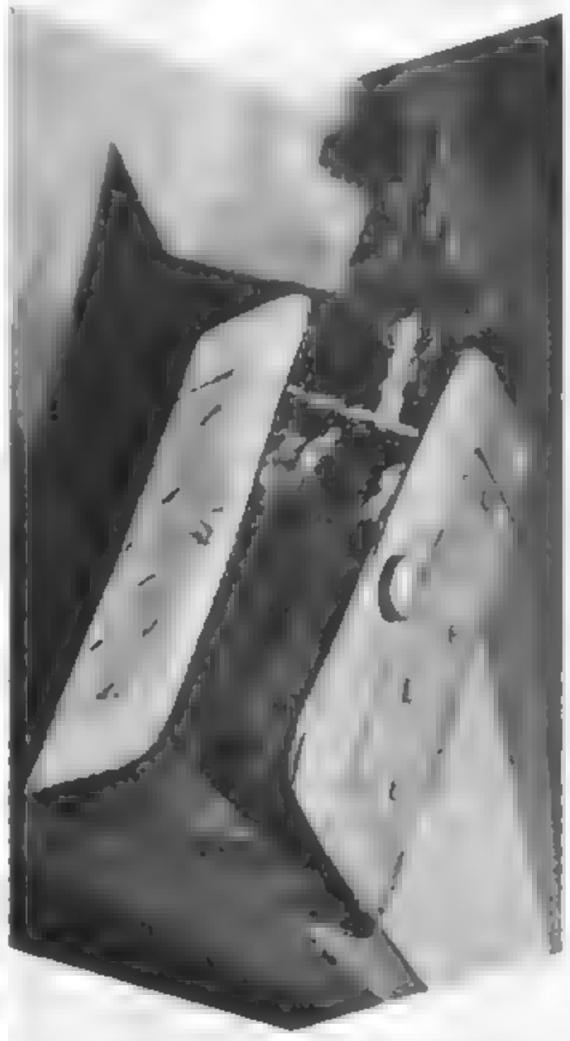
When Kid Boots opened in Detroit it was such a triumph that the suggestion was made that we could get along without the band and save the eight hundred. But I felt it would be a big mistake and insisted that Olsen and his orchestra accompany me in my specialty. A warm friendship grew up between George and me.

During that year Olsen and his orchestra appeared with me at fifty-eight benefits for charity. One Sunday we played on four different programs, and George and his men rushed through the streets carrying their heavy shiny instruments from theater to theater. The whole-hearted spirit in which he volunteered his services, and the splendid way his band performed, won fame for the Olsen orchestra overnight.

Last year he and his band played in Good News and at the Club Richman, while two other Olsen orchestras played at Miami and Havana. Endowed with a pleasing personality and educated at the University of Michigan, he lends that dignity and refinement to jazz interpretation that have made him a society favorite.

While the finishing touches were being put to Kid Boots I attended the opening

The success of originality



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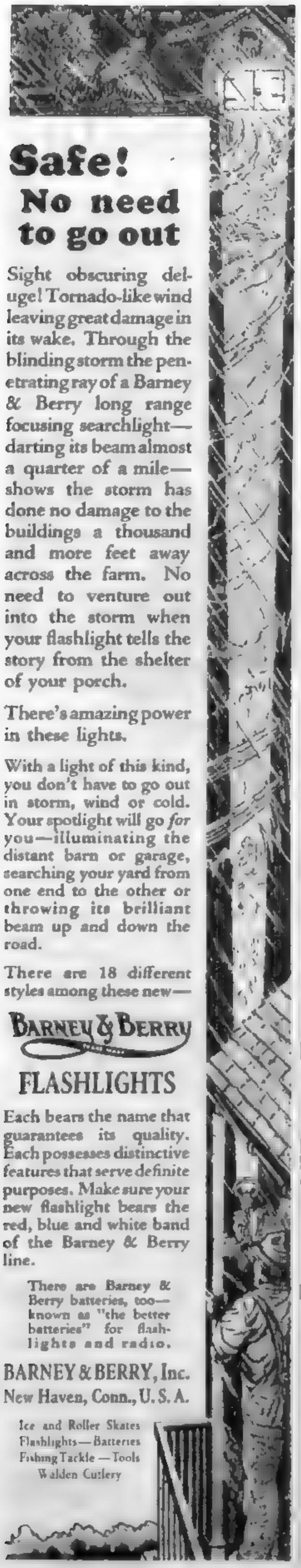

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night of the 1923 Follies. Tickets were selling at twenty-two dollars a seat, and when I found where my seat was I came equipped with a wrench, a hammer and screw driver and began to bang and loosen the seat just before the overture started. An usher hastened down the aisle and tried to stop me.

"Let me alone!" I cried. "I paid twenty-two dollars for my seat and I'm going to take it home!"

The audience laughed and so did Ziegfeld. The critics observed that it was one of the best bits of the show that night.

In the same Follies I wrote a sketch for Fannie Brice called Snappy Stories of History. It represented a girl seated on a park bench, reading a magazine. A fellow would come out and tell her that in his book of history there were far more snappy tales. Then the curtains parted, revealing Fannie Brice in her versions of Queen Isabella, Pocahontas and Catherine the Great. One night as I visited the show I noticed that the man with the book failed to appear on his cue. Fannie stood on the stage in bewilderment, not knowing what to do next. I snatched a program from one of the ushers, walked on the stage out of the audience and played the man's part.

The time was fast approaching for the opening of Kid Boots. McGuire revised the second act, improving it substantially. We needed a strong comedy scene toward the finish of this act and he brought in the famous Nineteenth Hole, which was one of the high spots of the show. Everything was ready now but the scenery and costumes. I wondered what could be delaying these last and essential elements of the production. I went to see Ziegfeld and stir him to action, but he received me rather indifferently.

"I want to talk to you, Eddie," he said, as if to prepare me for something unpleasant.

"What is it, Flo?" I sensed that something was wrong.

There was a minute of silence. "I don't think we ought to go through with this show," he said at last.

I was stunned. My lips suddenly parched and I couldn't find my voice. But when I found it the words gushed in torrents:

"Listen, Flo, after all this tough work and rehearsing five weeks and a cast like that and ——"

He cut me short: "I've made up my mind."

"But why?"

"I think it's a sure flop."

XVIII

THOUGH probably the greatest producer of hits, Ziegfeld is no optimist. He knows that a show may be sure-fire at rehearsals and look like amateur night when it opens. For that reason, as a production becomes more and more promising he grows more pessimistic. Only recently, while three of his most sensational triumphs were in the making, he telegraphed McGuire, saying, "Why did I ever undertake so many shows? I am in the worst predicament of my life. I've got three flops on my hands." He was referring to Show Boat, Rosalie and The Three Musketeers.

McGuire was deeply moved by Ziggy's complaint, and replied, "Please accept my condolences in this your darkest hour of success."

I therefore knew that Ziegfeld's gloom over Kid Boots was a great sign. The problem was how to get him to order the scenery and costumes. I went to his office and reënacted the whole play before him from start to finish. I don't believe I ever gave a better performance of Kid Boots than I did that day. I sang the different numbers and choruses and played all the different parts in the piece, for I have always made it a point in every show I have acted to acquire a working knowledge of all the rôles, and have frequently jumped in to play them in an emergency. Ziegfeld's hopes were restored. He ordered the costumes and scenery.

Shortly after that the whole cast went down to the New Amsterdam Theater to hear the entire musical score and see the new sets. Then came the dress rehearsal Ziegfeld removed his coat, and when Ziegfeld removes his coat the serious part of show business begins. He has often worked through a dress rehearsal for a span of twenty hours, starting at two in the afternoon and still going strong the next morning.

The theater was empty and a solemn air pervaded the darkened orchestra, where only the glow of a lighted cigar betrayed his presence. The stage brightened up as for a regular performance and the play began. No one dared sit around in the theater or make a noise, for now came his part—the rôle Ziegfeld plays in a show.

Numbers were done over and over again and dances were restaged at his request. Spots for certain specialties were switched and musical cues adjusted. The finale was too drawn out and the scene in one, in front of the drop, did not give enough time for putting up the next set. These faults were corrected accordingly.

He hardly interfered with the dialogue or comedy scenes, for he has no fixed ideas as to what the audience will like and waits for the public reaction on the road to draw his conclusions. If the costumes don't harmonize with a particular scene according to his notion, they are discarded as so much cloth, and that's that. His main concern is ensemble effects and the sweeping impression of the whole.

He began to give instructions to the electricians for the lighting of every scene and most of it sounded like deep Greek.

"Blue foots up on dimmer at start of overture," he said, "and white and amber foots up on dimmer at the end. Next scene, all lamps flood until finish, then dim down to blue and white one-quarter up and palm curtains open."

In this fashion were born those color moods which gave the final aura of splendor to the already lavish production.

Kid Boots opened in Detroit on December 3, 1923. It clicked from the first and ran as smoothly as a performance played after six months on Broadway. On the opening night I found a dozen new laughs by impromptu lines and they remained in the show. The audience received the production as a sensational triumph. Ziegfeld and Royce were elated with my performance. The tension of the first night, always severe with me, broke me down completely this time.

We played four weeks on the road, traveling to Cincinnati, Washington and Pittsburgh, and opened in New York on New Year's Eve. By that time some of the dancing costumes looked a little smudged to Ziegfeld and he ordered new dresses for several numbers. It was an additional item of eighteen thousand dollars, but he wanted the whole production to be crystal sparkling for opening night. In this respect his gallant gestures to his public are unique.

We opened at the Earl Carroll Theater and a little extemporaneous curtain speech I made that night was kept in the show for three years.

Kid Boots contained every type of comedy for which I was best suited. The pattern of its comic scenes and their sequence were skillfully designed and have rarely been excelled. The shades of fun varied from light gags and wise cracks to human situations, and from great physical hokum to delightful nonsense. My very first entrance was planted for a laugh. I rushed in, jumping about as if to work off an attack of fits.

"What's the matter, Boots?" asked one of the guests, trying to calm me. "What are you jumping around for?"

"Let me alone, will you?" I exclaimed excitedly. "I just bought a secondhand watch—if I don't do this, it won't go."

In a musical comedy, where spoken scenes are limited of necessity, the fact that I was the comedian of the show had to be established quickly, not by announcing it in the program but by the first two minutes of dialogue. To accomplish this I wove in

(Continued on Page 158)

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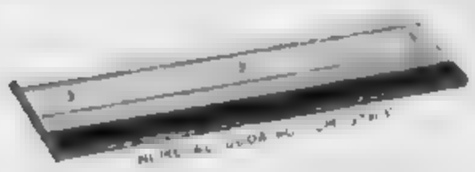

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(Continued from Page 154)

a half dozen jokes around the fact that I was the caddie master.

Thus, when I addressed the caddies, they fell down at the mere force of my authority.

"Get up!" I said sternly. "I suppose you know I'm the caddie master around here!"

"Yes, ma'am," they replied.

"Yes, ma'am?" I was taken aback.

"No, ma'am."

"No, ma'am?" I understood, tore off the red necktie I was wearing and put it in my hip pocket. "Don't let this thing fool you. I'm a pretty tough guy, I am! When I have waffles for breakfast, I throw away the waffles and eat the irons!"

They stared at me and slunk away, but I called them back.

"How often have I told you guys there's been complaints about golf balls being missing? Now I don't mind you sneaking in a ball now and then, but remember, a golf ball is never lost till it stops rolling. Remember, honesty is the best policy. You've either got to be honest or I get half."

This kind of scene had the double purpose of getting laughs and introducing my character. This was swiftly followed by a human situation in which I tried to comfort Tom Sterling, the forlorn lover. Against the serious background of his hopeless love for Polly, played by Mary Eaton, my comedy proved twice as effective.

"I've got troubles, Boots," he sighed.

"You've got troubles? Lookit, I lost my salary shooting crap, my girl swallowed her engagement ring and I owe two hundred dollars on it. I've got an accident policy and I can't get hurt—and you've got troubles!"

The scene in Kid Boots that ranked nearest to the osteopath scene for laughs was one that rose directly out of the plot and needed no extraneous gags. This is ideal and rare, for if the story can so be turned that its crucial moments are handled lightly and in fun, then the story helps the fun and the fun helps the story.

In this case the situation revolved about a championship golf match to be played by the rivals for Polly's hand and heart. I was trying to help Tom, the hero, get into the match, and the only way was to incapacitate his friend Valentine, who had been selected by the club to represent it.

For more than five minutes I stood behind the counter with a hammer, poising it over Valentine at various times as if to crown him and make way for Tom. The comedy was primarily one of action and stage business. As I got into position for the assault, with the hammer behind my back, I inquired of Valentine, "If you were sick tomorrow you couldn't play, could you?"

"I should say not."

"How do you feel?"

"Why, I feel all right."

"I was just thinking, if anything happened to you, Tom would take your place."

"Yes, of course. Tom is my logical successor."

"He'd take your place?" Valentine lit a cigarette and I covered my eyes while lifting the hammer to strike him. But I weakened. "Even—even if you had a sprained wrist you couldn't play?"

"No. The slightest thing would incapacitate me."

I wiped my brow, lifted two hammers, but hesitated again. "Do you know anything about the law?" I suddenly inquired.

"I studied law—I'm a lawyer."

"Oh, you're a lawyer!" I put down both hammers. "I guess you could tell me what is assault?"

"Assault and battery?"

"I know what a battery is—I mean just plain assault."

"If one person strikes another with intent to injure, that is assault."

"But if it's an accident?"

"Oh, well, if it's really an accident, then the person can't be punished."

"He can't be punished?" I asked eagerly.

"No."

"Umph! That's a good law." I lifted the hammer with renewed confidence. "You feel all right?"

"I feel splendid."

"But if you had an injured wrist—zowie—the match would be off."

"But—zowie—I haven't an injured wrist."

"Ah, but you have an injured wrist!" I dropped the hammer on his hand and he let out a yell that rocked the caddie shop. "Gosh! What an accident!"

Tom got into the golf match, but one of my intrigues miscarried and the crooked golf ball that was intended for his rival found its way into Tom's bag. He played eighteen holes with the loaded pill and lost the game. But to the very end the comedian was concerned with the vital points of the plot, for when I confessed that the crooked ball was mine, the match was voided and Tom won the girl.

Kid Boots ran in New York until February, 1925, to a box office of a million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It traveled on the road until late in 1926 and earned a gross total of three million dollars.

I had now reached what seemed to be the height of my profession. In the old Henry Street days I had never dreamed of such a leap to success and popularity. And often, as I passed through the stages of my progress, I would go down to the old haunts, take a walk around the park in Rutgers Square or wander along the memory-laden trail of Henry Street. At least for a little while I wanted to meet again the Eddies that I once had been—the toothless Eddie who was so skillful at looting peddlers' pushcarts and the famished one with popping eyes and hollow cheeks who rented a pair of trousers to play the amateur night at Miner's.

Backstage I now carried on a complete and separate life from the comic caddie in the golf club. And after every exit I had to pick up the thread where I had left it for my cue. I had to answer a great deal of fan mail; I dictated articles, thought up skits for revues, concerned myself with welfare work. Prominent persons from every sphere of life visited my dressing room now. Governor Smith, Ex-Ambassador Gerard, Ambassador Claudel of France, Marcus Loew, Adolph Zukor, Paul Block, Commander Byrd, Harold Lloyd, Jesse Lasky, Mayor Walker; and contrasted to them, newsboys, gunmen, sick and destitute, old acquaintances from the East Side, all anxious for a helping hand, making this little room the center of their world and hoping for anything from an autograph to a new start in life.

On June 1, 1925, my wife and I sailed to Europe for our first trip of rest and pleasure. It was entirely different from our second-class honeymoon eleven years before. That was a contest of thrift and industry. She washed clothes while I acted, and both skimped. This time it was a contest of spending. Every morning we decided on the best place to eat, the nicest place to visit; only once we went back to a humble spot of memory just to marvel how we were able to endure it.

"But remember," Ida cautioned, "no matter how swell you get, your hat must always fit the head of the little boy on Henry Street!"

When we returned to New York the captain of the liner called me up on the bridge and through his binoculars I could see a yacht approaching, flying the banner of Kid Boots. The company, headed by George Olsen and his band, had sailed out to welcome us back. As we neared them the band struck up Eddie, Behave, and Ethel Shutta, comedienne of the Follies, led the welcoming party in song. It was on this trip that George Olsen and Ethel kindled the romance which later led to their marriage.

Kid Boots went on the road again, but I was beginning to long for some new avenue of expression. For some time I had cherished the hope of entering the movies. One day I did a short subject for a talking picture just to test my chances. When the film

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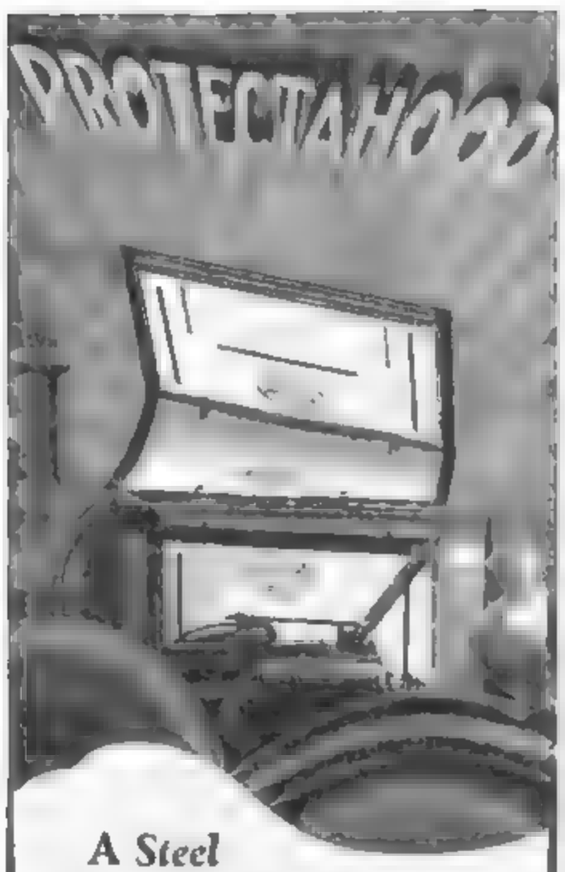

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played at the Rivoli, Lasky happened to see it and said to Walter Wanger, his manager in chief, "There is a screen personality."

Lasky bought the motion-picture rights to Kid Boots for sixty-five thousand dollars with the proviso that I play the lead in the film version. When I went to Hollywood to start my first picture I found that the man in full charge of its production was an old boyhood chum of mine from Henry Street, Ben Shulberg.

THOUGH the thought of living in Hollywood thrilled my children, they were reluctant to leave our home in Mount Vernon, where they had built up pleasant friendships and associations. I tried to comfort them.

"Look who your new friends will be! I'll have Gloria Swanson play jacks with you and you'll skip rope with Vilma Banky!"

Margie, my oldest, was skeptical. "Yeh! And I suppose you'll get Norma Shearer to wait on us at table!"

But when I suggested that we leave three weeks before school closed they were promptly converted.

On arriving in Los Angeles, we rented a bungalow in Beverly Hills and left the door open for Chaplin, Fairbanks and Rin-Tin-Tin to walk in. But Margie says the only regular caller we had was the landlord.

Personally I looked forward to my Hollywood visit with a good deal of excitement. I had read so much about this hell's kitchen in the newspapers that I brought along a one-piece bathing suit to wear to banquets. I expected to see a repetition of the old Roman days when emperors threw parties on the street and half-naked men and women caroused on beds of roses. Instead, it turned out to be a small factory town, very provincial and terribly industrious. For the first time in my life I had to wake up at dawn and get into make-up so I could be shot at sunrise.

Everybody went around in some disguise and you couldn't tell whether the cop on the beat was an extra or whether the bootlegger he was shooting after was a star. The whole population marched out in the morning carrying make-up boxes, and long lines of laborers filed into the picture factories to put in a day's work as villains, kings, pirates and Indian chiefs.

After punching a time clock, I was ready for my début in pictures. In casting Kid Boots for the screen, Ben Shulberg selected three of the most beautiful girls in filmdom—Billie Dove, Natalie Kingston and Clara Bow. I was unused to screen methods at first, and the director, Frank Tuttle, had to cut my stage tempo to half its speed. My style of acting was altogether too fast and made the camera eye blink. Afterward, on my return to the Follies in 1927, it took me several days to restore my original pace.

Clara Bow proved most helpful to me with suggestions and advice. She told me, "What rehearsals are to the stage, spontaneity is to the screen." In this art, more than in any other form of acting, the first principle is to be yourself. She is. She is never camera-conscious and acts with the same ease on the set as she would in her home. In some of our scenes together she was supposed to scold me severely. But while the camera ground away at our quarrel and caught all her pretty frowns, she was really saying, "Eddie, you're doing fine! Just flash those banjo eyes and there's nothing to it!"

Tuttle knew that I was accustomed to play before audiences and that their laughter would stimulate my sense of ad-libbing. To help me along in these scenes, he collected a crowd of onlookers and they laughed at so much per day. I never got so many laughs in my life.

But there were also serious moments in the production. One of them was when I had to kiss Clara Bow. It seems we got everything right but that, and we had to do it over and over again. And when Clara kisses you, you have been osculated!

There were many dare-devil stunts in Kid Boots and I was soon initiated into the mystery of doubles. Whenever there is an element of danger, the star is exempt. Some stunt man doubles for him, often risking his life for a few dollars. After all, why should the star take a chance when he has a wife or two, three automobiles and a swimming pool dependent on him?

In the cliff scene of Kid Boots, which made the movie audiences gasp, doubles were used for both Clara Bow and myself. In most of the hazardous scenes everything was done by doubles except in the case of the horse, and later on he complained about it. Only once did I double for myself, and heartily regretted it.

The picture showed me being dragged along the ground by a galloping horse with a rope around my waist. When this shot was taken I was tied, not to the galloping horse but to a slow-moving automobile, the director alongside me in a moving camera truck. While I was running, supposedly pulled by the frantic steed, the director told me to skip gracefully.

I tried it and fell. The automobile dragged me some distance over the rough road before it was stopped. My knees were bleeding and gravel had cut my hands, lodging deep under the skin. I had to spend several hours getting the gravel removed. If I needed sand to make good in pictures, I surely got enough then for the rest of my career.

Kid Boots took six weeks to film. It could have been completed in five weeks, which would have established a record for a big picture, but one solid week was devoted to a single stunt scene which afterward did not even appear at the first showing. In this scene I was all set to dive backward from a springboard about twenty-five feet in the air to impress my girl, not knowing that my rival was emptying the pool to impress my skull. While I made elaborate preparations on the springboard the water was being steadily drained, and when I finally took the back dive I was plunging headlong into a dry pool.

The diving illusion into a dry stone pool was accomplished by the use of rollers which the movie audience could not see. I was slid across the full length of the pool on these rollers right into the arms of my husky rival, Malcolm Waite, who received me warmly with two fists. There was a deal of accessory horseplay and slapstick connected with this scene, but when Ben Shulberg saw the picture at the preview, he thought it was all too mechanical. He believed that since I had played such a legitimate character throughout Kid Boots, it would be best to avoid this lapse into hokum. A week's extravagant labors were erased with a word.

When the picture was finally completed, and while it was still being studied in the projection room for cuts and revisions, I lost no time in getting my tickets for New York, figuring that they could never really hurt a man three thousand miles away.

At Chicago I stopped for breath. There I met Georgie Jessel and my insurance agent, Jack Kreindel. It was comforting to travel the last lap of the trip with friends and confide to them my fears about the picture. They tried to divert me with a game of cards, but I lost and that depressed me more. At eleven we retired to our berths in the compartment. I lay sleepless for more than an hour and noticed that Georgie was restless too. It would be nine hours before we pulled into New York. As we lay for a time whispering to each other, Jack Kreindel's deep slumber broke upon us in thunderous snores.

"We've got to fix that guy," Jessel finally decided.

"O. K.," I replied.

We got up and began to dress. It was after one. I nudged Kreindel.

"What's 'a matter?" he asked.

"Hurry up," I said. "The train pulls into Grand Central in half an hour." Jessel and I continued to dress in the most matter-of-fact manner. We brushed our teeth, combed our hair.

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Foot-Joy shoes are smartly styled for all occasions—street, sport and evening wear. Write for illustrated catalogue.

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Kreindel stretched happily. "Gee! I slept like a log!" he exclaimed. "The night passed like a minute!"

"You'll be late!" said Jessel curtly, and Kreindel started to dress. "Boys, I had a great night's sleep!" he continued, getting into his clothes, but we disregarded him as we put on our coats. He was soon dressed and rang for the porter.

The porter arrived looking drowsy. "Yes, sir?"

"Hurry up! Take out these bags," said Jack. "We're late!"

"What for?" inquired the porter, opening his eyes wide.

"We'll be in New York in a few minutes!" persisted Kreindel sternly.

"You will?" cried the porter. "We just pulled out of Cleveland and we got eight more hours to go!"

Three weeks after my return to New York I received a wire from Ben Shulberg. It read:

HOLLYWOOD, AUGUST, 1920

EDDIE CANTOR, NEW YORK

DEAR EDDIE: PREVIEWED KID BOOTS LAST NIGHT. WOULD HAVE DONE YOU HEART GOOD TO SEE HOW MUCH AUDIENCE LIKED YOU. PICTURE HAS EVERYTHING IT NEEDS TO MAKE IT POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT. WILL HAVE PRINT IN NEW YORK IN ABOUT FOUR WEEKS FOR YOU TO SEE. YOU CAN ACCEPT MY HONEST ASSURANCE YOU HAVE NO OCCASION FOR ANY FURTHER WORRY ABOUT PICTURE OR YOUR SCREEN PERSONALITY. KINDEST REGARDS

B. P. SHULBERG

Two weeks after this one I received another telegram. It was from Jesse Lasky himself:

HAVING JUST SEEN KID BOOTS I HASTEN TO CONGRATULATE YOU. PICTURE WILL BE SUCCESS AND YOUR PERFORMANCE IS OUTSTANDING AND PROVES CONCLUSIVELY TO MY MIND YOU HAVE ALL QUALIFICATIONS FOR SUCCESSFUL SCREEN CAREER. KINDEST PERSONAL REGARDS

Kid Boots opened at the Rialto Theater, New York, the first week of October, 1926. I was engaged to make a personal appearance with the picture at $7500 a week. As a compliment to me on my screen debut, George Olsen and his band insisted on coming to the Rialto to accompany my numbers.

I played to a new public, the majority of them people who had never seen me on the stage because they could not afford the Ziegfeld rates. In one material respect I had to change my style. For if I improvised and varied the program, the same people would stay on after each showing instead of emptying the house to let in a new crowd. It was good for me, but not good for business.

I finally stuck to a single routine, and after that the crowds moved briskly. The picture played an entire month at the Rialto, which was a record for one's first picture. Kid Boots ranked seventh among the first ten hit productions of the year from the Famous Players Studio and earned seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I was reengaged for another picture. I had received only $3000 a week for the first one, but for my work in the new one I received eight times as much.

XX

SPECIAL DELIVERY, my second picture, was an original story written by myself. I had intended to create a more human, less hoky vehicle, only sparsely interspersed with gags. But when the story was rewritten for the screen and finally produced, everything between laughs was cut out, giving the hoppy, hiccupy effect of a comic strip or a stale joke book. It was one of those sad cases of authorship where I saw my brain child get its brains knocked out, and I had to be an accomplice to the crime.

One incident will illustrate what happened. I had a scene with Mary Carr, who, when the final picture unraveled itself from the mess, was not even in the film. Mary Carr played the mother of a boy who had left home and had never written her after that. Day after day, as I passed with my mail pouch, the old lady would intercept me, asking, "Mr. Letter-carrier, anything for me?"

"No, no word from your Jimmy," I told her.

Tears trembled in her eyes as she turned back to her house. One day I resolved to bring her a letter from Jimmy. Before approaching her doorstep I sat down on another stoop and wrote a letter to the old lady, saying:

Dear Mother: I'm sorry I ran away from home. I've been ill, but I'm well now. Inclosed find ten dollars for spending money. Please write me care of General Delivery, Scranton, Pa.

I handed the letter to Mary Carr. She opened it while I lingered on to watch her emotion. She kissed the letter, took the ten-dollar bill with a grateful expression and went joyfully into the house. A few hours later, passing along the same route, I met Mary Carr going to mail a letter. I knew it was addressed to her lost son and insisted on mailing it for her. From now on I would be her lost son. When she left me I opened the letter eagerly and read:

My dear boy I was so happy to hear from you. Keep well. Thanks for sending the ten dollars. I know you have sent me many a ten-dollar bill, but the postman on our block looks like an awful crook. In the future, please send money orders. Your loving mother.

This whole episode was photographed and shown in the projection room, where it was received with enthusiasm. James Cruze, one of our great motion-picture directors, happened to be there at the time and said it was one of the finest touches he had seen in pictures. Yet the whole thing was not even shown at the preview, and I don't know why to this day.

Another serious alteration in the story was caused by the Federal authorities. Our plot centered about a mail robbery during which I, as a rookie postman, accidentally captured the robber chief single-handed after a series of funny mishaps. This made me undeservedly a hero and won me the girl to whose hand a fireman and a policeman had also aspired.

It was not until the picture had got well under way that we learned the Government would not permit the showing of even a comical mail robbery on the screen. Had this been discovered before we started to shoot the picture, it would have altered all our plans, and most probably we would have selected a different story altogether. But as it stood, it was too late to turn back, and instead of the mail robbery we introduced a bucket-shop broker who used the mails to defraud. This switched the picture into conventional lines and diminished its strength considerably.

With the story weakened and the human element destroyed, we started to gag, and almost suffocated. Of the two hundred or more gags that we filmed, I liked one particularly. Tired of lugging my load of mail through the streets and up the stairs, I suddenly paused beside a hurdy-gurdy. I asked the organ grinder whether he could play Bye-Bye, Blackbird. He churned out the tune and I began to sing it. A great crowd gathered to see and hear this strange street exhibit, and when the people were all assembled I distributed my mail among them, calling the roll from the letter pile.

In another scene a big bulldog was supposed to jump for Frankfurters that I held. The trainer was not around that day and the assistant had little standing with the dog. The bull thought my leg was the Frankfurter and dug his teeth into it. The wound had to be cauterized—or cantorized, as the men on the lot put it. This was the only realistic bit in the picture and it happened off the screen.

During the shooting of Special Delivery, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford visited my lot. "Oh, how we could use both of you in this picture!" I said. But they didn't take the hint.

Another guest was Morris Gest. "You might own this production," I told him.

"How's that, Eddie?"

(Continued on Page 161)

with

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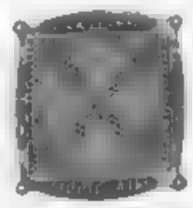

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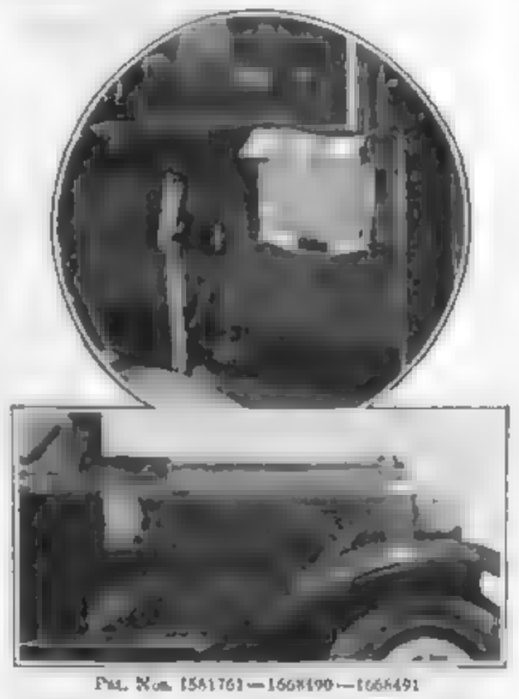

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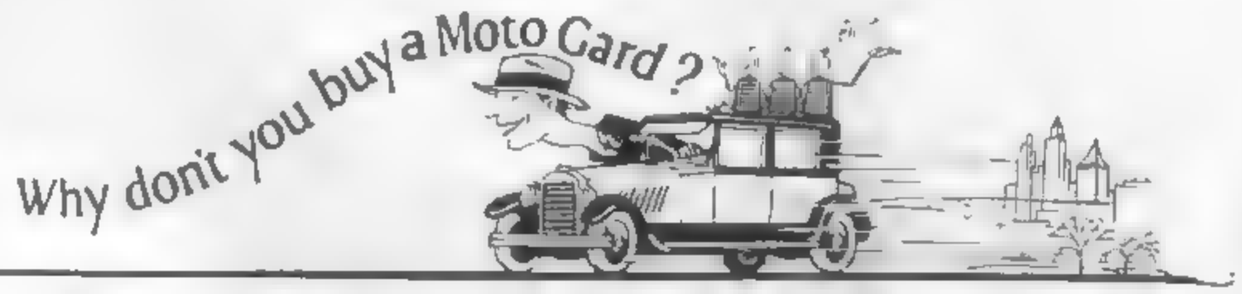

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Water cools first and freezing starts at the bottom of your radiator. It's there you need the *extra* protection of Moto-Gard. You can keep the lower shutter leaves closed while the upper leaves remain open to admit air to your engine.

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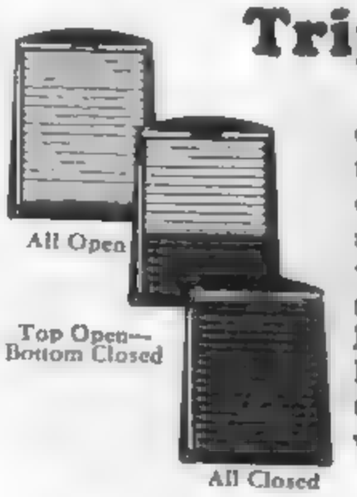
As you turn the nickeled thumb screw every degree of opening of the shutter, down to 1-32 of an inch, if desired, is accurately recorded on the attractive indicator dash control. No effort to operate.

Triple Service



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Know the *reasons* for Louisville's growing ascendency in the low-cost production area south of the Ohio . . . Know why, in six years, Louisville added more factory workers to its payrolls than any other city east of the Mississippi . . . Know why, in the same length of time, Louisville's manufactured output has doubled.

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* * *

Center of Markets—47% of the population east of the Rockies within a radius of 500 miles; 41.5% of its taxable incomes.

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In business and play—in the office and on the links—Louisville's spirit of genial good-fellowship is unmistakably there . . . Incidentally plenty of golf courses . . . congenial clubs . . . river sports . . . excellent roads . . . inspiring scenery . . . a really progressive educational system and city government . . . And fifteen minutes, *in your own car*, from office to home!

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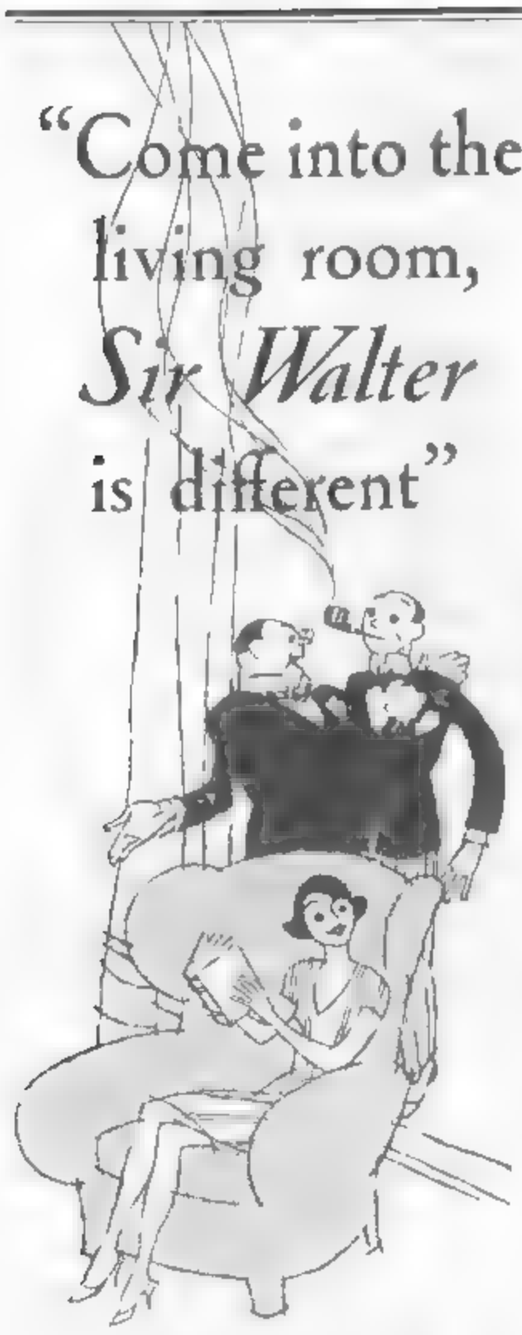

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B.W.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

(Continued from Page 158)

"If it goes over, it's another Miracle!"

During my stay in California I had an impulse to play two theaters which belonged to a circuit that had turned down Al Lee and myself at a salary of three hundred and twenty-five dollars a week in 1914. This time they gladly paid me forty-five hundred dollars a week and I didn't work half as hard as in the days with Lee.

But the years of ceaseless activity on the stage, coupled with numberless benefits that I always played in spare intervals, had accumulated their toll of strain and fell upon me like an avalanche. As Special Delivery drew to a close, so did my strength. I had been losing weight, could not digest properly and suffered from enervating fatigue. I began to visit doctors and read all the magazines in their waiting rooms back to 1860. I learned the difference between a general practitioner and a specialist. I found out that an ordinary doctor may treat you for pleurisy and you die of a broken leg. But not with a specialist! Whatever he treats you for you die from.

They finally decided it was my tonsils. I planned to go to New York for the operation. Wallace Beery asked me, "Why should you go to New York when you can take them out here?"

"But they're New York tonsils!" I argued.

My condition grew so grave, however, that I had them extracted in California.

Even after that my condition showed little improvement. Anticipating the worst, I resolved to increase my life insurance, and Betty, Will Rogers' wife, sent a doctor to examine me for an additional policy. He asked me the usual questions and I gave the usual answers. We were getting along swimmingly when Ida walked into the room. She didn't know it was an examination for insurance and was anxious that the doctor should know everything that would help him make a correct diagnosis.

"Have you been to any doctors recently?" he inquired.

"I haven't been to a doctor in years!"

"Eddie!" my wife exclaimed, surprised. I tried to signal her, but the medical examiner kept his eyes riveted on mine.

"Were you ever seriously sick?" he continued.

"Never!"

"Eddie!" my wife repeated, this time more reproachfully. I began to feel alternately flushed and chilled.

"Ever have any trouble in your chest?" he asked.

"My chest? Oh, no!"

Ida could restrain herself no longer. "Why don't you tell the doctor about your pleurisy?" she cried, amazed that I should have overlooked such an important fact. The doctor stared hard at me.

"Ha-ha!" I laughed uneasily. "Can you imagine, doc, I forgot that!"

"H'm—h'm!" he muttered. "Anything else the matter with you?"

"Not a thing! I'm perfect!"

"Is that so?" Ida was beside herself. "Why don't you tell him about the rash that came out on your back, and your bum knee? You know—it sometimes snaps out of place! And that choking feeling you get at night and how tired you are after the least exertion and how you can't sleep and what all those big professors said is the matter with you!"

"It's marvelous how women remember these trifles!" I said, grinning foolishly. "They're not important, doc."

"I wouldn't say that," said the doc.

"Is there anything else you'd like to know?"

"I guess that will do," he observed kindly, taking his hat. It did do. I was politely rejected.

When Special Delivery was completed, Famous Players wanted me to make a personal appearance at its first showing, but I thought better of the idea and stayed in the background. Later on I overheard a mother in front of the theater scolding her youngster: "If you don't stop crying I'll take you in to see Eddie Cantor in Special Delivery!" This threat had a magic effect on the child.

Nevertheless, the picture made quite a hit in Australia. There was no farther place it could be sent to.

The time had come for my return to Ziegfeld. He had wired me that he would do no more Follies shows unless I consented to star in the next one. I realized the difficulty of bearing the full weight of a whole revue on my own shoulders, but in consideration for this, Ziegfeld was willing to shorten the term of our contract. If I starred in his next Follies he would take a year off the agreement, which had three to run. The deal was arranged. I lost a year from my contract and five from my life. It was the hardest individual work I ever did in any show.

On the train coming East, Irving Berlin and I laid out the plans for the 1927 Follies. For his end of the production Irving Berlin received 5 per cent of the gross, which was the highest royalty ever paid to a composer of musical comedy. It was so high that even Berlin was impressed. One day while crossing Times Square, a taxicab grazed my toes and Berlin pulled me back with a jerk.

"For heaven's sake, Eddie, be careful!" he cried. "Think of my royalties!"

As is customary in a production like the Follies, a large number of extra scenes are prepared with the view to eliminating the dull ones after a tryout. But in this case there didn't seem to be any dull ones and we retained them all. The comedy skits furnished a wide range of humor from an aviation setting to a bird shop. The two sketches that became most popular in New York were the Taxicab Scene and the Mayor Walker Scene. In fact, there was scarcely a musical production after that which did not include an impersonation of the mayor.

The night Colonel Lindbergh attended the show I asked him whether in flying over Scotland he found the air pockets too tight, and when Ruth Elder was in the audience I presented her with a key to the city, saying, "You will go down in history as the only woman who was ever picked up on the ocean."

Impromptu situations are the spice of the stage. They have often yielded my best laughs, but in most cases the situation arises but once. Thus in the animal-store scene, a dog I employed happened to scratch himself with his hind paw in a strumming motion and I dubbed him Ukulele Ike. It was a spontaneous laugh, but the next night the dog refused to strum.

On October 8, 1927, while playing in my last Follies, I became a father once more. My fifth daughter, little Janet, was born.

"What's the idea, Eddie?" cried Ziegfeld. Even he was flabbergasted—not to mention myself.

"It's for you, Flo," I replied. "I'm raising my own Albertina Rasch ballet."

Ida suffered severely after the birth of Janet and required several blood transfusions. For some time her life was despaired of, and after each performance I spent the rest of the night by her bedside. She recovered, and after a long convalescence came back to her normal vigor. One night I returned home with a diamond-studded bracelet, the stones set in platinum. Fifteen years before, when we were engaged, she had gazed at such a bracelet in a Fifth Avenue window. It was one of those shining, magic wonders floating in a world different from hers that she never hoped to attain. Now it coiled its gleaming warmth about her wrist. She was as delighted as a child. One of Grimm's fairy tales had come true.

I was on the stage nearly two hours every night out of the two and a half. The ordeal broke through my thin resistance and I was taken with a relapse of pleurisy. While playing in Boston I had to quit the 1927 Follies upon the advice of my physicians and submit to a long rest cure.

I spent six weeks at Palm Springs, California, and then went to the Battle Creek Sanitarium for another six weeks. My

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Am interested in winter trip to

health has been gradually restored and today I feel as well as ever. On my return to New York I set to work on the new Ziegfeld musical comedy, Whoopee, based on the farce, The Nervous Wreck, by Owen Davis. My recent experiences at Battle Creek proved valuable training for just this type of show. Out there, every time I saw a man with a white coat I stuck out my tongue and started to undress.

Whoopee is like a family reunion of many of those who helped make Kid Boots a ringer. George Olsen and his band are with me. Ethel Shutta, who is now Mrs. Olsen and already has an Olsen junior, plays the leading comedienne rôle, while William Anthony McGuire, who wrought the book of Kid Boots, is the fashioning hand in Whoopee.

Along with my work in the new show I have made a few short subjects for talking pictures in the Paramount Studios on Long Island. If they are favorably received by the public I shall soon do my first long talking picture. Between the talking films and the new musical play, I shall find a happy winter's work, provided the public finds it happy too.

It is my hope, after these efforts, to enter the producing field and perhaps appear in my first straight play, where I will not have to depend on singing or dancing or clapping of hands to get my effects, but upon the simple ability of acting, which maybe I have, after all.

xxi

SINCE our return from Hollywood, we live in a rented house at Great Neck, Long Island. This is our temporary dwelling until the time when our own home will be erected. It is a spacious, choicely appointed cottage with all improvements and you can have the lease cheap when our own home is ready. There are big grounds with a nice white fence all around, a vegetable garden and garage space for several cars. It is quite the thing for one who has lived in a two-room basement on Madison Street.

When we gather at the dinner table we are seven—one man among six women. They wait until I come down and always expect me to surprise them in different make-up. I've found that little pranks, funny notions, queer entrances, set the house in a roar and help digestion. Ida presses the button under the table and the head waitress enters, followed by an assistant who has another assistant, and so they keep on assisting one another. The meal begins. There are many courses, enticing entrées, soups, roasts, elaborate desserts. Our menu changes twice a week—with the cook. It is all on a high scale now. But Margie doesn't eat. She looks wistful and peers longingly into space. I finally find out what is stirring in her soul. She would give the meal, the table and the whole place along with it for one hot dog.

The other day, when I was talking to Nathan S. Jonas in his home at Great Neck, he took an accountant's report from a table. "Here, Eddie," he said, "is the latest statement of your finances. It has been a struggle for you, but always upward. I congratulate you, Eddie. Today you are a millionaire."

I took the statement and gazed at the final figure. One million dollars—thanks to Nathan S. Jonas and the Manufacturers Trust Company. In 1924 I had won the first prize in a letter contest conducted by a business magazine for the best answer to the question: "What is your bank doing for you and your community?" What better answer could I give than this financial statement? The Manufacturers Trust Company was awarded the banking-service cup and richly merited this distinction.

Plans are now fully under way for my new home. It will cost approximately four hundred thousand dollars. The architect and workmen are already on the grounds. Tunneling for the foundation has begun. The other morning I heard loud blasts and the harsh clatter of derricks scooping up rocks. It disturbed my sleep and I was about to swear at the builders. But then I realized it was my own home they were making the racket about. I went back to sleep with a blissful smile.

The new house will have every improvement, including ceilings, walls and a motion-picture theater. I am still wondering about a name. I don't know whether to call my new home The House That Ziegfeld's Jack Built or The Cantor Home for Girls.

And now that you have heard the story of my life, let me add the final word: It has just begun.

(THE END)

Nonpartisan Statistics

AN AVERAGE of five minutes was spent by each of 14,600,172 men buying the Hoover or Smith plates to attach to their cars; twelve minutes deciding just where on the bumper, number-plate holder, tire carrier or radiator to attach them; seven minutes finding the necessary bolts or clamps to fasten them; fourteen minutes locating nuts of the right size to fit the necessary bolts or clamps; and nine minutes making them fast.

On election day 47 per cent of these men will not be able to find time to vote.

—*Bill Sykes.*

A new and superior electric refrigerator of amazing simplicity, employing the most efficient engineering principle known today, is soon to be announced. Watch and wait for the new Holmes.

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New York City

And This Deed Will Live in History as "A Woman's Flight Across the Pacific!"

WOODWORTH
All Year-"Easy On"
TIRE CHAINS

On a wet or icy road, when you are skidding or when you are hub deep off the road and digging yourself in instead of digging yourself out—then's the time you're glad to snap on your Woodworth's and hum on your way with a smile.

DON'T let your wife drive without this protection. No *jacking* up wheels. On or off in a moment. Mud-Hooks and Skid-Chains in one. Single chains snapped around the tire between the spokes. For wood or wire wheels. Leather covered where they rest on the rim. Perfectly rounded and smooth next to the tire. The Patented cross chain lies flat on the tire and causes no bumping on pavements but tips partly on edge and digs in like a mud-hook if the wheel slips.

FOR SALE by auto dealers and Kresge Stores. W. T. Grant Co.; Neisner Bros. Co.; McCrory; Metropolitan, F. & W. Grand, McLellan, Newberry, Sterling Consolidated, Green Stores, Manning Bowman, Gimbel; M. W. Savage; Montgomery, Ward & Co.; Butler Bros. Metropolitan Distributors to Dealers. United Specialties Associates, Newark, N. J.

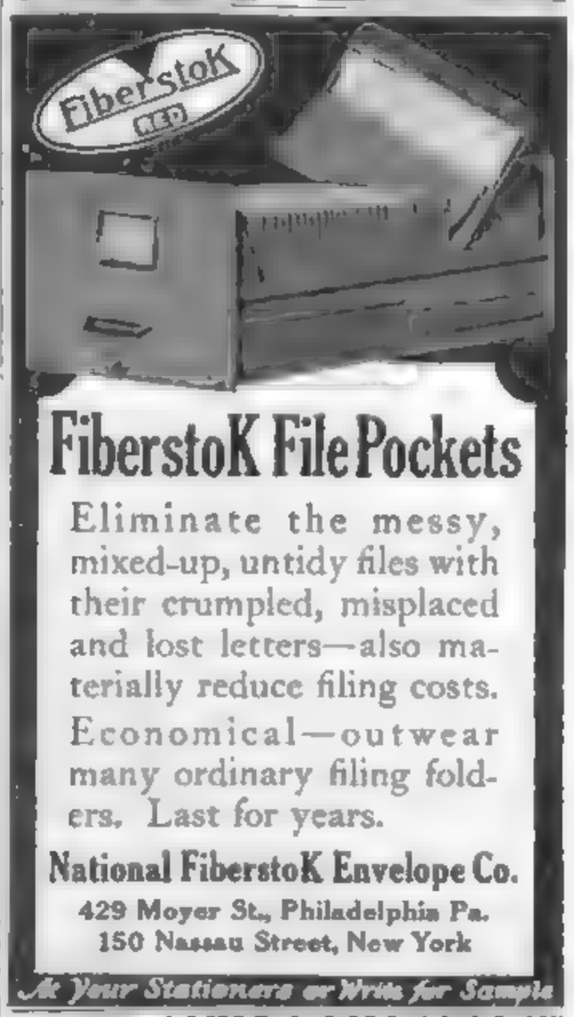
Prices—For tires 3 ½" to 4.75, 35c ea.; 4" to 5.25, 40c ea.; 5" high pressure to 6.50 balloon 45c ea.; 6.60 to 7.30, 50c ea. Special Chain for Ford Wire Wheels 35c ea.

Over a Million Now in Use

Better get six or more now. If your dealer has not stocked these yet we will send chains parcel post prepaid at these prices.

WOODWORTH SPECIALTIES CO.
Binghamton, N. Y. Established 1905

Two Men Digging In *Or One Man Digging Out*



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Eliminate the messy, mixed-up, untidy files with their crumpled, misplaced and lost letters—also materially reduce filing costs. Economical—outwear many ordinary filing folders. Last for years.

National FiberstoK Envelope Co.
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Delivered at your door. We pay the postage. Standard authors, fine editions, new books. Be sure to write for Clarkson's catalog
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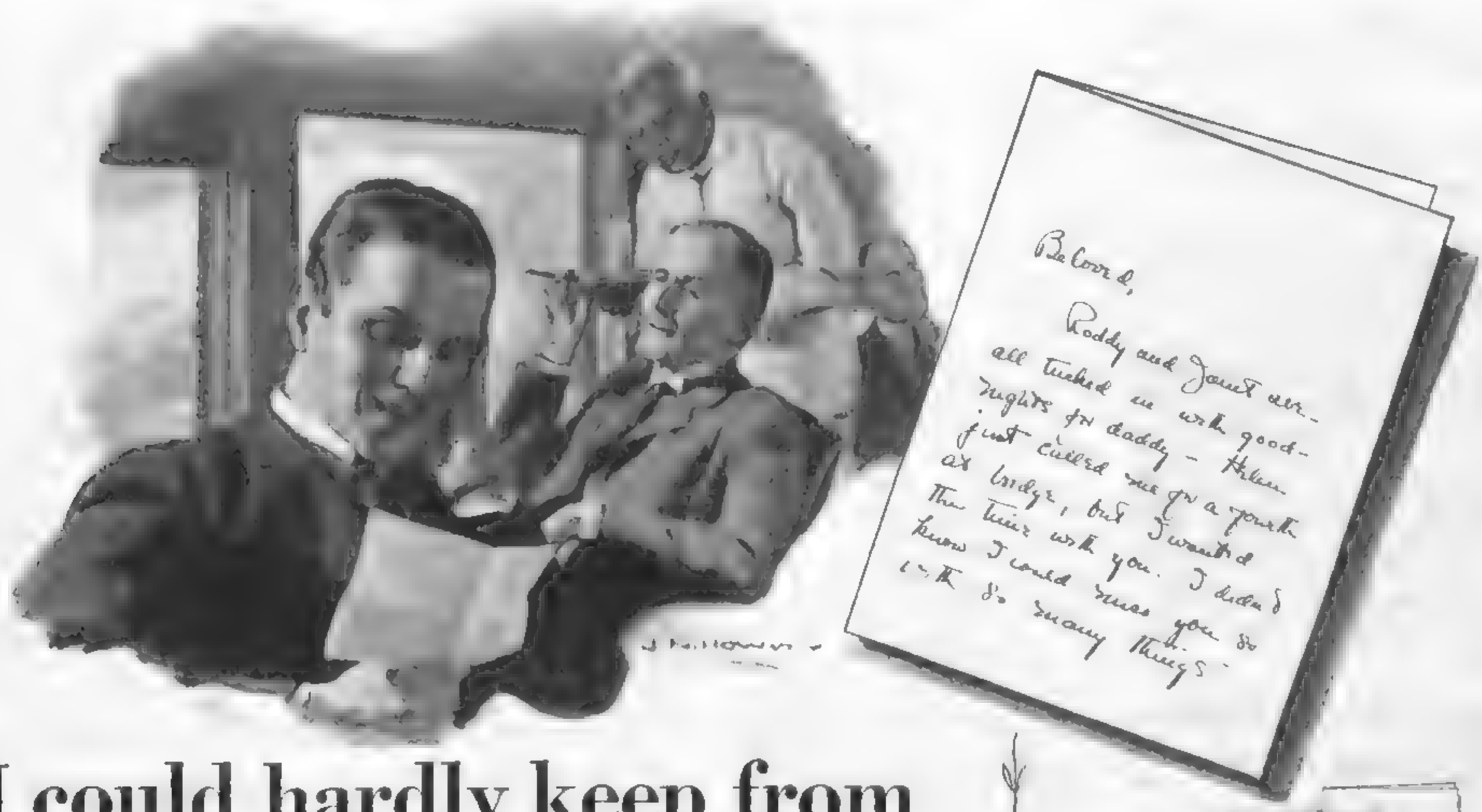

Dearest,
Roddy and Janet are all tucked in with good-nights for daddy - Helen just called me for a fourth ax bridge, but I wanted the time with you. I didn't know I could miss you so much. So many things -

"I could hardly keep from reading over his shoulder!"

He only glimpsed the crisply feminine notepaper as the other man took it from its envelope. But it held him . . . and then the look of affectionate pride on the man's face . . . He wondered who he was . . . who "she" was . . .

Yes, some women have a way of transmitting a sense of personal daintiness to everything they do and touch. A letter from them is like meeting them face to face, for they choose their notepaper as painstakingly as they match their gloves and hose.

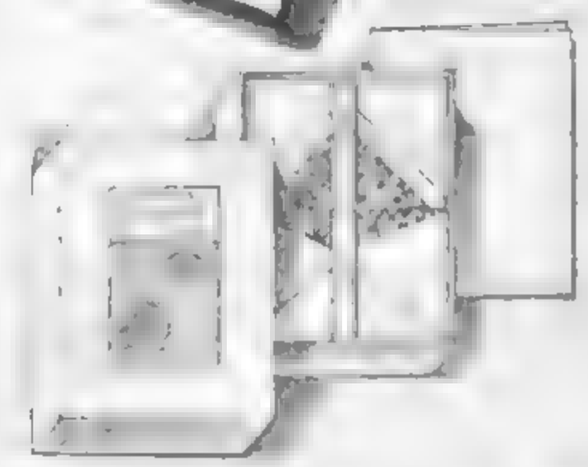
Write on Eaton's Highland Linen
and Your Letters Will Be Correct!

Modern people now choose their writing papers by a simple rule. They select the style of paper which will make the impression they want their letters to give.

Which explains why more and more people use Eaton's Highland Linen. For these fine papers come in sizes and styles for the various modern occasions. And they cost no more than other papers.

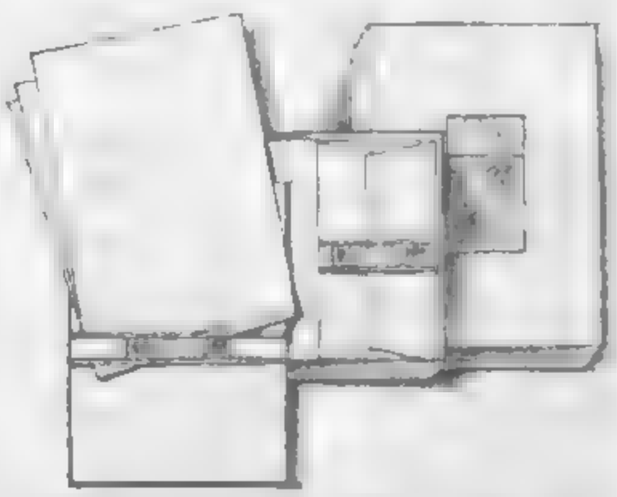
A whole cyclopedia of valuable facts is packed into the "Etiquette of Letter-Writing"—a tiny blue book to tuck in your desk. Send 25¢ for a copy to Eaton, Crane & Pike, Dept. B, Pittsfield, Mass.

EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN



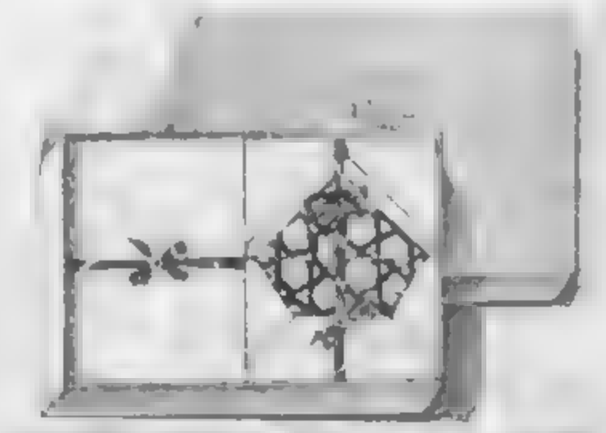
EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN . . 50c

Note modern monogram envelopes of the famous Highland Linen but at the same price. Eaton's Highland Linen, America's most popular writing paper, is always obtainable with unlined envelopes if preferred. In the most accepted sizes.



EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN . . . 75c, $1.00

The style for flat sheets makes [illegible] most women order the home typewriter. White, [illegible] gray. Linen or deckle edge. Smart large envelopes.



EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN . . . $1.00

A [illegible] for writing paper, envelopes lined with tissue of [illegible] to suit patterns. White, [illegible] gray, buff. A splendid gift.

EATON'S
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BOSLEY'S
Weather Strip
BOSLEY'S
Cuts Coal Bills
BOSLEY'S
Cuts Oil Bills
BOSLEY'S
Cuts Fuel Bills
BOSLEY'S
Cuts Doctor Bills
BOSLEY'S

Will save you many a dollar in heating your home

A FEW extra luxuries can be yours for what you will save on next winter's fuel bill by weather stripping with Bosley's. Or you can enjoy the luxury of comfortable rooms and use the saving to pay taxes—or swell the children's college fund year by year.

It's an easy name to remember—"Bosley's." Your grandfather knew it. It has stood for good weather strip since back in the 60's. With such a start no wonder Bosley's has exclusive features and a type of strip for every crack and pocket book.

Ask to see these styles; they are Bosley's standard quality:

"Double Contact"—(Clincher type) Wood and Moth-Proof Felt
Bomeco—Spring Bronze
"Meta-Felt"—Rust Proof Steel and Moth Proof Felt
Heat Seal—All Cushion
Dust Seal—All Cushion
Nu Strip—All Cushion
All Zinc—Patented Interlocking

No need to remember the separate names. Go to your hardware dealer and say "Bosley's." He will tell you the right style and show you how to install it, or will put it on for you.

Weather Strip
Demand
BOSLEY'S
Weather Strip

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

(Continued from Page 27)

exist politically on a two-party basis, and for no other reason. The designation is merely one of custom and convenience. In reality, this election is no more and no less than the selection of a Chief Executive by the stockholders in that tremendous going concern, the United States of America, the stockholders being the voters; and the basis for that selection is the personal, mental, educational, practical and experiential qualifications of the two candidates for the place.

There have been numerous and assiduous attempts to put the campaign on other grounds, and these have been accompanied by all the usual noise and blather of campaigns, but the basic condition has never varied.

On the one hand there is Hoover; on the other there is Smith. The choice is limited to those two men. They were well known before the conventions. They are better known now.

All this hugger-mugger and hullabaloo have made for excitement, have given entertaining fillips to our greatest political event, but the people will go to the polls without an appreciable change from the positions they took as soon as the candidates were officially designated.

A certain proportion of us wanted Hoover, in as much as it was necessary to change Presidents, and a certain proportion wanted Smith. Each lot of us got what we wanted. Wherefore the matter to be determined is whether more of us want Hoover than want Smith. There will be a decision on that point on November sixth—a decision made in a precise and businesslike manner, and definitely.

As the people wanted Hoover as a candidate and wanted Smith as a candidate, there must have been underlying reasons for these demands. There is no great popular demand that does not have its solid foundation in a concrete belief. Our younger publicists, confused by externals, go on the assumption that we are a casual and a volatile people, and it may be so, in many of our aspects. But there is nothing volatile or casual when it comes to electing the man to the presidency who seems best fitted for the place in the light of the circumstances existing. We do that seriously, and though the belief on which action was taken has sometimes been mistaken, it always has been sincere. Furthermore, within the range presented by the limitations of our political systems and machineries, the election choice usually has been the best that could be made.

The Governor's Stronghold

There were, for example, two basic reasons for the demand for the nomination of Smith. The first was the firm belief, based on his past political performances, in his ability to carry New York State. The second was his hostility to prohibition, his outspoken position as a wet.

It is true that a considerable section of his party—the Southern section—considered Smith's wetness as an outstanding disability, but the dominant powers in his party, as well as the extensive wet section of the Democracy, took this Smith wetness as a great asset rather than as a political liability, and the dry forces in the convention, including the South, could not defeat Smith for the nomination, or even deter him.

Smith's strength in New York is not to be disputed. He has made five campaigns for governor and has won four of them. The time he was beaten, in 1920, was the year of the phenomenal Harding plurality in the state, and even then Smith ran almost 500,000 votes ahead of Cox, Cox being the Democratic candidate for President. Four years later, in 1924, Coolidge carried New York by nearly 900,000, while Smith defeated young Roosevelt for governor by about 108,000. These figures and the strength he showed in his other campaigns made Smith the idol of the party Democrats outside of New York, who realize the important part that New York State is going to play in the coming election, and there was small question of his nomination after his successful run for governor against Ogden Mills in 1926.

As Smith is a New York City man and a Tammany man, it is but natural that his great strength is in the metropolis. Tammany operates in New York City, and when Tammany operates, it operates. Tammany wasn't interested in Cox or in Davis, the Democratic presidential candidates in 1920 and 1924, but Tammany is interested in Smith in 1928 vitally. Smith is Tammany's own, and Tammany is going the extreme limit for Smith this year. This local boy will make good on election day in New York City if Tammany can bring about that Tammany result.

New York is voting by machine this year in most, if not all, of the metropolitan precincts. Machine voting, though comparatively new in New York City, is no new thing in other localities. The machines have been used for years elsewhere. Also they have been scrutinized and investigated by gentlemen in politics who were not so much concerned over the accuracy of the vote cast as they were over obtaining a majority of said votes.

But it is not to be expected that in this election anyone would utilize the well-known rubber band, for example, or adopt the expedient of registering Democrats as Republicans in complaisant districts in order that the election judges might be selected with due regard to their unanimity of opinion as to what the dials of the machine show.

North of the Harlem

Though Smith's implicit Tammany adherence is without doubt an enormous asset in New York City, it isn't so helpful as it might be north of the Harlem River or elsewhere in the country. The Tammany boys, all excited over having a presidential candidate of their very own, may have figured on upstate New York as a depressant. Indeed, that 600,000 plurality for Smith in the metropolis they are striving for on election day shows they have so figured, but it looks as if they did not gauge the rest of the country correctly. It is likely that Tammany is considered a benevolent organization in some sections of Chicago, say, and in a few other thickly populated centers, but there are other—and numerous—sections that have grave doubts on the matter, other sections that do not believe it.

Engaging and interesting a candidate as Governor Smith may be, the fact still remains he is a representative of Tammany. And Al Smith always stands by his friends, as he has told us often himself and as his publicity makers have dinned at us incessantly. A wonderful and taking characteristic.

What greater, closer or more deserving friends can a man have than those who have turned out year after year and elected him to office and kept him on the pay roll with practical continuity almost all his life?

Smith was a gigantic figure before the depressed Democracy after the crushing defeat of Davis in 1924, and Tammany shrewdly, elaborately and ingeniously built him up to even greater proportions in the years between the Madison Square Garden fiasco and the Houston convention. Here, so all the press notices and delegate inducements said, is the boy who has New York in his vest pocket, who can carry that imperial commonwealth at any and all times. Here is the brave broth of a lad who absolutely will gather in New York's forty-five electoral votes. And they said some other things not particularly material at this time.

Makes a perfect lasting patch

WHEN YOU fill a crack or hole with Rutland Patching Plaster, your wall is *just as good as new.* It makes a perfect patch that will last as long as the wall itself. It will not crack, crumble, shrink or fall out. Anyone can use Rutland Patching Plaster. You just mix with water and apply. No muss or bother.

Paint, wall paper and hardware stores sell it. If your dealer hasn't it we will mail a package direct and you can pay the postman 30c plus postage. Rutland Fire Clay Co., Dept. B-61, Rutland, Vermont. *Also makers of Rutland Roof Coating.*

FASHION WELT
ENNA JETTICK
Health Shoe
$5 COMBINATION LAST $6
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA
Narrow and Extra Narrow Wide and Extra Wide
"A boon to those women who have been obliged either to pay high prices or take poorly fitted shoes."
You no longer need be told that you have an "expensive" foot.

Your dealer or **Enna Jettick Shoes**—Auburn, N.Y.
You'll Stride with Pride in Enna Jetticks

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INDIA TEA
Look for the map of India on the package before you buy
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PATENT-SENSE, free book for inventors seeking largest deserved profits. Established 1869. Write LACEY & LACEY, 774 F St., Washington, D. C.

Long nights are Delta nights.

When dark comes at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, it's DELTA Lantern time! Perform the hundred and one evening tasks with this sturdy, dependable light on your arm. Remember, Delta's no parlor ornament, it's built for hard service, built to give perfect light from any angle, from any position. Handsomely turned out—red enamel and nickel—built of ribbed steel for strength and beauty, furnishing a sharp, steady beam of light for more than 200 feet of regular light! Delta No. 10 is 7½ inches high and will stand a lifetime of hard knocks and like it. Upkeep means only a couple of ordinary flashlight batteries that last six months to a year or more. Delta off ignition batteries will give long service in the Delta—and Delta gives several times more light than a good flashlight. Delta's handsome, well made, dependable, and as a light it's a wow!

Price, $2.75 complete, less batteries
(Canada $3.75)
"Meet the dark with DELTA"

DELTA ELECTRIC COMPANY
Dept. 1101, Marion, Indiana

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ELECTRIC LANTERNS

Get out in the *Sunshine* this winter—in
TUCSON
("Too-sŏhn")

A thousand miles of warm, dry sunshine—a thousand miles of clear invigorating air—a thousand vacation delights.

Tucson in mid-winter is the sunniest spot in America—it's Springtime every day!

All outdoor sports—golf, tennis, riding, hunting, motoring, Indian villages, old Missions—and Mexico a short automobile drive.

Oldest and largest municipal airport in U.S.A.

Reduced winter rates on Rock Island and Southern Pacific. Stop-overs on all tickets.

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there is no relief like
Wizard
IMPROVED
COMFORT PADS
a cushion without bulk
Oh, So Comfortable!
At your dealers
35c everywhere
WIZARD CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

The Democrats outside New York were dazzled by this. They saw in Smith the medium for a return to power, and notwithstanding the protests of the South, where every Democratic candidate for President must get the electoral votes, they nominated Smith without thinking much of the Tammany appendage. Tammany was crafty. The New York delegates to Houston, where the final work was to be done, were not typical Tammany delegates. They were carefully selected, hand-picked New Yorkers, chosen to dissipate the Tammany idea, to obliterate the Tammany aroma, to give Tammany social class. They went so far as to discourage the playing of the Smith rallying song, The Sidewalks of New York. However, all these nifty delegates were Tammany just the same.

The Rallying Cry

And Smith was nominated. And the campaign progressed. And Tammany could not stay under cover. Wherefore a lot of people outside of the metropolis subject to the Smith dazzlement began to become undazzled.

Moreover, it began to be bruited about that there are a great many voters in New York State not domiciled in the metropolis and voting elsewhere, and that with these, outside Tammany control, the idea of Al Smith running for governor of New York is one thing and Al Smith running for President of the United States is distinctly another. This brought about a situation wherein, notwithstanding Tammany's endeavorings in New York City, New York State, as a whole, was taken out of the genial governor's vest pocket and laid on the table in full view of the voting public.

There is where it is at the moment of writing. Governor Smith's chances of carrying New York State with Tammany for him are no better than Herbert Hoover's chances of carrying it with Tammany against him. Upstate New York has exactly the same thought about Tammany that the Mississippi Valley and other sections of the country have, and that thought does not contemplate a Tammany man in the White House. The folks back in the sticks, as the New Yorkers say, cannot visualize that. That is distinctly a nonhick proposition. They are against it, as will be seen.

Leaving the Smith asset of carrying New York whenever he wishes to in doubt, where it is, we come to the second principal claim made for him—his wetness. This was a great and successful rallying cry for Smith in the campaign for his nomination. Here was a man, avowedly a wet and a dripping one, who was a candidate for President, and it stood to reason—to wet reason—that if this man was nominated the wet era would begin immediately. Here was the outstanding figure who would abolish the Eighteenth Amendment and bring back drink to this proscribed land. Here were lush and liquid times to be had by the mere election of Smith, the wet, who would see to it that liquor flowed freely everywhere as soon as he was inaugurated. It was a happy prospect, and all the wets lined up behind Smith, and Smith was nominated.

That was last June. Since that triumphant moment the huzzas of the wets have dwindled to an occasional moist murmur that "anyhow, Al means well," and all vigor has gone out of the wet crusade, though not because the wets are any less wet than they have been.

The valiant Smith, faced with a platform insisting that the Eighteenth Amendment shall not be abrogated, was compelled to take recourse in a suggestion of another amendment in the original amendment permitting the states to go into the liquor business if they so decided—a tentative and indecisive proposition.

But it was the best the wet Mr. Smith could do, however disappointing to the people who imagined that his election would bring a release from prohibition. It was the only way he could deal with the situation for two reasons. The first is because he is a politician and realizes that his party has as many drys in it as wets—and probably more. The second is because, notwithstanding his wet principles, he, as a candidate for President, has no other ground on which to stand of solid and enduring nature. Whatever his sympathies or predilections, his facts were not at hand.

The fundamental truth about prohibition in this country is that it is exactly what Mr. Hoover said it is in his speech of acceptance—"a noble experiment." The excesses and abuses of it prove little as to the vital value of the principle itself, and the ethical claims of its proponents are of small value when the problem is taken into consideration in all its national aspects.

There is no consensus of opinion on prohibition in this country. There is no definite knowledge of the matter as a whole, and not much concerning its various phases. It is not yet beyond the experimental stage, and whatever may be its flagrancies or its merits, until there is a definite and comprehensive knowledge of the entire problem, coupled with a national determination to act nationally as regards the continuation or abandonment of it, there can be no adequate political or economic decision regarding it.

If Governor Smith did not know this—and possibly he did not—before he was nominated, he soon found it out after he was nominated. He was in a tight place. Avowedly the candidate of the wets, and especially of the extreme wets, before his nomination he said nothing and did nothing to discourage the extreme wet view that if he was nominated and elected, prohibition would be banished and liquor come back to a place in the ordinary merchandising of the country.

There he was, with a wet situation that demanded the supernatural and a party situation that demanded the political. He had to take the political. So he hedged. That was all he could do. He made as brave a show as he could in sticking to his wet reputation, but when the wets came to analyze what he said they found that they could thank him for nothing. He had nothing to propose that brought the legalization of liquor anywhere within the immediate future. The only way he could get out was by proposing a plan that would keep the country constitutionally dry but allow the states to be legally wet if their voters so decided. The great wet straddled. He begged the question. He offered a solution that would be impossible of realization, even if he had eight years in the White House.

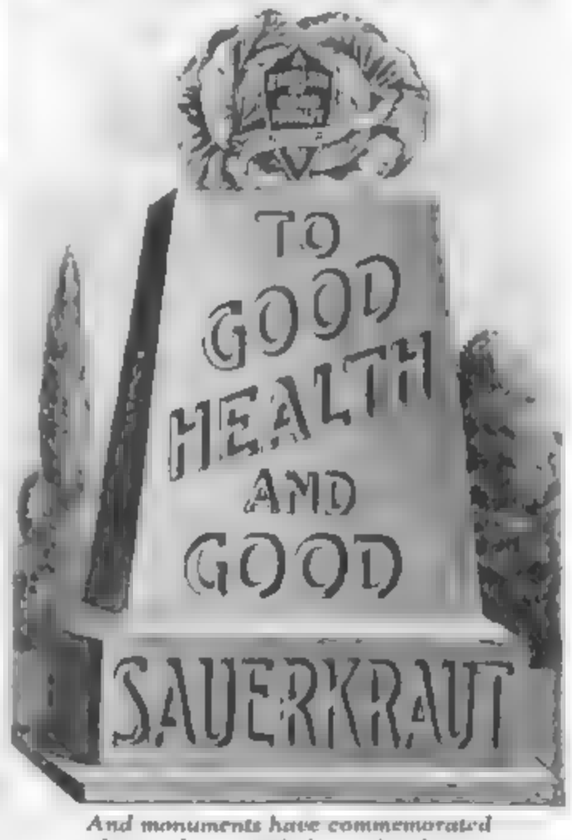
The Amphibious Candidate

It was a depressing situation. The immediately wet contingent was left with only half a leader. The Democratic drys were shooed away from their principles. Instead of being a dominant issue in this campaign, prohibition became a secondary issue, because, in the very nature of the present condition, politically, prohibition can only be talked about and not acted upon. Smith, the hope and leader of the wets, went as far as he could, and that was only a little way. He took a faltering step instead of striding boldly out in front with the banner of booze in his hand.

Thus the second outstanding reason for his nomination and for his support—one of the two greatest reasons for his selection at Houston—evaporated. The wets soon began to realize that Smith offered them nothing to assuage their thirsts but a tentative plan that could not become operative, if ever, until after a long term of years devoted to inquiry into prohibition in all its aspects, education of the people to the value of the Smith substitute, which has no support save his assertion of it, and the laborious legalization of the plan over a dry sentiment that would still remain aggressive and determined.

As Tammany might phrase it, Smith threw 'em down. He didn't live up to his advance notices. That he couldn't makes no difference. The point is that he didn't.

A Monument



And monuments have commemorated objects less entitled to the honor.

"IF France considered the inventor of Camembert Cheese worthy of a monument—unveiled a few months ago—why should not Germany erect a monument to Sauerkraut? Altho other countries claim it originated with them, and its fame has spread to every land, it is still the national dish of the Fatherland—and our main health food—and deserves our national recognition."

Altho this suggestion, at first blush, may cause a smile, it was serious, and future sightseers along the Rhine may admire a novel memorial.

Appreciation of Sauerkraut today is worldwide. America, too, is fast approaching Germany in its love of the famous dish. Its wholesomeness, its health qualities, its economical merits have placed it on the menus of hospitals, sanitariums, hotels, restaurants, cafeterias, dining cars and in thousands of homes.

Surprising? No. Dietitians, from Metchnikoff on, tell us of its vitamins for general welfare; its lactic ferments to keep the intestinal tract free from disease-producing germs; its mineral salts for the blood, teeth and bones, and its roughage for peristaltic action.

"Though many think of Sauerkraut," wrote a dietitian recently, "only as a food, it is also a tonic and a delicacy. It is an effective tonic even for those who are not ill. It has been used for years as a dish to keep persons feeling fit. It is one of the best blood purifiers, and for that reason has been called a beautifier."

Emblem of First Quality

When you buy Sauerkraut, however, be sure to ask for that bearing the Emblem shown opposite. It is the Emblem of the National Kraut Packers' Association—and only members are licensed to use it. It means always Sauerkraut of First Quality; Sauerkraut made in sanitary plants and in accordance with high Government Standards.

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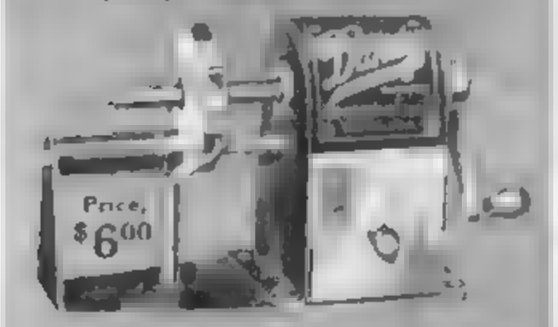

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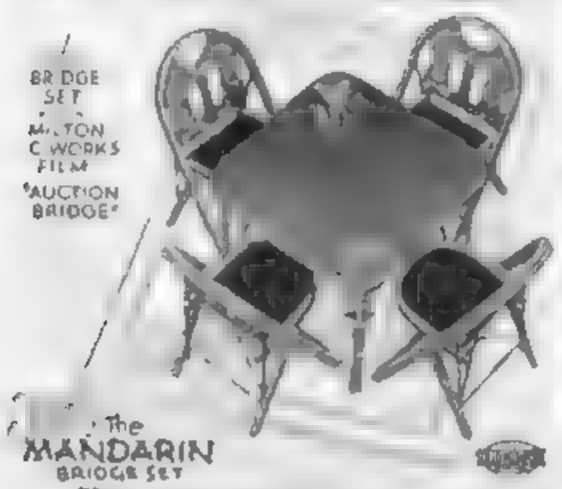

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And the wets went back to their former political affiliations. Not all, of course. The fanatical wet is even more fanatic than the fanatical dry. Some stuck to Smith in loving memory of the days when he was sopping instead of expedient. But from the wet viewpoint, from the angle of those who worked for Smith before Houston and nominated him at Houston, and gave loud ringing cheers when he sent his telegram to Joe Robinson because of all it was claimed Smith would do for wetness, from the viewpoint of those who hoped for open bars openly arrived at on March 5, 1929, Smith became a washout as soon as he made his acceptance speech.

Wherefore the closing days of the campaign find the great leader Smith rapidly drying out under his political necessities and in the position of having pleased neither the wets nor the drys; which does not concern the drys, for they expected nothing, and is heartbreaking to the wets, who pinned all their fervent wet hopes on him. Also the situation will serve to emphasize the fact that this country, whatever it may be physically or operatively or otherwise, is dry politically—a fact which will be demonstrated to the added chagrin of those numerous thirsty citizens who felt that Governor Smith would bring about the wet millennium.

The two basic reasons for the nomination of Governor Smith, as stated, were the Tammany insistence, echoed by Democratic politicians all through the country, that he can carry New York, and the wet insistence that in him all the antiprohibition sentiment in this country, whether extreme wet, moderate wet or moist, found a brave and upstanding champion. Primarily for these reasons, Smith was nominated at Houston, and how these reasons have worked out has been set forth herein.

The Question of Qualifications

This brings us back to the first proposition, which is that the result of this campaign, coming down to the real decision of it, will rest on the personal, mental, educational, practical and experiential qualifications of the two candidates for the presidency. There have been side issues, calumnies, scandals hinted at, derelictions whispered about, fierce battlings over religion, and this and that, but, all in all, the decision of the Republicans that they wanted Hoover and the decision of the Democrats that they wanted Smith, both popular, have now merged into a decision soon to be rendered, and that decision, while taking stock here and there of the side issues, will be made on the two men as men and as men fitted for the presidency.

The Republicans present Herbert Hoover. The Democrats present Alfred Emanuel Smith. Both started as poor boys, Smith on the East Side of New York and Hoover in a village in Iowa. Their comparative careers are familiar to every American, or should be. Smith went into Tammany politics at an early age, and after holding various political jobs, became a state legislator, speaker of the assembly and finally governor of New York, to which position he has been elected four times and for which he was defeated once.

Hoover worked his way through college, became an engineer, engaged in great undertakings in all parts of the world, and since the war began has had a notable career in public affairs, including nearly eight years as Secretary of Commerce, where he has been in close touch with the business needs of this country both at home and abroad.

Smith's larger public experience has been entirely along the lines of political state government, while Hoover's public experience not only has comprehended international affairs of the first magnitude but has included national government as well. There is no need to go into details. Those are well known. Hoover is a national and international administrator. Smith is a state administrator. The presidency is a national and an international office.

From Present Indications

The need of this country is not for a man skilled in the administration of the affairs of one of forty-eight states, however capable he may be in his state's affairs, and is for a man who has knowledge of the affairs not only of all the states but of the rest of the world as well, and the relations of each state to the others and of all states to all other nations. The need of the country is not for a politician, which is what Governor Smith is, and is for a business man who knows the relations of government to business and the relations of business to government on which our present prosperity depends.

The great problem before the United States at this time is not a wet or dry problem, not a farm problem, not any other sort of problem that comes within our political or social scheme, save as those problems relate to the whole, and is the maintenance of the prosperity we now have, and its extension and protection for years to come. This is the acute and imperative concern of every American. It is the paramount necessity in our Government. It is the prime requisite for our forthcoming President.

There is every indication that the American people understand this. There is every indication that this was behind the impelling popular demand for the nomination of Herbert Hoover at Kansas City. There is every indication that this sentiment has been growing and solidifying throughout this campaign. And, finally, there is every indication that Herbert Hoover will be elected President of the United States on November sixth.

The Old Swimmin' Hole

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ONCE AGAIN LUMBER TRIUMPHS! VACATION CROWDS THRONG NEW BOARDWALK AT OCEAN CITY, N. J. IT WAS READY ON TIME

Great Crowds Throng Boardwalk Built at Dramatic Speed

—*with the help of these Lumber Specialists*

WANTED! A new boardwalk in a hurry.

This was the problem that confronted William H. Collisson, Jr., Civil Engineer of Ocean City, N. J., early last spring.

Vacation days were just ahead . . . and the new boardwalk must be completed in time for summer crowds.

The question was . . . what kind of material to use. For speed? For permanence? For economy? For foot comfort?

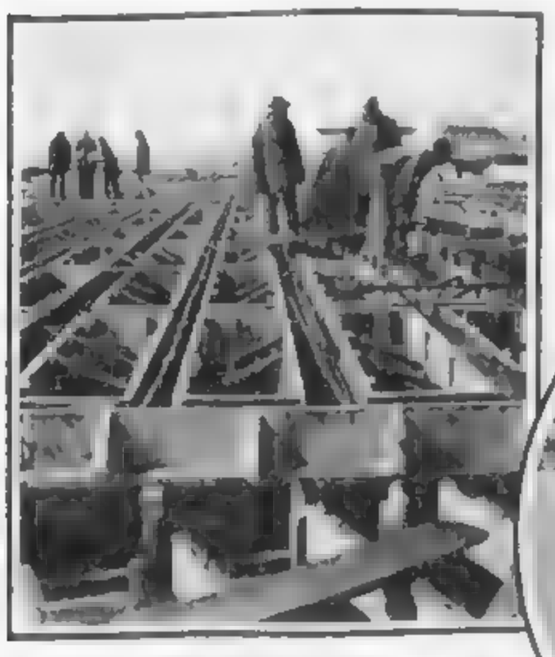
Specialists of the National Lumber Manufacturers Association were called in consultation. Plans were analyzed . . tests were made.

"We selected wood for the deck," said Mr. Collisson, "because it was the only material that would meet our rigid requirements.

"We also used lumber for the form material, consisting of 425,000 board feet. Wood forms were used because of the speed of erection necessary, namely, 60 feet wide by 600 linear feet per day.

"These wood forms were more economical than any other type . . . on this particular job each form was used six times."

Thus once again wood demonstrates its superiority as the most useful and universal of all building materials.



The Ocean City Boardwalk during construction. Note the lumber used for concrete forms At the right the completed Boardwalk. Again lumber proves its usefulness.

"American Standard Lumber from America's Best Mills"

To all manufacturers, shippers, carriers, builders and others, a unique service is now offered.

It's a new type of consulting service, sponsored and developed by the National Lumber Manufacturers Association and its 13 great affiliated associations.

It places at your disposal a group of trained men . . . men long schooled in the use of lumber and wood technology.

These consultants may be able to help you improve your product. They may save you money in lumber-handling methods.

They may work out production economies, or evolve more satisfactory methods of shipping your goods.

Wherever lumber enters your business . . . these lumber authorities can help you.

Clip the coupon below . . . for interesting booklets describing lumber—and this special service.

THESE 13 great manufacturers' associations affiliated with the National Association maintain service organizations applying to the particular species of lumber they represent and coordinate with the general technical service of the national staff:

California Redwood Association, San Francisco, Calif.
California White & Sugar Pine Manufacturers Association, San Francisco, Calif.
Hardwood Manufacturers Institute, Memphis, Tenn.
North Carolina Pine Association, Norfolk, Va.
Northern Hemlock & Hardwood Manufacturers Association, Oshkosh, Wis.
Northern Pine Manufacturers Association, Minneapolis, Minn.
Southern Cypress Manufacturers Association, Jacksonville, Fla.
Southern Pine Association, New Orleans, La.
West Coast Lumbermen's Association, Douglas fir, Seattle, Wash.
Western Pine Manufacturers Association, Portland, Ore.
National Association of Wooden Box Manufacturers, Chicago, Ill.
British Columbia Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers Association, Vancouver, B. C.
Maple Flooring Manufacturers Association, Chicago, Ill.

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

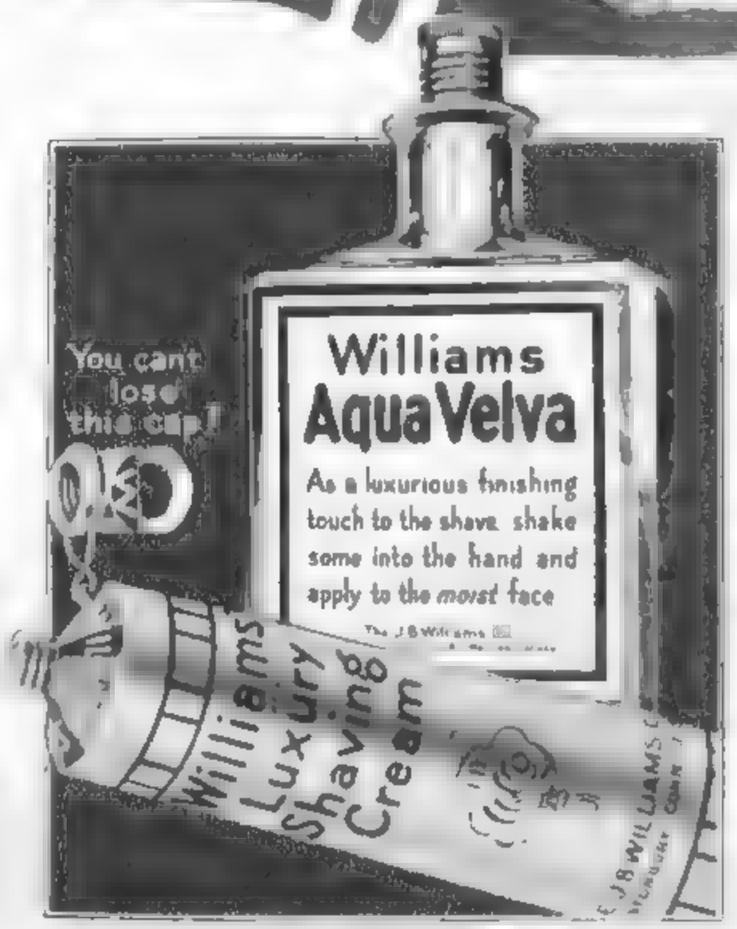
When her face smiles up at yours . . .

A moment you'll remember! You'll hope you looked your best. In all ways,—*Fit!*

Physical fitness, of course, is essential to *Face Fitness.* And wise choice of what you use on your face is essential, too.

At shaving time choose Williams. Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva make, in combination, the most perfect shaving service in the world; most perfect in performance; most perfect in result.

Williams Shaving Cream gives a shave that's speedy, simple, smooth. Eighty-eight years of specialized experience have taught us how to blend from choicest ingredients, uncolored and triple distilled to guarantee their purity, a cream of such richness and mildness as only Williams users know. It does more than just help to get beards off. It very greatly benefits the skin.


You can't lose this cap
Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave shake some into the hand and apply to the *moist* face
Williams Luxury Shaving Cream

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Then Aqua Velva. Made with a background of exhaustive study it supplies proper treatment for the newly shaven surface. In it there are pleasure and benefit,—pleasure in its livening tingle, great benefit in the protection it gives; in its quality of keeping the face well conditioned all day long,—*keeping* it as Williams lather *leaves* it, its natural moisture conserved, free from stiffness and dryness, flexible and *Fit.*

Fifty cents for a 5-ounce bottle.

Try this formula for *Face Fitness*—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. What it has done, is doing, for millions of others in comfort and appearance it will do for you.

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Williams

SHAVING CREAM --- AQUA VELVA

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STRENGTHEN your sales arguments with a backbone of *believability*. Use photographs to show what you have to sell, how it works and what it does. They may scoff at "pretty pictures" but everyone has *faith* in photography. Why select a medium that's sure to be discounted when *photographs* always compel confidence? Your local commercial photographer makes photographs that make sales. Call on him!

YOUR copy of "How to Use Photographs in Your Business" is ready. Your local commercial photographer will gladly hand it to you; or write National Advertising Headquarters, Photographers Association of America, 136 E. Market St., Indianapolis

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA INTERNATIONAL MEMBER

PHOTOGRAPHS Tell the Truth

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

Q. And lest perhaps some of the dumb public may think that "convalescing" means getting married, in what other way may this heading be written? A. Glad You Are Getting Well.

Q. What is meant by This Gladsome Day? A. Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, or any day on which a wedding or a birthday can occur.

Q. All days, then, are gladsome days, are they not? A. All except those on which a funeral can take place.

Q. What are such days called? A. This Hour of Sorrow.

Q. How should messages be sent? A. On wings of song.

Q. How swift is that? A. Swift as the flight of the bluebird.

Q. Would it be considered permissible to mention any other bird? A. Kiddest thou me now, brother?

Q. What kind of friends are best? A. Old.

Q. In mentioning this fact, is it well to make some reference to the forget-me-not? A. Yes, very well.

Q. And to what else? A. To auld lang syne.

Q. Have new words ever been found with which to give the greeting? A. Certainly not.

Q. And if they had, what is it which new words couldn't mean more than? A. The old, old wish.

Q Namely? A. Merrie Christmas Happy New Year—A Joyful Easter Day for You and Yours—Many Happy Returns—Oh, if You Would Be My Valentine!

—Al Graham.

Buffalo Bill

"The Department of the Interior is offering to dispose of surplus buffalo. Any person receiving a buffalo will have to pay in advance the cost of capturing, crating and transporting it, which amounts to approximately seventy dollars."

SEVENTY dollars pays for its capture.
Seventy! Yes, but think of the rapture
Of owning a buffalo; then the crating,
Too, is included. Neighbors hating
And envying you! What a grand sensation!
Nothing extra for transportation
Until you get it; then express.
But though they're heavy, you'll confess
That what you've paid for such a thrill
Isn't too big a buffalo bill!

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada) and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 10c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

Dentists gave aid freely to perfect these Pro-phy-lac-tic TOOTH BRUSHES

MODERN dental science now shows the way to even better tooth brushes. Pro-phy-lac-tic, working closely with periodontists, dentists and dental clinics, has perfected three new brushes.

All are different. All are new. One exactly suits the form and condition of your dental arch (teeth and gums).

These three new Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes make it easy for you to choose a brush that you'll *like* to use. And a brush that you can be sure will clean and polish your teeth perfectly.

Though different in shape and size, all new Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes are alike in quality. All have specially selected and blended Pro-phy-lac-tic bristles. Bristles that stay alive, that are firmly anchored to the brush handle. Handles now come in new, transparent colors, super-polished. Made with just the proper balance and rigidity. Extra strong. And all Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes are made in a modern, sanitary, American factory.

Whichever Pro-phy-lac-tic you choose, know that it is scientifically designed and honestly made. Your choice depends upon your own preference, upon your own dental needs. Sold at all druggists' in world-famous yellow box. Priced as always... 50c. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass., U. S. A. *Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada) Ltd., Montreal.*

Your mirror helps you choose your Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Always sold in the yellow box.

Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic— Most dental arches are full-formed and require this type of brush.

Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic— Scientifically designed for small, more sharply oval dental arch.

Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic— For teeth and gums that call for special care. Massages as it cleans.

Give your teeth this ONE chance

WITHOUT any extra attention on your part you can give your teeth and gums a new sensation of cleanliness and health. It won't cost you any extra money either. Just glance into your mirror. If your face and mouth, like most, are full-formed, so is your dental arch (teeth and gums). The brush that suits you best is the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic.

A smaller face and mouth indicate a smaller dental arch. For those whose mirror places them in this class, we make the Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic.

You may have either large or small arch and require a still different type of brush — the Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic. Choose and use this special brush if your gums are tender, receding — if your teeth lack vitality. Suits all sizes of arch. Dual-action — it massages as it cleans.

Only Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes can have this quality bristle

FOR over forty years this business has been one of the world's largest buyers of fine brushing bristle. A special grade, the very finest grade of springy, lively tooth-brush bristle, has come to be known as "Pro-phy-lac-tic Bristle" because this was the grade our bristle-buyers sought out and demanded. We buy all the "Pro-phy-lac-tic Bristle" that is produced, for use exclusively in the three new Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes
different in shape and size ..... alike in quality

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Up from the Valley of the Wash-tub

ALICE GARTLEY used to travel the dreary road that leads up from the Valley of the Wash-tub and on to Nowhere. Alice was a modern woman who managed her home in a modern way —*but* she did not know the truth about the modern laundry . . . . Since the day Alice visited the various departments of an up-to-date laundry she realizes *why* laundry-washed clothes really last longer and how laundry washing guards the health of her family. She is convinced, too, that laundry-washed clothes with nine to twelve complete changes of filtered *rainsoft* water are absolutely clean. And finally, with a little pad-and-pencil figuring, Alice found, as you will find, that laundry washing actually *costs less money!*

A Service for Every Family Budget

WHETHER you supervise the laundress at home, or send clothes out to questionable quarters, you will find that modern laundries offer freedom from work and worry in a variety of services to meet every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and a plan which returns clothes damp for ironing are a few individualized services available at laundries today.

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Go with Alice into Launderland

This delightful journey booklet may be had from any modern laundry displaying, on its trucks, this picture of Alice in Launderland. A telephone call will bring your copy.

Let the LAUNDRY do it!

Infallible

Pies and tarts . . . made with Pet Milk are irresistible. They tempt any appetite, please any palate. They never fail.

The peculiar richness of Pet Milk makes the result certain. It is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk. But beyond that: It is homogenized—the fat globules broken into tiny particles so that the cream never separates. Every drop of Pet Milk is uniformly rich with a smooth, sure richness which gives the flavor and texture that is unique.

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FRUIT CREAM TARTLETS

1 cup Pet Milk
½ cup water
3 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup flour
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Scald Pet Milk and water in double boiler. Beat egg yolks slightly and add salt, flour and sugar. Pour scalded milk over egg mixture and return to double boiler. Cook about 15 minutes or until thick and smooth, stirring constantly to avoid lumping. Remove from fire. When almost cool add vanilla and put in baked tart shells. Allow to stand until custard is firm. Put a layer of fruit, such as strawberries, raspberries, peaches or sliced bananas, on top of custard and cover with meringue made by beating egg whites with 4 tablespoons sugar.

Let us send you our free booklets . . . telling you more about Pet Milk—how it will give you better food at less cost and with greater convenience.

PET MILK COMPANY
1421 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Look! she has found a better way to do dishes

Quick-working Super Suds makes her china sparkle without wiping

Clothes whiter . . . Quick, strong suds. No more soap stains . . . Gentle on clothes . . . Saves one rinsing . . . saves hands . . . a whiter, sweeter wash.

MODERN speed at last for the old, slow task of dishwashing! . . . A new soap discovery brings this good news to housewives everywhere.

This new soap is called Super Suds. It is soap in the amazing form of tiny, fragile beads . . . beads so tissue-thin that they dissolve *instantly* and *completely* when water touches them.

Every woman knows how important it is to have a soap that dissolves quickly and completely. Old-fashioned bar soap, chips, flakes and powders have good soap in them. The trouble with them is their *form*, which keeps them from dissolving instantly. Super Suds is entirely different in form from these. It is four times thinner than chips—thinner than any soap ever made before. The result is that Super Suds does your work faster; no soap is wasted; there is no uncertainty in your methods.

Makes dishwashing easier

Put one to three tablespoons of Super Suds in your dishpan, depending on the hardness of the water. Turn on hot water. Instantly *all* the soap is in solution. Full, creamy suds on top . . . and down below, where the real work is done, active *under-water* suds that loosen grease and food particles instantly.

Then — a quick hot rinse. Every trace of soap flows away with the hot water. A touch of the towel brings a new lovely gleam to silver, sparkling shafts of light to glassware. China dries sparkling bright.

Faster in washtubs, too

Put one to three teacups of Super Suds in tub or washing machine. Then — hot water. Instantly — the live, active *under-water* suds go to work. Because Super Suds *all* goes into suds, it rinses out more easily, saves time. Because it rinses out *perfectly*, colors come out sharp and clear, white things actually look whiter and lovelier than ever before. Try Super Suds for your washing this week—and for dishes every day! At any grocer's—a giant box for only 10c.